

## Chapter 1

### Diagon Alley

The burning August morning sun didn't brighten the small pub even as Sirius Black opened the door from muggle London. The Leakey Cauldron's patrons looked up and stared at the youth beside the head of the Black family. Harry Potter's long brown hair was tied at the base of his neck and his lightning bolt scar stood out clearly on his forehead. Sirius and his godson were here to buy Harry's school supplies.

If this had been a year before, or even just a few months ago, everyone in the magical bar would be trying to shake Harry's hand. But this was now. Harry was still held as having banished Lord Voldemort and giving eleven years of peace to the wizarding world. But everyone knew the dark lord was back. His message only two months ago had been very clear. He was still very much alive.

Even though everyone knew Voldemort was back, people weren't yet as weary as they had been just over a decade ago. Azkaban still held the most deadly of Death Eaters and so long as that fortress stood solidly people knew the reign of terror wouldn't begin just yet. The wizarding world held its collective breath in anticipatory fear for the day Azkaban fell. There was also much debate and wondering about the Dark Lord. The parents of Hogwarts' children were perhaps the most confused because he hadn't harmed anyone when he returned the Philosopher's Stone to Headmaster Dumbledore. Some wondered if the Dark Lord was waiting for Baphomet to make another move. Others wondered if He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named was waiting for Harry Potter to come of age so that he could have proper revenge. The ministry began to recruit more auror trainees. The Order of the Phoenix simply regrouped, recruited, and began to retrain. Albus had a time frame for Voldemort's reign of terror to return.

Sirius nodded to Tom, the owner of the Leakey Cauldron, and proceeded through the pub. The patrons didn't hide their hungry eyes as they stared at Harry. They wanted him to be the boy-who-lived again. They wanted him to be their Hero and save them as he had done so many years ago. Not one of them questioned that they were

expecting a child to release them from the darkness. None of them thought that maybe he didn't want to be their savior. Not one turned their eyes away from him even as Harry shuddered in fear and revulsion. He moved closer to his godfather, it was almost instinctive to seek comfort from the strong man. Sirius placed a hand on Harry's shoulder and felt the boy relax and accept that comfort. The two wizards stepped into the alley behind the pub. Sirius tapped the activation brick and the wall's bricks rearranged themselves into an archway.

Harry smiled and looked up at Sirius. "My friends are meeting us at Florean Fortescue's Ice-cream Parlor so we can shop together."

Sirius sighed slightly, "I know. Come on let's go meet up with your friends."

Harry shook his head slightly and headed for the ice cream parlor. He liked Sirius but there were times his Gryffindor tendencies were grating. Sirius was rash, impudent, stupidly brave, and completely Gryffindor. At least Hermione had some Slytherin and Ravenclaw traits while Neville could have been a top notch Hufflepuff. Harry spotted Lucius and Narcissa's platinum blond heads. Lucius was talking to the dark haired Bellatrix and the children were milling about behind them.

Lucius turned from his conversation with Bellatrix as his wife called toward the approaching wizards, "Sirius, cousin dear, how wonderful to see you."

Harry smiled brightly at her as Sirius smiled tightly, "Good morning Narcissa dear." Sirius took her hand and lightly kissed her fingers. He turned toward Lucius and his other cousin Bellatrix. "Lucius," he extended a hand for a firm handshake. Then he took Bellatrix's hand, "And my other beautiful cousin, Bellatrix." He kissed her knuckles as well. "It is a pleasure to see you all looking so well."

Bellatrix laughed, "Could have fooled me. You don't write you don't Floo talk; you don't even pop in for surprise visits. What's a girl to think when her favorite cousin cuts off all contact?"

"I thought Regulus was your favorite cousin," commented Narcissa dryly.

"Don't believe her," said Bellatrix as she hooked Sirius' arm. "Now why don't we catch up while Lucius and Cissa take care of the kids?"

Sirius shook his head, "Actually I don't think that's such a good idea. Why don't we accompany them and help watch the children? There are," he turned and counted Harry and the other children, "eleven of them after all. And unless I'm mistaken three of them are yours."

She smiled, "How could you tell?"

"Well those two," he pointed, "could have been you at that age and that one looks exactly like Rodolphus did." The two Malfoys gave polite laughs while Bellatrix pouted.

&&&  
&&&&&&&&&&&&

Hermione spotted Neville at the Leakey Cauldron and stole him away from his grandmother as planned. Mrs. Ganger was very interested in Neville's oral hygiene. The slightly pudgy Gryffindor whispered to Hermione, "Your mom's weird." Hermione simply nodded in full agreement.

Shortly after the three left Gringotts Neville spotted the Malfoy family by their trademarked blond hair. He said, "There's Draco and the others."

Hermione turned toward her mother, "Mom those are the friends we're meeting up with." Her mother nodded and the three walked over to Florean's.

Lucius Malfoy and Brendan Zabini were in deep conversation as they approached. Blaise was the first to spot them approaching and said, "Our lions are here." Draco and Kira smirked while Lucius and Brendan stopped talking. The dark wizards, witches and children looked at the muggle and Gryffindors.

"Hello, where's Harry?" greeted Hermione.

"Not here yet," responded Kira.

Draco stepped forward and said, "Let us introduce you. Hermione Granger, Neville Longbottom, allow me to introduce my parents Lucius and Narcissa Malfoy."

Hermione extended a hand. Lucius kissed the back and murmured, "A pleasure." Narcissa simply shook her hand while smiling. Neville gave Lucius' hand the firmest shake he could and then kissed the back of Narcissa's hand.

Blaise stepped forward and said, "These are my parents, Brendan and Erica Zabini." Hermione and Neville had similar experiences shaking and kissing hands with the Zabinis.

Hermione decided to introduce her mother at that point. "Please allow me to introduce my mother, Cheryl Granger." Mrs. Granger extended her hand and received a proper wizarding greeting.

Just then Bellatrix and three children walked up. "Sister dear, I hope we're not late. Rodolphus got caught up at the ministry on our way over and I finally said I had to go to meet up with you."

"You are no later than Black and Harry," responded Brendan with a slight edge to his voice.

"Shush," whispered Erica to her husband.

Bellatrix waved her hand as if to push away the admonition, "Not to worry, Erica dear. I don't mind having my time sense compared to Sirius'. Everyone knows both of us make fashionably late turn into the party ended an hour ago." Erica blushed slightly while the other adults laughed slightly at the joke.

Erica turned toward Mrs. Ganger and said, "Mrs. Granger..."

"Cheryl is fine," interrupted the muggle with a friendly smile.

Erica smiled in return and said, "Cheryl, why don't you leave your daughter with Mr. and Mrs. Malfoy and Mrs. Lestranger while Brendan and I show you around the wizarding world a bit?"

"I would love to, I imagine Hermione would only be going to all the same places as that Hagrid person took us last year," replied Cheryl.

"Well then, Ladies, shall we?" asked Brendan as he presented an arm to each lady. His wife and Cheryl each took an arm and the three walked off to 'explore' Diagon Alley for a while.

While the adults talked Hermione and Neville allowed themselves to be pulled over to the other children. Draco introduced his younger sister Selene. Blaise introduced her brother Jared, who would be starting Hogwarts that year. Kira then introduced Bellatrix's brood, starting with Miriam, who would be starting that year, and moving on to the younger two, Lawrence and Carol Anne.

Soon the children were comfortably talking about the wonderful world of Hogwarts. Narcissa's voice interrupted them as she said, "Sirius, cousin dear, how wonderful to see you." They noticed that the dark haired man, Sirius, looked rather strained. Harry was the opposite as he smiled brightly and joined them. After the Dark Family children hugged Harry quite thoroughly, he was finally able to accept Hermione's hug and Neville's manly handshake.

"I missed you all so much," Harry said.

"You were missed as well," Kira said softly in return.

Harry looked searchingly at her, "Am I no longer your brother?"

"You will always be my brother," she responded and hugged him tightly, "I just didn't know if I was still your sister."

"Always," he murmured into her hair as he tightened his hold on her. *You will be my sister until my dieing breath.*

*As you will be my brother, forever and always.*

Lucius' voice interrupted the emotional moment, "Well if that is your plan Sirius, perhaps we should gather the children and get started. I suggest Flourish and Blotts first because Gilderoy Lockhart will be there later and we do not want to get caught in the crush of his book signing."

"For once I find myself agreeing with you," Sirius replied. He then looked at the children and a soft smile lit his face, the first genuine smile of the day. "Alright you little monsters, pair up so you can be spelled to someone." The pairing left Carol Anne without a partner. Sirius looked at her, there was a soft spot burning in his heart as he remembered an innocent Bellatrix. He sighed dramatically, "Well, I guess you're stuck with you cousin Sirius."

She giggled, "You're silly." Sirius smiled so brightly that for one moment he looked like he was fifteen and with his best friends again. He easily swept the seven year old to his shoulders where she settled by grapping tufts of his hair. "Giddy-up," she said as she smacked his hair against his head.

Bellatrix shook her head and then joined Narcissa and Lucius in charming the children so that they could keep track of them. The charm worked two ways, first it allowed the partnered children to keep track of each other, and second it allowed the caster to keep track of the pair. Narcissa whispered to Bellatrix after they had cast a spell, "I haven't seen him that happy since his fifteenth birthday."

"Nor have I," Bellatrix whispered back, "Maybe my little ones will help us bring him back into the family."

Harry looked up at the two whispering women and said just as quietly, "Don't forget I'm in a great place to help." Both ladies smiled conspiratorially at Harry.

Sirius 'galloped' toward Flourish and Blotts. The three adults and ten children followed. Sirius ducked low to enter the store with Carol Anne on his shoulders. She was giggling and smiling happily. All the adults scowled as they helped the eight children buying Hogwarts books collect the entire Lockhart collection.

Sirius held up **Wandering with Werewolves** and said, "This man wouldn't know a werewolf if it bit him. How the heck does any teacher expect the students to learn a thing from this rubbish?"

Lucius responded, "He obviously doesn't expect them to learn, nor would I say Dumbledore expects it either."

"Who reads this trash, yet alone wants to force its nonsense on others?" asked Bellatrix as she dropped, **Magical Me: Gilderoy Lockhart Autobiography** into the shopping cauldron for Miriam.

"Probably whatever idiot Dumbledork found to replace Quirrell," responded Harry before he hissed quietly **Blacken your face from my sight** to his copy of **Voyages with Vampires**. The portrait of Gilderoy Lockhart became a pure black box on the back cover.

Sirius indulged Carol Anne by buying her **Winter's Dreams: A Witches Christmas Tale**. He remembered it being Lily's favorite wizarding fiction. He was busy bonding to with his youngest cousin while Harry picked out his books. The adults indulged each of the children who weren't going to Hogwarts by allowing them to pick out a book each.

As the entourage was leaving the book store a man with pastel violet robes, bright blond hair and a smile that blinded walked toward them. Since they had just purchased every book he ever wrote the entire group recognized the pouf of a man. Unfortunately he spotted Harry in the group and said, "My word, if it isn't Harry Potter!" He quickly reached for Harry and fell back as a shield of energy was raised between him and Harry. Kira had hissed **Shields up** while envisioning an episode of "*Star Trek*."

Gilderoy Lockhart nursed his slightly burned hand. Harry looked at him disdainfully and said, "Stay away from me."

Lucius glared at the 'celebrity' wizard and walked past without any other acknowledgement. The entire group moved past him and while Sirius didn't even seem to look at him he still sent one of his favorite prank spells at the man. Gilderoy's hair turned a brilliant orange with green, blue, red and black stripes in it.

Lucius ignored the immature prank and said, "I believe the apothecary is next. I can escort the children who need potion supplies inside while you wait outside with our lovely ladies and the younger children."

"Agreed," replied Sirius. When his family was so polite, he could almost forget the cruelty he knew they were all capable of. He,

Narcissa, and Bellatrix waited with the three youngsters outside as Lucius, the quartet, two lions, and two future serpents entered the smelly store. Bellatrix turned to Sirius and began to interrogate him with well placed 'harmless' questions. She was highly disappointed as he was very tight lipped. She was pouting prettily while Narcissa hid her smirk when Lucius and the eight Hogwarts bound children rejoined them.

Lucius said, "I believe only wands are left, unless Harry needs more robes."

"No we've already ordered Harry's robes, but Dumbledore did want me to have Harry fitted with an Ollivander wand."

"Indeed," replied Lucius. All of his disdain for the aged Headmaster was clear in that one word.

Sirius didn't bother to respond to the tone. He agreed, on some level, that Dumbledore just wasn't worth it. He still harbored a great deal of bitterness toward the man. Even he had been unwilling to separate Harry from everything he knew connected to the Riddles. This was why Harry had a pet snake at the manor.

The group made their way toward Ollivanders Wands. Kira looked up at Lucius and asked, "Uncle Lucius do you think father would mind if I got a second wand from Ollivanders?"

"I doubt he would mind, his primary wand is an Ollivander creation after all."

"Thank you," she replied.

The troupe stepped into the dark shop. Harry and Kira sensed where Ollivander was standing. Silent agreement passed between them as they looked at the darkened corner where he hid. "Hello Mr. Ollivander," they said in unison while their eyes met his startled silver ones.

He recovered from his surprise in an instant and said, "Ah, Mr. Potter, I was expecting you last year. I remember your mother's wand willow with unicorn hair; swishy, nice for charm work. Now your father..."



"We don't need a history about every wand you've ever sold Mr. Ollivander," interrupted Lucius.

"Yes, we just need wands for my Miriam as well as Jared, Harry, and Kira," added Bellatrix.

Ollivander hid his annoyance at the interruption and said, "Alright, which one of you wants to go first?"

"I might as well," said Harry. "I have some experience being fitted with a wand after all."

"Very good Mr. Potter, may I see your current wand?"

Harry flicked the wand out of his wrist brace and handed it to Ollivander. Ollivander turned the wand in his hands, muttering incoherently. Harry could feel the tendrils of magic Ollivander was using to feel the wand's properties. Finally the old man said, "Thirteen inches ash-wood, but I don't recognize the core."

Harry knew that was his way of asking and replied, "Unicorn hair suspended in basilisk blood."

Ollivander hid his shock well as he handed the wand back to Harry. "A most uniquely intriguing wand, Mr. Potter, the technique for creating double cored wands has not been seen in a rather long time. Wands with two cores have a tendency to be rather volatile and temperamental. May I ask who created your wand?"

Harry shook his head, "I'm afraid I was asked to keep the wand-maker's identity a secret and I don't break my promises."

"Very well, which is your wand arm?"

"I'm ambidextrous, but usually use my right."

Ollivander nodded and then his measuring tape zoomed around Harry recording arm, finger and even nose measurements. Ollivander commanded the magical tool away and then handed a wand to Harry. "Try this, twelve inches cherry with dragon heartstring."

Harry felt the wrongness in the wand as soon as the smooth wood touched his hand. He waved the wand anyway and a vase exploded. Ollivander snatched it away and handed him another. Again Harry knew this wand wasn't for him. After a dozen wands Harry was becoming frustrated. He remembered how easy getting his other wand had been, just give a drop of blood and the spell choose the best wood and core for him from the stock available. His growled slightly as he said, "Sir! I may be able to find the wand for me faster than you can guess at it."

Something in the tone and quivering power caused Ollivander to relent. He said, "Alright, I shall let you try."

Harry nodded, "Thank you." He turned to Kira, "Anchor me." She nodded in return. He felt her become a solid force within his mind. He knew she would not let him go as he summoned his pure magic. It sang in his veins like an intoxicating wine, sweet and undiluted. He briefly felt himself falling into the swirls of chaotic energy when suddenly he felt Kira holding him above the swirl of eternity.

The others felt pressure as Harry raised his energy. They watched as he lifted his hand and snapped his fingers. A pulse of pure magic rushed through each person present. It was warm, cold, kind and cruel all at once. The magic was primordial and uncontrolled, yet structured and fresh. For Ollivander it was his first experience in raw magic; for the Dark Family it was something they had become used to with the Dark Heirs. The Gryffindors just stood still in awe.

Harry appeared to listen to something as the pulse faded. He moved toward the back of the store, stopping just behind the counter. Kira had also sensed, through him, what was calling to him. He raised his hand again and snapped his fingers. The pulse was stronger this time and an echo, undefined called within their souls. Harry once again felt himself falling into the dark fire of his magic; Kira whispered in his mind *You aren't allowed to fall. That pit of magic is not where you belong.* Harry grabbed the mental hand she offered and sent his thanks.

He walked to the far back of the store in front of a dusty shelf, well behind the counter. *Hold me tightly,* he sent to Kira. She sent a

wordless assent. Harry took a deep breath, raised his hand, and snapped his fingers. The pulse of magic that ripped through the store knocked the air from the lungs of the adults. Dancing on the currents of the energy was the cry of a phoenix. The cry was sad, enchanting, and pure. Not even Lucius was able to keep a single tear from forming in his eye.

Harry closed his eyes, his heart was racing. The magic called to him, it was blinding. Kira's presence touched his heart and soul, shadow cloaked the light. Harry could See again. He took a deep breath and released the power he had called to him. He said, "That one, the third from the base of the top shelf."

Ollivander, as well as everyone else wiped the tears from their eyes, then walked to the shelf and carefully retrieved the wand box. As he opened the dusty box an unfathomable look crossed his face. He held the wand out toward Harry while saying, "Eleven and a half inches holly with a phoenix feather core."

Harry took the wand and felt a rightness that surprised him. It literally felt like it was a part of his very soul. Harry waved the wand and a green eyed ebony dragon took shape in the sparks before vanishing. "Wicked," breathed the stunned young wizard.

Ollivander looked pensive as he murmured, "Curious."

Sirius demanded, "What's curious?"

Ollivander turned his uncanny silver gaze toward Sirius and said, "I find it curious that this wand was intended for Mr. Potter when the phoenix who gave the feather for it gave but one other, only one. That feather joins with thirteen inches of yew to create the brother wand. The brother wand is the wand which gave Mr. Potter his scar."

The shop was unbelievably silent as the implications sank in. The Dark Family members felt that this was a positive omen in favor of their eventual triumph. The Gryffindors wondered what exactly it could mean. The silence was broken as Miriam complained, "Enough, can I get my wand now?"

Kira spoke up then, "Perhaps I should go next, Mir. I am liable to be as tricky a customer as Harry was, unless Mr. Ollivander allows me to find my own wand rather than trying to guess it."

Ollivander looked at her. He was feeling strangely defeated and said, "You may try to find your wand yourself, miss...?"

"Riddle and thank you," she responded. She ignored the flabbergasted look which passed over Ollivander's normal mask. She held up a hand and hissed **Wand meant for me Reveal yourself for all to see**. When she lowered her hand one of the boxes was glowing. "That one Mr. Ollivander," Kira said as she pointed to the glowing box.

Ollivander composed himself and retrieved the box. After hearing her say her name was Riddle he had been only slightly shocked at hearing Parseltounge from her. He knew whose child she was. He opened the wand box and held out the wand, "Thirteen inches rowan with a unicorn hair."

She took the wand and waved it. The sparks which rushed from its tip formed a silver bird before fading. Kira smiled and said, "Your turn Miriam."

Miriam and Jared both had to find their wands in a traditional way. Ollivander measured them and then had them try wands. After only a dozen failed attempts each, both had their wands. Each wand cost seven galleons and five sickles. While they paid for the wands Mr. Ollivander asked, "Miss Riddle, may I ask what your original wand is?"

She smiled slightly, "Elven and a half inches yew with a thestral feather suspended in phoenix tears." Ollivander nodded and bid the large group a good day.

The entourage made its way to Florean Fortescue's parlor where Mrs. Longbottom had already met with Mrs. Ganger and the Zabinis. The elderly matriarch of the Longbottom family did not look pleased to see her grandson surrounded by Malfoys and Lestranges. Her voice was whip-like and proper as she said, "Neville, come along now, its time to go."

Neville looked at Harry and said, "I'll see you guys September first."

"See ya," said Harry. Blaise, Draco, Hermione and Kira all nodded their good-byes to him.

As Neville walked away with his grandmother, Sirius looked at the Zabini and said, "Brendan Zabini and Erica Rysten, if my memory serves me." He extended a hand.

Brendan took the hand and gruffly said, "Black, you would be correct if Erica was not my wife of the last thirteen years."

Sirius said, "Congratulations, sorry I didn't know, different circles and all that."

"Thank you," said Erica as she placed her hand into Sirius', "it's completely understandable."

"Always a pleasure," said Sirius as he kissed her knuckles in a gentlemanly manner. He looked at Cheryl Granger after releasing Erica's hand and said, "I don't believe we've had the pleasure." He extended a hand toward Cheryl, "I'm Sirius Black, and you are?"

"Cheryl Granger," she said as he took a hand and lightly kissed it in greeting.

"An honor, I have heard wonderful things about your daughter and only a wonderful mother can raise such a person." He released her hand as she blushed at the compliment. He turned toward Lucius and Narcissa, "It has been a dubious pleasure spending the day with my loving family, but I am afraid Harry and I will be taking our leave now. Perhaps we shall see one another on the platform September first when we see the children off."

Bellatrix pouted slightly at his tone and said, "You shouldn't be a stranger, dear cousin. The LeStrange home is always open to you."

Sirius nodded his thanks and the adults gave polite farewells to one another. Harry on the other hand was being thoroughly hugged again by the children he had always called cousins. He told Hermione and the quartet that he would see them on the train. Harry and Sirius

Prank war- possibly this year

Twins- they're possible allies later

Thank you for the review

**Kage Mirai** Thank you... I hope you enjoyed this first installment of year two.

**Szihuoko** Thank you... here you go.

**LT2000** Your review came in just as I was preparing this chapter for posting, thank you. HP/DM happen to be my fav pairing... which is why I will use it.... NICE GUESS as to Siri's lover, but no, very original idea. I hope you enjoyed the start of year two.

## Chapter 2

### September First

Lucius Malfoy escorted his son and his lord's daughter to platform nine and three quarters. The walk through the muggles and then across the platform was unimpeded. He followed them onto the train and helped them secure two rooms. He silently placed a strong hand on Draco's shoulder. Blue-gray met sky blue and understanding passed between father and son. Lucius held out his arms and Kira gave him a hug. He smiled slightly at the children and then schooled his features again before walking away.

Draco turned toward Kira after his father had left. "I bet you one galleon that Blaise and Jared arrive before Harry or Miriam." He smirked at her.

"Sorry, I only bet when I know I'll win and since I know the Zabinis are more punctual than any of the Black family..." she shrugged while mirroring his smirk.

Draco pouted slightly, but before he found a proper retort a staccato knock sounded on the door. Both Draco and Kira schooled their features and readied their wands as the door opened. Blaise raised an eyebrow while Jared leaned against the door frame. Blaise said, "I see you were the first to arrive as usual. It's odd not seeing Harry with you."

"True," nodded Jared; he then added, "So are Miriam and I joining you or do we fend for ourselves?"

"We secured the room across the hall for you," Draco answered as he nonchalantly waved toward it.

"Thanks," said Jared as he turned toward the other room.

"Drake, lift the ward before he opens the door," said Kira.

Draco pointed his wand at the door and muttered, "Finite incantatem." The door glowed briefly. Jared shook his head slightly, opened the door and stepped in.



Blaise glared at Draco as she entered the room. "You would have let him get zapped by the ward!" she accused angrily.

Draco shrugged, "It only had a minor static charge. The shock wouldn't have hurt him and it would have taught him to check doors before opening them in the future."

"That's still a mean trick to play on a first year, especially a member of our Family," returned Blaise.

"It wasn't a trick, it was a training exercise," said Draco.

"Liar," replied Blaise.

"Malfoys don't lie, we tell creative truths," commented Draco.

"Prat," muttered Blaise as she sat in the opposite corner of the room.

Kira shook her head and began to slide the door close. She said, "I won't ask you two to kiss and make up, but..."

"Ask who to kiss and make up?" asked Hermione as she caught the door.

Kira released the door as Hermione entered wearing a grin and dragging her trunk. Draco and Blaise glared at her and then back at each other. Kira said, "These two have been arguing like an old married couple all summer long."

"We have not," Blaise and Draco said simultaneously.

Hermione cracked up. Kira smiled while Blaise and Draco continued to glare at each other. Kira noticed Hermione's trunk and levitated it to the overhead compartment. Hermione got control of herself and said, "Thanks Kira," as she sat down.

"You're welcome Hermione," replied Kira, "as I was saying, these two have been arguing all summer long and I think it's because Harry hasn't been around to buffer their abrasive personalities."

"Why didn't they argue when we were in Diagon Alley?" asked Hermione.

"We're in the same room," commented Blaise.

Kira answered as if Blaise hadn't spoken, "Partially because Harry was there and partially because they were under watchful parental eyes."

"Oh," Hermione's mouth formed a perfect 'O' as understanding dawned.

Blaise rolled her eyes and crossed her arms. Draco shifted his glare to Hermione and asked, "That makes sense?" Hermione nodded to him with a smile. "Girls," he muttered under his breath. Hermione giggled while Kira and Blaise couldn't help but smirk.

Kira turned back toward the door and looked up and down the hall. Not seeing anyone she began to close the door again. Draco's voice interrupted her movement, "You may want to leave it open, Longbottom's about to get on the train."

She sighed, "In that case I'll go hunt him down and bring him here. It wouldn't due to have him wandering around lost." She stepped into the hall and walked off before the others responded.

Hermione glanced at Draco then Blaise and asked, "Is Kira okay?"

Blaise tilted her head as if thinking while Draco gave her a look that said 'what do you think?' Blaise shook her head and said softly, "Not really."

Hermione asked, "What's wrong?"

Draco sighed, "Have you heard of magical twins?"

Hermione's forehead furrowed in thought, "I don't think so."

"Then you can't possibly understand," said Blaise, "and it's not our story to tell."

Draco nodded. Hermione frowned and pulled a book out of her bag. She began to read and the compartment fell silent. Draco and Blaise each pulled out a book and pretended to read as they waited for Kira and Neville to re-join the compartment.

The door opened about ten minutes later and Kira levitated Neville's trunk up to the overhead shelf beside Hermione's. Neville smiled shyly and said, "Hi everyone."

A chorus of, "Hi Neville," was the response from the three occupants of the room.

He then sat down by Draco and asked, "Where's Harry?"

"Not here yet," responded Blaise absently.

Neville nodded and watched Kira sit down by Blaise. Kira seemed different, but Neville couldn't tell what had changed. Hermione also watched the dark heiress and tried to remember if she had ever heard of magical twins and what that might mean in relation to Kira. The silence which descended was rather uncomfortable. Neville attempted not to squirm.

About quarter to eleven the compartment door opened to reveal a smiling Harry Potter and a smirking Miriam Lestrage. The two had arrived at virtually the same moment and decided to find their compartments together. Harry said, "Hello, where's Jared?"

"The room across the hall," replied Draco while the other four said 'hello' to Harry. Miriam nodded her thanks, turned around, muttered something under her breath and then opened the door across the hall. Draco smirked at Blaise triumphantly. Hermione looked confused and Neville didn't catch the exchange. Kira ignored the exchange and simply searched Harry's face.

Harry stepped in and closed the door. His eyes met Kira's and for one moment the room was alive with unseen magic. He smiled at her and said, "I meant what I said in Diagon Alley." Kira simply nodded and smiled back. Harry took the few steps to where Kira sat and took a place beside her. His arms wrapped around her gently and she hugged him back.

Hermione and Neville jumped slightly as the heirs glowed a soft blue-green. Blaise and Draco both smiled. Neville's mouth opened and closed a few times before he finally asked, "How? How are you magical twins?"

Kira and Harry released one another and sat up. Moisture was removed from eyes before Harry said, "We were raised that way."

"But magical twins only happens when you share blood or soul bonds and are born within a lunar cycle of each other," Neville protested.

Kira said, "We were born on the same day."

"And the curse that backfired created a bond of blood," said Harry.

Neville's eyes widened and he said, "I'm sorry Dumbledore did this to you."

"What are you going on about?" asked Hermione.

"You don't know what magical twins are, do you?" asked Neville in response. Hermione shook her head 'no'. Neville then asked Kira and Harry, "Should I explain what I know or would you two want to?"

Their response was interrupted when a red head peeked into the compartment. "Sorry," said the small female first year, "I was just looking for a place to sit."

"Try across the hall," suggested Harry, "but knock before entering." The girl nodded and closed the door. Harry then turned back toward Neville and said, "I guess we can explain it." He looked thoughtful, "Now where to start..."

"How about explaining what magical twins are?" asked Hermione.

Harry nodded, "All twins, whether magical or muggle have a bond between them. It exists on an unconscious level and allows them to instinctively know things about their twin. Because of this bond there are many stories among muggles where twins who have never met or are hundreds of miles apart will feel each other's pain or joy. Magical twins take the bond quite a bit beyond that."

Hermione nodded that she understood and wished him to continue when he paused. He continued. "Magical twins have the bond on a conscious level and it's far stronger than for normal twins. The bond allows for empathy, telepathy, and a minor sharing of magic between the twins. The downside is that it creates an emotional dependency between the twins. Until magical maturity they cannot be apart for long periods of time without creating the possibility of dire consequences."

"Like what?" asked Hermione.

"Depression and despondency which can lead to suicidal tendencies. The weaker willed the twins are the more likely they are to hurt themselves," responded Kira from where she was curled against Harry's side. Her arms were about his waist and her head was resting on his shoulder while the rest of her body was pressed very close to him.

"Even those who possess wills of steel fall into the depression when the length of time is great enough," added Harry as he pulled Kira even closer to himself. How that was physically possible, no one in the room knew, but they knew he had.

"You said the dependency ends with 'magical maturity', what's that?" asked Hermione.

"I'd forgotten you don't know," commented Harry. He shook his head and began to explain, "When wizards and witches are young their magic is very young as well, it's chaotic and unfocused. When they are learning it grows, it becomes controlled. The magic begins to take on a pattern which fits the personality of the witch or wizard. Magical maturity occurs when the pattern of their soul is achieved by their magic. The witch or wizard becomes as powerful as they will ever become and they cease being able to learn new kinds of magic."

"So after magical maturity you can't learn new spells?" asked Hermione in confusion.

Harry shook his head while Kira said, "No, that's not it. What it does mean though is unless you've learned some light spells before hand you'll be incapable of learning light spells afterward, and the same

goes for dark magic. Since the basic curriculum at any school includes all normal forms of magic there is little fear that you'll be incapable of learning new stuff later. But as an example, if I didn't already know parsel-magic before reaching magical maturity, I wouldn't be able to learn it afterward. The same goes for ancient blood and mind magics and as well as soul magics."

"Blood, mind and soul magics?" questioned Hermione.

"Family magics taught within the pureblood lines," answered Neville. The Slytherins all nodded in agreement.

"So how would I learn them if I wanted to?" asked Hermione.

"The same way my mother and father did, research and private practice," answered Kira. Hermione scowled slightly and worried her lip before nodding to Harry to continue with his explanation.

Harry murmured to himself, "Where was I? Oh yes, the depression magical twins feel when they are apart is proportional to the length of time they are apart. If they are separated for a long enough time frame the bond can break. If the bond breaks, both twins will normally die within days of it breaking. Usually their lives will end by their own hand."

"Does Dumbledore know you're magical twins?" asked Neville.

They both nodded. Hermione scowl deepened as she asked, "Then why did he separate you?"

"He doesn't care," replied Kira.

"And he probably doesn't believe we have forged the magical twin bond," added Harry.

"How did the bond form?" asked Hermione.

"The bond doesn't need a direct blood relation to form. If two magical children are born within the same lunar cycle, or in our case same day, and have similar magical strength, the bond can form if they are brought together at a young enough age. In that instance the bond

forms on a spiritual level and in some regards is stronger than a blood level bond,” answered Harry.

“And if one or both have traumatic magical experiences before being brought together the bond becomes more likely. Because Harry had survived an unforgivable a tenuous blood bond had been formed and his magic was very chaotic due to the trauma. I had my first threshold event not more than days before we were placed in the same crib. The magic couldn’t help but want stabilization and so the bond was forged.” Kira added.

“It was perhaps a one in a million possibility, but the conditions were perfect and it happened. Father thinks it was destiny because he said when the curse rebounded he knew I was to be his son,” Harry concluded.

“Amazing,” breathed Hermione. Her head tilted as a thoughtful expression flitted across her face; her eyes widened in realization as she accused, “You’ve communicated telepathically in front of us before, haven’t you?”

“Yes,” Harry answered simply as Kira nodded.

“You’ll get used to it,” commented Draco.

“Or it will drive you crazy,” added Blaise. Draco rolled his eyes in response.

Harry noticed Draco’s response. He had noticed how both of his friends seemed a little off of center and asked, “Okay, what’s with you two?”

“Nothing,” said Blaise, too quickly.

He looked at Kira, snuggled against his side and asked, “What is up with them?”

She sighed, “They’ve, no more accurately Draco, has been off all summer.”

"That's not true," responded Draco in a voice that was almost whiny, but of course Malfoys don't whine.

"Then explain the attitude you've had all summer," replied Kira. "You never used to take any of Blaise's snide comments to heart before, nor did you ever try to be truly cruel with your words in the past, but this summer you did both."

Draco took a deep breath, "Until this summer we were always the four of us, two boys and two girls. We were balanced and our activities were appealing to all of us, or we only compromised once in a while. This is the only summer I can remember where we didn't play fort at the muggle park with the muggle kids we met years ago. This is the only year where I endured more than one "tea party" with you. This summer we didn't sneak off to the carnival when it was in your home town. Instead we spent too many days in the conservatory, not that I mind the quiet of the place, but you two wanted to go everyday for over three weeks. This summer was awful for me and I'm sorry but after a while I just needed to lash out."

"Oh, Draco, I'm so sorry, I wish you had said something before. I wouldn't have included you in so many feminine activities if I had know," Kira said sincerely.

"Damn Dumbledore," muttered Harry, "I'm sorry too."

Blaise looked contrite as she said, "I'm sorry Draco, I had no idea."

"Apologies accepted, but if you," he looked at Kira, "had kept me excluded from the feminine activities than I would have been left out most of the time. Our friendship and the time we spend together are too important to me for me to want to be left out when we are supposed to be spending time together."

"Next summer tell us when it gets too girly for you," said Blaise.

"We'll accommodate your macho needs," completed Kira. Harry hid a snicker with a light cough.

Draco knew next summer would be better and that they were teasing him while also being completely sincere, "Thank you," he said simply.



"You're welcome," smiled Blaise.

"Our pleasure," nodded Kira.

Draco shook his head, feeling better and much more like himself, and looked at Harry, "Okay, tell us all about the infamous Marauder and cousin I've barely met, Sirius Black and your oh so lonely summer."

Harry took a dramatic deep breath and said, "I mean no offence to either Hermione or Neville, but Sirius Black is entirely too much the annoying Gryffindor. He is narrow minded, rash, unthinking, a royal prat when he thinks he's right and down right foolishly blind at times."

"He let you have Cornelius, though," protested Kira quietly.

"Only after I begged," replied Harry. "In spite of that he's not completely awful. He has a rather dark sense of humor, darker than I think he realizes. He also has the positive Gryffindor aspects such as bravery, loyalty to friends, and protectiveness towards those he cares about. As often as I enjoyed his company I despised his company; I think I liked his boyfriend more than him most of the time."

"Boyfriend?!" asked Hermione, shocked.

Harry nodded, "Real nice guy, he was a seeker back when he went to Hogwarts. He attended at the same time as the Marauders and he and Sirius met up while Sirius was looking for me all those years. The two have been together ever since."

"What's he like?" asked Blaise.

"A lot like uncle J," answered Harry.

"So did you play any seeker only quidditch against him?" asked Draco.

"OH, ya," Harry nodded with a fond smile.

"More about Sirius please," commented Kira.

Harry playfully ruffled Kira's hair, "You just think he's cute."

"Not as cute as some," was Kira's reply.

"Okay, anyway Sirius isn't all faults, but I think his attitude toward Slytherins and professor Snape in specific need an adjustment."

"Why?" asked Hermione.

"He told me about the Marauders' favorite victim. It was Severus Snape. They tormented him relentlessly and more than once embarrassed him in front of most of the student body. One incident after an OWL exam James flipped him upside down and everyone saw his undergarments. Another incident, far worse, nearly got Professor Snape killed. Only James chickening out at the last minute saved him. Because of that incident Professor Snape owed James a Wizards Debt, but never got to repay it."

"So that means it passed to you," commented Draco.

Harry nodded, "This summer made me very glad I grew up with Voldemort as my father figure rather than James Potter. I believe if I had been raised by James I would have not only been stuck in Gryffindor house but I would be as annoying as Weasel."

"Not all Gryffindors are like Weasel," said Neville.

"No, but James was worse than Weasel and I'd like to hope Lily would have been able to lessen the damage James would have caused, therefore I'd only be as bad and not worse than Weasel."

"Did Sirius actually say James chickened out of the deadly prank?" asked Draco.

"No, Sirius said that James didn't know about it until just before Professor Snape was in danger, and then he played the brave Gryffindor and rescued him."

"Pranks shouldn't cause actual harm to a person. They are supposed to be enjoyed by all, even the one being pranked, if only after the fact," said Blaise. The others nodded in agreement.

"So was everything bad regarding him?" asked Neville.

"No," Harry shook his head, "I just needed to rant a bit. As I said I enjoyed his company and getting to know him, when he wasn't being a prat. He's a phenomenal quidditch player, though a bit out of practice. He began teaching me some Black family magics, the lighter ones unfortunately. He told me so much about James and Lily I almost feel like I know them now. He also told me about the prestigious Potter line."

"Such as," prompted Draco.

"Well apparently, I'm descended from Godric Gryffindor. The first Potter to become a wizard married one of his granddaughters and the family has been unbroken since."

"That means we're distantly related," said Neville excitedly.

"I know," replied Harry, "Although we are more closely related than you realize, I think. The Longbottom line and the Potter line often married about every sixth generation or so. In fact Verna Potter, my great-great-great aunt, married Forsyth Longbottom, your great-great-great grandfather."

"We have a portrait of them in the library of Longbottom manor," said Neville, "I just never knew she had been a Potter."

"So you too are what, fifth or sixth cousins?" asked Hermione.

"Something like that," commented Harry.

"Almost all pureblood families are related," commented Blaise.

Draco nodded, "Yep, take my family for example. As you know Bellatrix Lestrange is my mother's sister, so that makes Miriam my first cousin. However Miriam and her siblings are also my sixth cousins through the fact that Rodolphus Lestrange is my father's fifth cousin."

"Another family we could use is the Parkinsons. Pansy's maternal grandmother was originally a Nott and therefore is related to Theodore while through her father she is related to Draco because his mother was the daughter of Lucius' aunt," Kira said, "also the

Parkinson line started as an offshoot of the Winterset family something like two hundred years ago and is therefore related to anyone with Winterset or Prewett blood.”

“Which means that like me Pansy is related, however distantly, to this entire generation of Weasleys,” continued Blaise, “Molly Weasley is my mother’s third cousin because they share a great grandfather in the form of Valore Prewett.”

“Okay, I get it, you pure bloods are inbreeding,” said Hermione.

“Unfortunately that is an accurate description,” commented Draco as Blaise, Harry, Kira and Neville all nodded in agreement.

“That’s one of the reasons Mother and Father created the magic inducing and enhancing potions. Before the only way to ensure magical children was to make sure both parents had strong magic. With the potions it won’t be a problem if the parents are magically weak or muggles. As much as I hate to quote anti-muggle-born propaganda, most muggle-borns have rather small magical energy. More than half of them don’t reach magical maturity until they’re almost thirty, which unfortunately proves their weakness and their children often ended up being squibs.” Kira explained.

“How does that prove their weakness?” asked Hermione.

“Simple, the more powerful you are, the earlier you reach magical maturity. The average wizard reaches maturity between seventeen and twenty two; the average witch reaches it between eighteen and twenty four. Most weak purebloods achieve it by twenty six while a truly powerful witch or wizard can reach it as young as fifteen. Tom Riddle was only three months from turning sixteen when he reached magical maturity.” Harry explained.

“Oh,” said Hermione quietly. “Why isn’t any of this taught to muggle-born students?”

“Magical tradition, culture, and the like are available as special summer courses through the ministry, but they’re only available once you turn fifteen. Its newer legislation, passed about five years ago. Regulus tried to get it passed where it became an elective at

Hogwarts in your third year, but Dumbledore fought him and kept it out of the school.” Kira told Hermione.

“Why would Dumbledore do that?” asked Hermione.

*Should we tell her the truth?* Asked Kira.

*I think she can accept it.* Replied Harry

“Dumbledore has always been very ambitious. Something very few people know or remember is that he is a Slytherin Alumni; everyone seems to believe he was a Gryffindor or Ravenclaw. He uses people to achieve whatever he wants. He once wanted glory and recognition and used a half blood wizard to gain that glory and recognition. He was the leader of the Isles’ forces opposing Grindelwald and he had recruited many young witches and wizards for the fight. One of them was my father, Tom. Everyone ‘knows’ Dumbledore defeated Grindelwald, but the truth is Father is the one who killed the false Dark Lord, not Dumbledore.

“Dumbledore has only lost a small amount of the recognition over the years, but he still uses people. He specifically fills the minds of weaker witches and wizards with lies about their abilities and importance in order to use them. He buys their trust, loyalty and devotion with kind words and insubstantial promises. During the last war almost an entire generation of muggle-borns lost their lives fighting against the Dark Lord when they honestly didn’t need to. The weak ones were the first he sent to a battle and the most likely to die. Most of the fighters who died for him hadn’t reached magical maturity and he never told them they weren’t strong enough to fight Death Eaters.

“He doesn’t want muggle-borns to know they may inherently be weaker because he knows another war is coming. He needs the cannon fodder they provide. Without their blind devotion to him he cannot stop Father and find a way to become the acclaimed hero of the wizarding world again. He in fact wants to use Harry in the exact same way he used my Father, only this time I think he has a plan to get rid of Harry after the deed is done.” Kira ended her explanation.

Neville sat mutely, somehow knowing the truth of her words. He remembered the stories he had always been told. He remembered that his father had always felt like a failure because he never arrived at a skirmish in time to save the muggle-borns who had arrived first. He recalled the way his grandmother would speak about the bravery of the Order of the Phoenix, but how she had always felt it had been too weak to properly oppose Voldemort. He realized that muggle-borns weren't the only pawns Dumbledore threw away.

Hermione sat in the stillness following Kira's words. She knew from last year that Dumbledore wasn't the saint her parents and she had been lead to believe. She hadn't expected to find a heartless bastard beneath the benevolent exterior. The more she learned the more she wished she was ignorant. "That is horrible," she finally whispered. The whisper seemed too loud in the unnaturally quiet compartment.

"Muggle-borns weren't the only ones he used that way, were they?" asked Neville, somewhat rhetorically.

"No," replied Harry. "He also used many purebloods. The four Marauders are a good example as are your parents."

Neville bit his lip, there was a lot of moisture in his eyes as he said, "The 'accident' which placed my parents in St Mungo's didn't have to happen, did it?"

He didn't require an answer, but Kira said, "No it didn't." She stood and moved to the seat beside him where she drew him into a comforting hug.

Hermione asked softly, "You don't have to tell me, but what did happen?"

Kira whispered into Neville's ear and he nodded. *Brother, Neville says we can tell her. He knows as members of the dark we all know the story.*

Harry said, "The Longbottoms were members of the order of the phoenix, as you already know. After Voldemort "fell" the Order wanted to know what the Death Eaters were planning. Apparently someone in the order figured out a way to fake the Dark Mark on a

person's arm. This was two years after my apparent defeat of Voldemort. The Longbottoms as well as Morgain Prewett, Molly Weasley's older sister, agreed to attempt to get into the meeting the Death Eaters were having.

"Voldemort's inner circle was present and they set a number of nasty wards to keep out anyone without the Dark Mark. If anyone tried to enter they would experience pain far worse than the Crucio curse. The meeting was actually not that important, it simply was to inform the rank and file to standby and wait until Voldemort made his presence known in the world again. Unfortunately the Death Eaters didn't set anything into the wards to let them know when someone was caught by them and the meeting had a silencing spell around it.

"When the meeting ended they could hear the cries of pain from the perimeter, but by then it was too late. All three of the intruders were mad from the pain and near death. The inner circle port-keyed all three to St Mungo's. Prewett died a week later. Neville's parents still haven't recovered. It's doubtful they ever will."

Hermione looked at Neville and said, "I'm so sorry."

Neville quietly said, "Not your fault, you didn't know." He lifted his tear streaked face from Kira's shoulder and continued, "But could you please not tell anyone. I don't want people's pity."

"I won't," promised Hermione.

"Kira when Uncle Tom mentioned help for Neville's parents, do you know what he meant?" asked Draco.

Kira looked over at him and said, "Yes, there are some parselmouths about ways to bring a person's mind back from the abyss. If Neville ever asks, father will attempt to retrieve the minds of his parents."

"He will?" asked Neville quietly, hopefully. Kira nodded as she stroked his hair comfortingly. "When could he try it?"

"I will write to him and find out, but remember, there is no guarantee he would be successful." Kira said to him softly.

Neville nodded slightly, "But there is hope that the will. Hope for their recovery is something I've never known before."

The compartment fell into silence after that sad statement. The ride continued in quietude until Harry said it was time they changed into their school robes. The boys went across the hall to change while Miriam and the red head, Ginny, joined the girls to change in the second years' compartment. After everyone was changed the boys returned and Miriam and Ginny returned to their own compartment. The last part of the journey was even quieter than before. Kira was curled tight against Harry again while Hermione sat beside Neville holding him gently for comfort. Blaise and Draco simply read the books they had pretended to read earlier.

The magically amplified voice informed the students that they would be arriving at the platform and should leave their trunks as they disembarked. The six second year friends made their way out to the platform. Blaise gave her brother a gentle hug before allowing Miriam to drag him and Ginny toward the towering Gamekeeper. Harry and Kira both gave the three first years encouraging smiles before following Draco toward the carriages.

Hermione and Neville stayed close to the quartet and boarded the same carriage as they. They missed the appreciative looks Kira and Harry gave the 'empty' place where the Thestrals stood. They sat in silence as they rode up to the castle. The two lions split from the quartet once they reached the great hall. Hermione and Neville sat near the end where the first years would be joining the table. The quartet sat about midway down the Slytherin table.

As the older students sat down, Harry said, "Please tell me I don't see who I think I see seated beside Professor Snape."

Kira shook her head. Draco however was the one to respond, "If you don't see Blond stupidity then I don't either."

"I believe you are both right, there is no way the blond haired idiot who mars our disgraceful defense books is possibly sitting in the Defense Against the Dark Arts seat beside our own esteemed head of house," added Blaise in her driest tone.



"Kill me now," said Harry in a barely audible whisper.

"No I quite like you living," replied Kira. Draco and Blaise could guess at what Harry had whispered and smirked at Kira's response to it.

"We won't learn a damn thing with him 'teaching'," Harry said, the word teaching came out like a swear word.

"I think that was Dumbledore's point," replied Draco.

"After all if the students don't learn anything his cannon fodder will be more reliant on him to keep them alive during the coming war," added Kira.

"I think I am going to be sick if I have to look at that arrogant pouf all year long," said Blaise.

Just then Professor McGonagall brought in the stool and sorting hat. The great Hall fell silent and she went to the main doors to escort the first year students inside. Miriam and Ginny were walking together while Jared walked with a blond boy directly behind them. The first years gathered somewhat nervously in front of the Head table. Harry was surprised they weren't blinded by the smile the blond haired pouf sent their way. The hat twitched, the brim opened and it began to sing.

In times just after Merlin

The greatest of our kind

Four wizards came with offers

To train an eager mind

They took up Scottish residence

Of castle and of land

They named their new home 'Hogwarts'

And that is where you stand

They took the young and taught them

They guided them to bloom  
Each wizard had, however,  
A different type to groom  
They split the children four ways  
According to their skill  
They looked at personality  
At power and at will  
The youngest man, one Gryffindor  
Sought hearts of solid steel  
He favored those with bravery  
And bold, heroic zeal  
Ravenclaw, however,  
Sought logic in her group  
She chose bright minds intelligent  
They formed a brainy troop  
The oldest man, Sir Slytherin  
Decided he would take  
Those people with ambition  
Whose greatness wouldn't break  
The youngest girl, Miss Hufflepuff  
Preferred those true and loyal

Her charges felt that things came best

With hardest work and toil

The four worked well together

But sadly time had passed

They knew that in their absence

Something had to last

So Gryffindor took from his head

A hat to fill with wit

You see that's me, I read your mind

So under me come sit

I'll figure out the best place

For you to flourish well

I'll seek out skills and character

So your house I can tell

(This song created by [miasnape](#))

The entire hall clapped as the Hat went silent. Professor McGonagall said, "When I call your name you will step up and I will place the Sorting Hat on your head. Let's begin Ace, Wilhelmina."

"Ravenclaw," called out the Hat a moment later.

The quartet didn't pay close attention to the sorting. Certain names caught their attention and two names they waited to cheer for. The first name to catch their attention was Carol-Anne Flint, who became the first Slytherin of the year. Shortly after that Miriam Lestrangle also joined the serpents. Zachary Nott was a surprise as he became a Hufflepuff. The red head, Ginny, turned out to be Ginevra Weasley.

The Hat took a long time placing her and when it finally spoke the heirs could feel its reluctance as it placed her in Gryffindor. The last first year was Jared Zabini and he was sent to Ravenclaw.

Albus Dumbledore stood up clapping as Minerva took the Hat and stool away. "Welcome all to another wonderful year at Hogwarts. I hope you have all had a wonderful summer emptying your heads so that we can fill them once again. I will wait until after you are well fed before giving the beginning of the year notices, so Tuck In!" He smiled, clapped his hand and swept his patented twinkling gaze across the student body. The only sign of his displeasure at seeing Harry still with Kira, Draco, and Blaise was a barely perceptible narrowing of his eyes.

The feast was as fine as any Hogwarts' house elves served. The Slytherin table was alive with political maneuvering as well as renewing or creation of useful ties. The quartet convinced Theodore to leave his brother alone and said it would be useful for their lord to have a loyal Hufflepuff bringing more of that house under their influence. Theodore agreed.

At the lion table Ginevra Weasley looked over at the only non-family faces she recognized. She attempted to engage Hermione and Neville in conversation only to be rudely interrupted by her brother Ron. In a very loud voice Ron commanded, "Stay away from my sister, traitors!"

Ginny shrank away in embarrassment. Hermione glared at Ron and said, "It's bigoted Donkeys like you who are weakening the wizarding world and allowing it to crumble into stagnating nothingness. And even your pea-brained mind, if you can call it that, should be unable to fill in the swear word I refrained from using. Now if your sister wishes to socialize with Neville and myself we will welcome her."

Ron turned bright red and growled, "If you dare try to corrupt her I'll make sure you regret it."

"Just try it ballerina boy. I know what your fears are and I will use them against you," Hermione snarled back.

Ron sputtered and drew his wand. "Ronald Weasley," exclaimed a scandalized Percy Weasley. "What are you doing?" Ron muttered incoherently and put his wand away.

Hermione turned from Ron to speak to Ginny, but the girl had moved away. There were now four other first year students between them. Hermione sighed, gave Neville a wearied look and began to eat again. The feast was much subdued at the Gryffindor table. Zachary Nott and Jared Zabini were both in their social element at their respective tables. Jared in particular created a name for himself as being the most knowledgeable first year at the table. The feast wound to a close.

Dumbledore stood up as the food vanished from the tables. "Now that we have all been properly fed and watered I have the announcements for the start of term. All students should be aware that the forest on the grounds is strictly forbidden, hence its name. Also Mr. Filch would like me to remind you there is to be no magic in the halls between classes and also the biting Frisbees have been added to the list of some four hundred forbidden items. Also we have the great honor of hosting Mister... or should I say Professor Gilderoy Lockhart as our Defense Against the Dark Arts teacher. I will let him say a few words than you can all head off to your dorms." Albus waved to Gilderoy.

The blond man, dressed in canary yellow robes, stood and flashed a brilliant smile. "I know you are tired after such a long trip," he continued to speak for fifteen minutes. The quartet figured he wasn't stopping anytime soon and by mutual ascent stood and left the hall. Gilderoy stopped speaking as the four students rose from their seats. That was all the rest of the Slytherin table needed before every upper classman stood and began to leave. The rest of the school followed. Lockhart couldn't remember ever being shunned like that. He looked at Dumbledore, but held his tongue. The old man looked exceedingly mad and dangerous.

Using hidden corridors and short cuts the quartet arrived at the Slytherin entrance before even Severus Snape. Harry hissed **What is the password?**

The snake carving hissed back **What was it last year?**

**Godric Gryffindor, Nettle leaves, and Serpenti** replied Harry.

**Correct, this year starts with Carpe Diem.** Replied the snake carving.

**Thank you.** “Carpe Diem,” said Harry. The black wall rippled and the quartet entered their common room.

They sat down and waited for the other students as well as their head of house. Severus Snape arrived not long after they got comfortable. He schooled his features, but they knew a look of surprised satisfaction when they saw it. He nodded to them and then took a position in the room which grabbed your attention and added an intimidation affect to whoever was standing there. All five waited patiently for the rest of the house to arrive.

The older students began to file in. Almost all stayed in the common room for his beginning of the year speech. Some would seek Professor Snape’s council afterward, most would not. A proper Slytherin kept his own council. Finally the fifth year Prefects lead the new first years into the common room. The quartet noticed that Flint and LeStrange had strategically attached themselves to one another. The new year of Slytherin politics had already begun.

Severus’ let his silky sarcastic voice flow, “Welcome to the House of Serpents. There are only a few necessary rules for surviving in Slytherin house, all the other rules are survival tips. The rules I speak of can be found in the book on the mantle, it is charmed so that it cannot leave the common room. The essential rules you must all obey are these. Never completely trust anyone, not in this house and especially not in any other house, unless you have enough dirt to ensure their loyalty. Never publicly dispute with your fellow Slytherins, your solidarity outside of this room is paramount. Never forget that the other houses and teachers are waiting for you to prove you are future dark witches and wizards, and no matter what you do, they will always believe that is your path. I expect you to support one another outside of this room, if you have internal disputes speak with me or deal with it in private. You will make your greatest allies and worst enemies within these walls, but do not let that affect your words or

actions outside of them. I will always be available to give you advice, but I do not condone fools within my House. If you are going to do anything questionable DO NOT GET CAUGHT, if you do your most severe punishment will be from me. Now this year we have something we haven't dealt with in almost thirty years. This year we have a muggle-born student in our house. Ms. Loraine Eich will need to be taught the proper way for a Slytherin to act as well as learn all of the politics everyone else within this house grew up with."

"We'll show her the ropes," said Miriam, pointing to herself and Carol-Anne.

Severus was reluctant to give over the muggle-born into the care of two future Death Eaters, but if the dark lords own daughter was friends with a muggle-born than hopefully Bellatrix's daughter wouldn't be as cruel as he remembered her mother being. He remembered it was Bellatrix and Narcissa who had offered to take Lily Evens under their tutelage because none of her year mates wanted to. While Lily had survived, there were times that Severus remembered fearing for her life. Severus nodded and then said, "I will be available until curfew in my office, have a pleasant evening." He strode purposefully from the room.

Harry waved Miriam, Carol-Anne and Loraine over to the quartet. The three first years approached. "Hello, we're friends of Miriam. I'm Harry Potter, this is Draco Malfoy, Blaise Zabini and Kira Riddle. If you need any help adjusting we'll help as well." He was looking directly at Loraine as he spoke.

"Thank you," she blushed slightly.

"You're welcome," replied Harry.

"See you guys later," said Miriam as she took control of the other two firsties and dragged them off to bed.

The quartet smirked at Miriam's antics and then said goodnight to one another. As Draco and Blaise walked toward their respective dorms, Harry and Kira stood staring at one another. They hugged tightly and then walked toward their separate dorms.





Thank you and I wish this year was coming to me easier.

**japanese-jew**

THANK YOU!!!! I will update as often as the words flow.

**James-Padfoot**

Opps, sorry... I put the disclaimer at the end of year one because the slash romance won't happen till fifth year. I really like the DM/HP ship and think it fits with the overall story I'm weaving. I'm glad you won't leave because of it.

Actually there will be minor HP/GW during one of the years and KR/NL during another. Those will not be the main ships, but they will develop and be part of the flavoring.

I also noticed the 'something' missing and it's probably just from the minor writers block trying to inflect me.

Why did Lucius Malfoy and the rest be so nice towards Hermione's mother? Acting on Tom's orders? Not exactly, Muggle relations are actually part of the Dark Lords goals, his Family knows this.

Also does Neville know about Bellatrix torturing Neville's parents to insanity? It wasn't Bellatrix directly, what happened was due to Dumbledore's stupidity and not entirely trusting Severus once it appeared Voldemort was gone.

Who created Harry and Kira's wands?

Can't tell you.

Was it legal to do so?

Not in the English isles.

When did they get it?

Before Hogwarts.

Why were they given such powerful wands so young?

Those were the wands that wanted to be made for them.

How did however get Phoenix's tears into her wand?

I believe that phoenixes aren't limited to one in the entire world, so the wand maker was able to get tears. The books suggest there are other phoenixes. Ollivander says that phoenix tail feathers are one of the wand cores used but the phoenix who gave the feather for Voldie and Harry's wands ONLY gave those two, if more wands have phoenix feather cores than there have to be more phoenixes..

**LizaGirl**

Thank you!

**Kage Mirai**

Thank you and I'm sorry this chapter took so long.

**Red Eyed, Divine Dragoon77415**

Here's what happened... I'll try to update sooner... no promises though.

**Anders1**

Thanks and sorry I took so long.

**Night-Owl123**

I'll try

**MysterioX**

I sent you a reply and I hope you are reading this, but if not, that is more than cool. I just love the DM/HP paring.

**ailisa d. frieson**

I won't... but as I said writers block is trying to infect me.

**wormunderfoot**

Sorry to hear about the squicking... hopefully you'll stay around until fourth year since the relationship won't arrive until fifth year.

### **Kamorie**

Thank you very much, I'm always pleased to have a first time review(long time reader) sorry this chapter took so long.

### **Shadowface**

Use all the language you want. Sirius may one day accept, he loves Harry after all.

### **lonelyltherinslowlydying**

I didn't mean for you to stop asking questions, I'm sorry if I hurt your feeling, I just can't give away the plot before the story reveals it, you know?

I suppose I can tell you why Dumbledore can't die yet(but keep it between us) Voldemort wants Dumbledore's true colors shown, he wants the wizard stripped of his dignity and adoration. He wants to humiliate and destroy the carefully constructed image before he kills him. Oh and I promise, Dumbledore's death will be rather grotesque... no simple Avada Kedavra for him.

### **Wanamaker**

Thank you

### **Tiffany Kleinhans**

His parents will visit the Chamber at least once this year. You'll have to wait for his Christmas. Thank you for your wonderful reviews.

### **Garnet Knight**

Here was September first... lots of info, huh?

Thank you.

### **Ciara**

They don't know about it. When the trouble starts it will be interesting to watch. Thank you.

**scholcomp25**

THANK YOU!

**LT2000**

Harry/Kira... sorry incest fics kind of squick me, though I will read them if they're good enough. Unfortunately there will be a brief Neville/Kira ship... it won't last very long, but hey it has a purpose.

Voldemort has many plans and for now allowing Dumbledore to think he's out maneuvering him, is what's required. Don't worry Harry will be returning to the Dark Family and Dumbledore will in fact die a very painful death when the time is right.

How many times do I have to say DARK IS NOT NECESSARILY EVIL? The heirs won't be unleashing the Basilisk, though that's what "everyone" will think.

## Chapter 3

### Plans and Classes

Severus Snape was not a man to cross that morning. The air was still chill from the fading night and only the barest hint of dawn peeked through the windows. Breakfast was just beginning to be served for the earliest risers and Severus was moody. He was unable to enjoy the simple pleasure of a solitary breakfast before his sixth year NEWT class in an hour all because Albus Dumbledore felt the need to summon him for an urgent meeting that morning. Severus had never been a pleasant morning person, especially before his first cup of java.

The gargoyle leapt aside as he approached, robes billowing in his wake. He strode purposefully up the moving stairs, not allowing them to set the pace. He lost all semblance of propriety as he opened the door without knocking. He paused as he took in the appearance of Minerva and Filius sitting with Albus eating scones and drinking milk enriched tea. Severus scowled.

“Ah Severus, please sit down, have a scone,” invited Albus.

“No thank you, I have a class to prepare for so I would appreciate if we could get to the urgent reason I was summoned so I can leave and attend to my preparations.”

Minerva shot Severus a disapproving look. Severus ignored her and simply stared at Albus. As black met blue the blue began to twinkle like Christmas lights. Albus said in a soothing tone, “I apologize for bothering you so early when I know you have an early class to prepare for but I need to discuss something with you, Filius, and Minerva. Now please have a seat.”

Severus felt the frustration draining away from him. He nodded to the aged headmaster and took the fourth seat at the table. His annoyance and impatience seeped from him as he took a sip of tea and nibbled on a scone. He wondered to himself why he had been so angry when he entered the room; this was a rather pleasant moment.

Albus smiled indulgently and said, "The reason I asked you three to see me is because I received a missive from the ministry. As you know Hogwarts has always retained autonomy from Ministry Decrees. The three of you received copies of the mandate and I need you to ignore it. I see no reason for Hogwarts to acquiescent to Ministry demands, especially where those two students are concerned."

Severus found his thought process to be slower than normal, maybe he wasn't awake yet. As he tried to wrap his mind around Albus' meaning Filius spoke up. "Are you asking us to refuse Mr. Potter and Ms. Riddle their request and opportunity to take accelerated courses?"

Albus looked at Filius, "That is precisely what I am saying. No student needs to advance ahead of their year mates and I find the fact that they involved the Ministry's Department of Education in Hogwarts' affairs to be insulting."

"But the talent... Albus, according to the examination results, Mr. Potter is more talented then his father ever was and that he has the potential to create permanent transfigurations. How can I as a teacher pass an opportunity like that up?" asked Minerva.

The fog was slowly lifting from Severus' mind as Minerva spoke. He was surprised by her desire to teach Potter. He always thought she felt some resentment toward the boy because he ended up in Slytherin. Filius spoke as his mind cleared more.

The small elderly man said, "Albus, we have known each other for many years. You are only six years older than me, yet I'm certain you remember the last time a student took the accelerated path in a few classes. I see no reason to deny Mr. Potter and Ms. Riddle's request for accelerated charms classes. The results from their exams demonstrate intelligence, talent, and vast potential. Unless the School Governors decide otherwise I will allow them the accelerated path. As you know only they have the authority to over-rule a decree from the Department of Education."

Albus had been attempting to shift his magics from Severus because he had not been expecting Minerva and Filius to want to teach the two snakes. The old man felt his magic control fading and sighed. "If

you refuse to follow the decree, the ministry can not force you. And yes I do remember the last person to take accelerated courses. The path he took is exactly why I don't believe Mr. Potter and Ms. Riddle should be given the same opportunity."

Severus and Minerva were both confused by Albus' statement. Severus clearly recalled that Filius had been the last student in the accelerated program, the head boy during Filius' fourth year had also been in the program but Severus couldn't recall his name.

Filius felt anger but kept his tone even as he said, "I was not talking about Oberon Ashton; I was speaking of myself. Oberon had a very Dark personality and upbringing. He would have followed that path no matter the actions of the headmistress or teachers. Do not allow the choices of a madman effect how you treat two very special wizarding children."

His plan was faltering but he wouldn't give up yet, "Filius, you know whose child Ms. Riddle is. She will follow his path and if you give her more tools she will be worse than her father." Albus spoke with a plea every easy to hear in his voice and a quavering of fear.

"The sins of the father are not the sins of the child, Albus," Severus' mind was back to normal and he was becoming degusted with Albus' desire to stifle the potential of two of his charges. Severus continued, "Ms. Riddle is not her father. Her father would never befriend a muggle-born like Ms. Granger. Her father would not prank his enemies; he'd torture and kill them. She is no more her father than Mr. Potter is his father. However, if you continue to associate the father's sins to the child, you will cause her to become like him or worse. Stopping Mr. Potter and Ms. Riddle from following the accelerated program may just push them both completely against you."

"Severus is right," said Minerva. "We cannot base our decisions on who their parents are or were. We have to base them on the children we see before us. I see a boy with talent, vast potential, and a very bright future, but only if we give him the opportunities he deserves. I plan on allowing him the accelerated course."

"Ms. Riddle will be permitted to take accelerated potions so long as her reason is acceptable to me," added Severus.

“And I have already stated I will allow both to take accelerated charms,” finished Filius.

Albus knew then that he had failed to achieve his plan, but perhaps he could still use this situation to his advantage. He tried one last ditch effort, his voice quiet and plaintive, “I just don’t want them to become dark and have tools we handed them.”

Minerva reached over and patted his hand comfortingly, “Albus, accelerated courses means spending an extra five or more hours a week with each of us. Surely as the mentor student relationship develops more strongly we will become an influence in their lives.”

*I just don’t want them becoming an influence in your lives or thoughts,* thought Albus.

Severus noticed the time and said, “I must be off, my class starts in fifteen minutes.” He rose from his seat and nodded to Albus and Minerva.

As Severus was about to nod to Filius, the older man said. “I’ll walk with you.” Severus nodded and the two proceeded to leave the room.

Albus shook his head in a defeated sort of way as the door closed behind them. After a moment he lifted his head and gave weak smile to Minerva while taking her hand into his own. His voice pleaded as his mind-magic wrapped around her with the last of his strength, for the day at least. “Do everything you can to help Harry see the light. He’s grown up only knowing darkness; if you can guide him I will be eternally grateful.”

Minerva smiled reassuringly back, “That’s my goal, Albus.” She extracted her hand from his and gave it a soft pat before she too left his office.

Albus looked around his office once it was empty. He knew that Riddle was a lost cause and if he could kill her without retribution he would, but getting her expelled would have to do. He had been unable to cripple her magical learning, but that was only a minor setback. There was still hope that Harry could be saved, he was the child of the Legacy after all. Albus thought back to the night when



Sybil had made that prophesy. He still didn't know exactly what the Legacy was, but he was certain it would bring him the glory he craved, if properly channeled. Yes Kira had to go so that Harry could be groomed as his pawn.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

### **BREAK**

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

Severus dismissed his sixth year NEWT students. They had taken a review test during the hour of class. He placed the exam parchments in his "sixth year" drawer and spelled it closed with a soft incantation. He waited until just before the next class was to start and then flung open the door. The second year students crowding outside his door fell momentarily silent. His voice menacingly growled, "Get in."

He stood beside the door as the Slytherin and Gryffindor students entered. The lions were completely quiet while the Slytherins whispered as they found their seats. Granger and Longbottom were the exceptions to the rule for the Gryffindors. Those two lions whispered with the Slytherin quartet as the six students found their seats. Severus closed the door with a resounding boom and the serpents fell silent while the lions flinched.

Severus stalked to the front of the room and turned to look back at them. "This year we will attempt to keep cauldron meltdowns to a minimum but considering how abysmal you showed yourselves to be at following directions, I doubt that will be likely. Having observed how well you work in the pairs you chose last year I decided to pair you up this year in a manner that should help you to focus on your work, not your gossip." His voice was cold and harsh while his eyes stared intently at the Gryffindor side of the room.

"Weasley and Brown, Finnigan and Patil, Abercrombie and Thomas, Longbottom and Granger, Zabini and Nott, Crabbe and Goyle, Potter and Malfoy, now pair up. Ms. Riddle you will remain un-partnered," Kira nodded to him and then he continued, "Ms. Riddle sit here at the

front, everyone else has thirty seconds to arrange themselves with their partners.”

The Gryffindors had to completely rearrange their seating while the Slytherins only had to accommodate Theodore moving into the seat Kira vacated next to Blaise. Twenty seconds passed and Severus said, “Five points from Gryffindor for not moving quick enough.” The Gryffindor students knew better than to comment, but Ron glared.

A few seconds later everyone was settled. Severus drew his wand and began to speak, “The first potion of the year should be relatively simple. You will be making the antidote we worked on during the last week of classes this past spring. The list of ingredients is on the board,” he pointed his wand at the board and a list appeared, “and the directions should be in your minds. If you have last year’s book with you I will permit you to use it, but you may only share it with your partner. You have until the end of the class period to complete this potion.”

Severus turned away from the rest of the class and moved to stand beside Kira’s desk. “Ms. Riddle,” he said softly. She looked up at him, “If you can tell me the proper preparation you need not make the potion.”

She nodded and softly said, “You begin by splitting the Bezoar in half. One half is crushed with half an ounce of unicorn horn into a very fine powder. The powder mixture is set aside while you cube the one ounce of ginseng root, two ounces of valerian stem, and two ounces of bristly ox-tongue root. After the preparations are completed you place a standard pewter cauldron over a medium flame with two cups pure water, preferably spring water but purified lake or river water will suffice. To the warming water you add the un-ground half Bezoar and let it begin to simmer. Once it begins to simmer you add the herbs one cube at a time, alternating between valerian and ox-tongue for the first five minutes while you slowly stir clockwise. At the end of five minutes the two herbs should be completely added, you then begin to stir counter clockwise while adding the ginseng root cubes, again one at a time. You stir for five minutes; the ginseng cubes should be completely added by the end of the second minute of stirring counterclockwise. You then remove the stirrer and allow the potion to

simmer for ten minutes; while it simmers it should take on a bluish-green color. While it simmers you add the half ounce of snap dragon nectar to the powdered mixture of unicorn horn and Bezoar. To do this you add one drop at a time to the powder, stirring in the nectar using the stirrer for the potion. By the time the entire half ounce has been added the powder will have become a thick paste. The paste should be ready by the time the ten minutes are up. You then cut out the flame and add the paste to the hot potion. Without stirring the potion should take on a vibrant crimson color. Once it turns the bright shade of red you stir it clockwise for one minute. The potion then needs to cool and is ready as an anti-venom/poison twenty four hours later. In an air tight sealed vial it retains its potency indefinitely.”

Severus listened carefully and noted that she told the directions of the potion as though the creator was working alone. He also noted that she knew exactly what was required to create a perfect antidote potion. He had watched her eyes and was pleased by the fierce fire he saw burning in their sapphire depths. He nodded and said softly, “Full marks and five points to Slytherin. Now I am aware of your desire to take accelerated potions but before I can accept you I need to know your reasons.”

Kira smirked and nodded, “I have always been fascinated by the magic inherent in potion craft and I intend to break the current record for youngest potions mastery.”

Severus’ lip twitched slightly and he said, “You do understand I currently hold the record, having achieved mastery when I was sixteen.”

“I know. Just think of the prestige if you not only hold the record, but then also teach the one who breaks your record.”

“To achieve what you wish you need to take your OWLs by next year and NEWTs by fifth. You also will need to complete a potions apprenticeship during your fifth year.”

“Actually I was thinking OWLs by next year, NEWTs at the end of fourth year and then the apprenticeship during fifth year. That way NEWTs don’t interfere with the apprenticeship and mastery preparations.”

Severus nodded slightly and said, "Stop by my office later this evening, after dinner, and we will discuss your schedule then."

Kira nodded and asked, "Professor, may I join one of the other pairs and help them with their potion?"

Severus nodded. Kira walked over to Crabbe and Goyle. She began to whisper to them. Severus made his rounds and made disparaging comments at each Gryffindor cauldron except Neville's and Hermione's, where he remained silent. He praised every Slytherin pair. The end of class saw five red potions and three different colored messes. Gryffindor had a net loss of only ten points because Neville and Hermione earned five while Slytherin gained twenty. The class filed out.

Severus mused during his Ravenclaw Hufflepuff class that followed. He thought that perhaps teaching his passion to Ms. Riddle may turn out to be a blessing and not a curse. The girl seemed to really know potions and had a passion about it which reminded him of his own. He had seen the fire in her eyes as she recited the antidote's directions. Yes the year was already beginning to look up, that is until the cauldron exploded.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

### **BREAK**

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

The six second year students made their way to the Slytherin entrance. They had the next two hours open until Transfigurations, again a joint Gryffindor/Slytherin class. Kira hissed the password in Parseltounge and they entered the common room. As they sat on 'their' couches Hermione asked, "Why didn't Professor Snape assign you a partner?" of Kira.

"Because my sister is entirely too well versed in potions to require a partner," smirked Harry.

Kira shook her head, "Actually it's because I will be taking accelerated potions. I'll probably be a week ahead of you by Monday as far as course work is concerned."

"Accelerated course work? How did you manage that?" asked Hermione excitedly.

"There's an ancient law on the books which permits a first year student to take certain exams during their winter or summer break and if the scores are good enough they are entitled to accelerated course work they tested for. Harry and I both tested for charms. I also tested for potions while he tested for transfigurations. Our results were good enough for us to request accelerated course work of Professors Flitwick, McGonagall, and Snape."

"So I wouldn't be able to get into something like that?" asked Hermione somewhat sadly.

"No," replied Harry, "unless the exams are taken in first year you can't take them at all. Kira and I knew about the exams for a long time and were planning on taking them even before we started school. The classes last year helped us decide which subjects we were strongest with."

"So are you going to be in different classes?" asked Neville.

"Probably not, at least not this year, but we will be losing a lot of our free time," replied Harry.

"So why are you taking accelerated courses?" asked Neville while Hermione gave him a 'that's a stupid question' look.

Harry smiled and said, "Well I love the theory and practice of charms and transfigurations. I also want to stagger the insanity of OWLS and NEWTS when I get to that point. Worrying about two less exams during fifth and seventh year will definitely reduce the stress inherent in those years."

"I share Harry's reasoning for charms, but I also plan on breaking the record of youngest Potions Mastery," commented Kira.

“What’s the current record?” asked Hermione not realizing that there was such a thing until that moment.

“Sixteen and held by Professor Snape,” replied Draco, sounding utterly bored with the conversation.

“And in spite of that he’ll accept me in the accelerated program,” Kira added.

Hermione nodded, “Well I need to go get my books for charms and transfigurations so I need to head back up to Gryffindor tower.”

Neville said, “My books are back in the dorm too.”

“We’ll see you in transfigurations,” said Harry as the two lions stood to leave.

Once the quartet was alone in the common room again Harry asked, “Shall we check the clubhouse?” The other three nodded and the quartet headed up to the second floor girl’s bathroom.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

## **BREAK**

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890

Hermione led Neville toward the tower, but pulled him into an empty classroom about halfway there. She closed the door and looked at Neville, who was looking at her in askance. “They’re hiding something,” she stated.

This statement only brought more confusion to Neville’s eyes. “What?” he questioned uncertainly.

“Things just aren’t adding up. First the whole twin thing, I spent most of the morning in the library looking up magical twins. Every book I have found states the twins must share blood from at least one parent. The preferred parent is obviously the mother, but the father

can work, but only if there is a bond between the father and both the mothers. They are definitely not telling us something.”

Neville sighed, “Hermione, do you remember the promise they made to us last year?”

“Of course,” she sounded insulted at the idea of ever forgetting anything.

“Then what if the information they are withholding, not that I am agreeing that they are, but if they are, what if it’s dangerous for us to know it? What if all they are doing is protecting us?”

“What could they possibly be protecting us from?”

“I don’t know! Just let it be, please,” requested Neville, “don’t pry. They are our friends and I for one am willing to trust them to know what to share with us.”

“I can’t let it be, I see a mystery that I want to solve. First Harry and Kira are magical twins, something you need shared blood to be.”

“Books don’t have every answer,” muttered Neville.

Hermione glared, “Secondly Blaise and Draco acted like they hated each other until the exchange of rather lame apologies. Neither of them would have accepted such pathetic apologies last year. Third Harry has a familiar named Cornelius which is not permitted at Hogwarts, what could he possibly have that can’t be brought to school? Fourth Harry and Kira are accelerating their education, what’s the real reason?”

“Hermione, you shouldn’t see conspiracies about our friends’ lives. If you really want to unravel their secrets and possibly destroy your friendship with them, go ahead and do it, just leave me out of it.” Neville opened the door and continued to Gryffindor tower alone.

“I will solve this mystery,” whispered Hermione to the empty room before slowly following Neville back to the tower.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345  
67890

## **BREAK**

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345  
67890

The quartet arrived outside the transfigurations classroom before anyone else. They had spent a little over an hour in the clubhouse. Harry and Kira had visited with Vorla while Draco and Blaise browsed the books in the chamber's library. Harry had chosen a book on blood magic theory and basic spells to lend to Hermione. It was one of the tomes written by a non-Slytherin and had no other known copies in existence. Harry used parsel-magic to enchant it to look like a normal spell book with the name of a well known author from the outside, only the quartet, Hermione and Neville would see its true title.

Hermione and Neville arrived a short time later, followed shortly by the rest of the Slytherins. The two wayward lions had queued up with the quartet. Harry was whispering to Hermione as the rest of the Gryffindors finally began to arrive. "Hermione, I'm lending this to you so you can learn some blood-magic. If you have any questions just ask any of us."

Hermione looked at the thick heavy tome he handed her and felt her eyes un-focus before she was able to read the title Blood Rites: Theory and Magic by Aurelius Ravenclaw followed by visual distorting and then the false title and author appeared. Hermione looked up at Harry in shock and whispered, "This must be virtually priceless; I can't borrow this."

"It is priceless; it's a one of a kind. And yes you can barrow it," replied Harry in the same hushed whisper. "Aurelius was Rowena's great grandson and like her he always placed powerful enchantments on anything he gave to Serenity to add to the collection in the chamber. So long as that book remains within Hogwarts grounds and is treated with respect it will be perfectly safe."

"Who's Serenity?" asked Hermione.



"Tell you later," said Harry as the transfigurations door opened to emit the first year Ravensclaws and Gryffindors.

A small mousy boy in Gryffindor robes stopped and starred at the quartet. Neville almost instantly noticed and said, "That's Colin Creevey looking over here. You," he emphasized while looking at Harry, "are all he talked about last night at the feast. Weasel snapped at him and told him you were a slimy treacherous snake."

"I didn't realize Weasel had a big enough vocabulary to know the work slimy," commented Blaise.

Harry smirked and said loudly enough for everyone to hear him, "Hello Mr. Creevey. My friend, Neville, tells me you wanted to meet me."

The mousy boy jumped slightly as Harry called to him. He squeaked quietly as emerald green eyes sought his own brown through the crowd of students. He stuttered, "Y...Y...yes, I I did." He took the words as an invitation and shyly approached the quartet.

Out of the corner of his eye Harry noticed Ron Weasley's face becoming splotchy red. "It's always a pleasure to meet a Gryffindor with the brains and bravery of Godric," said Harry while extending his hand, "rather than the rash fools who so often pervade his noble house."

Colin blushed a bright pink as his trembling hand was firmly gripped in Harry's lightly calloused hand. Colin seemed unable to find his tongue but Kira filled the silence by saying, "If you would like to join us at the Slytherin table for diner, you will be welcomed, but we need to enter the classroom now." Colin nodded and released Harry's hand. Collin's goofy grin didn't vanish until the last of the second year students had passed him while entering the classroom.

Professor Minerva McGonagall hadn't changed. Her hair was up in a severe looking bun while her long dark blue dress consisted of straight lines and no frills. Her stern countenance was as composed as always. She reminded the class that horseplay would not be tolerated and began the lesson. The lesson passed quickly and

pleasantly. As the bell rang to announce the end of the period Minerva said, "Mr. Potter please remain after class."

"Yes ma'am," replied Harry as he put his book away. He looked at his sister and friends and said, "Save me a seat, I'll be there in a minute." The three serpents and two lions nodded then headed to the great hall.

Harry approached Minerva as the last student left. "Professor did you wish to discuss my request for accelerated course work?"

"Yes I did Mr. Potter. We can speak while we walk to the great hall since I know you and I only have a short time for lunch today," said Minerva.

"Of course Professor," replied Harry as he shouldered his book-bag.

Minerva nodded and the two proceeded out the door. She spoke again after a few steps down the hallway, "I accept you as an accelerated student; we simply need to discuss your schedule."

Harry released a breath of relief he had been holding; he hadn't been certain that McGonagall would want to teach a Slytherin. "Thank you," he said with honest gratitude, "I am honored that you are willing to teach me. I was wondering if we could discuss the actual schedule later because Kira and I are also both attempting to take accelerated charms and have not spoken with Professor Flitwick yet."

Minerva nodded, "That would be acceptable. You can come by my office after dinner this evening, around eight."

"Thank you professor, I will be there," Harry said. They split up outside the great hall. Harry entered through the main doors while Minerva entered through a side, teachers' door. Harry joined his friends and tore into his lunch with enthusiasm. There was almost no conversation as the six students demolished their lunches. They left the hall moments after Filius Flitwick did.

Since they were ten minutes early, Professor Flitwick said, "Come in and find a seat. Mr. Potter and Ms. Riddle, may I have a word with you?"

Both nodded and walked over to him. The three were basically the same height; Harry was about an inch taller than Kira or Filius. "Is this about our accelerated course request?" asked Harry in a hopeful tone.

"Yes," replied Filius while he smiled brightly at both of them, "we need to find times for us to meet for your private lessons." He pulled a piece of parchment from his pocket and said, "These are the days and times I would be available to train you during the week."

Harry and Kira pulled out their time tables and compared the sheets of parchment. Kira said, "We have Monday, Wednesday, and Friday open at five pm when you do."

Harry nodded, "We also have Thursday from four until six open after Herbology available. Would those four days work?"

"Splendid," Filius said with a boisterous smile. He then augmented their time tables to reflect the additional lesson times. "Would you care to start this evening?" He asked rather hopefully.

"Yes!" the heirs replied in unison.

"Good, I look forward to later this afternoon."

The two knew a dismissal when they heard one and nodded with smiles before joining their friends. Conversation was impossible however as the rest of the class arrived and the lesson began.

After Charms the quartet headed for the History of Magic classroom while the two lions headed to DADA. During History Kira read the next chapter of her charms book while Harry read ahead in his transfigurations book. Blaise and Draco engaged in a conversation via notes for the first twenty or so minutes before they started on their charms homework. The rest of the Slytherins napped while all the Ravenclaws worked on their homework or read the History book. History finally ended, with Binns still talking after the bell rang and the class filing out. The quartet walked with the rest of their class two hallways over and stopped in stunned silence outside the DADA classroom.

The classroom was in shambles. Desks were knocked over, the window was broken, the chairs were strewn across the floor and shreds of parchment littered every surface. Hermione, Neville and two Hufflepuffs were plucking what looked like pixies out of the air and stuffing them into a cage on the front desk. Lockhart could be seen, pale faced and cowering behind the same desk. For all that Quirrell had been a stuttering incompetent teacher; he had never allowed his classroom to be destroyed by a lesson gone wrong.

Harry led the quartet into the demolished room. He murmured something that only Kira heard or understood and the remaining pixies zoomed from their suspended places into the cage. Hermione and Neville gave him a smile before grabbing their book-bags and rushing from the room, followed quickly by the two Hufflepuff students.

Quietly, almost eerily so, the quartet righted their desks and chairs before sitting down with unfettered grace. Lockhart looked over the room as the other serpents and ravens righted chairs and desks so that they too could sit down. The students who had followed copied the quartet's actions and were silent as they faced Lockhart. An unspoken challenge alighted in the eyes of every student in the room as they waited for Lockhart to utter the words to prove their assessment of him right. Not one student in the room held a shred of respect for him and almost as one they knew any learning for this year would be from their own efforts. The classroom seemed as frigid as if a Dementor was present.

Gilderoy regained his overconfident mask and composure. He spoke with his over-inflated ego voice, "Welcome to your first Defense Against the Dark Arts class. I'm your teacher Gilderoy Lockhart and as I see all of you have purchased my books in preparation for this class."

"No shit, its not like you didn't assign the texts or anything," muttered Blaise quietly.

"Also I apologize for the state of the room, I'm afraid the last class hadn't read my books before class and so the practical lesson got a bit out of hand."

“And whose fault is that,” drawled Draco just as quietly as Blaise. Only the students immediately around them heard the comments.

“So we will start with a pop quiz to find out if this class was as remiss in reading the source material before coming to class as the last one was.” Gilderoy finished saying since he hadn’t heard the comments made about him. The blond man in ridiculous canary yellow robes scrounged in his desk for the quiz parchments. He handed them out and then walked back to the front of the room wearing a self important smile.

Harry looked at the questions and gagged back the loud retort he wanted to say. The first question read ‘What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s favorite color?’ followed by ‘What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s ideal birthday gift?’ Harry sent to Kira *He’s a fucking self-centered moron!*

*No need to yell, and I completely agree. I mean come on, ‘What is Gilderoy Lockhart’s secret ambition?’ I mean really, who cares.*

*Not anyone with half a brain. I mean his books were such complete crass that I couldn’t in good conscience force myself to read more than half a chapter of Wandering with Werewolves and that made my sick.*

*I understand brother-mine. I think I’m going to answer crimson, bloody blades and death for the first three questions.*

*I think I’ll answer white, a girlfriend, and liberty; I’m supposed to be a stupid hero after all so I can’t scare him with too much darkness too early.*

*Sounds like a plan to me.*

The Ravenclaws barely paid any mind to their answers while the Slytherins had fun making up ludicrous answers. As the last quill stopped moving, Lockhart smiled brightly. He gathered up the parchments and as he leafed through them his face began to fall. He slammed the sheets onto his desk and said, “I can’t believe not one of you read my books before coming to class.”

Blaise raised her hand and Gilderoy nodded to her to speak. She smiled maliciously, "Sir, I read your books and found them to be some of the worst *muggle* fiction I have ever had the unfortunate displeasure of reading." Gilderoy sputtered in shock as his eyes bulged. Blaise continued in an even tone, "Owing to that fact I've mercifully forgotten everything I read in an attempt to protect my intelligence and sanity."

"Don't insult muggle authors," said Draco loudly, in his most condescending voice he continued, "A muggle would have been more likely to come up with creative solutions rather than embellished nonsense."

"Detention, both of you, every night for the next week!" screamed Lockhart indignantly.

Draco gave him a feral smile while Blaise nodded with her vilest smirk. Harry and Kira groaned, suddenly feeling sorry for Lockhart. Gilderoy failed to recognize the danger he had just placed himself in and began his 'lecture'. The nonsense coming out of his mouth was enough to make the quartet want to practice Crucio on him just so that his voice would become too hoarse to continue speaking. About twenty minutes into his 'lecture' he asked Harry to help him demonstrate how he defeated the Wagga Wagga werewolf from his book. Harry glared at him and said, "This is not a drama class, therefore no!"

"Five points from Gryffindor," said Lockhart angrily. The entire class burst into laughter.

"I'm in Slytherin, sir," responded Harry with a harsh edge in spite of his laughter.

Lockhart turned a bright red and squeaked, "Class dismissed," then fled into his office. The classroom emptied amid continuous laughter. The quartet headed down into the clubhouse.

They four Slytherins lounged on the couches finishing homework so that they wouldn't have to worry about it the next day. Harry broke the companionable silence. "Something is bothering Hermione."

The others set their books aside and Draco asked, "What do you mean?"

"I've noticed it too," muttered Kira quietly. Blaise nodded in agreement.

"Well, what's bothering her?" asked Draco, annoyed that Blaise caught something he hadn't.

"I think she's becoming suspicious," said Harry, "She's watching Kira and myself very carefully. I think she doesn't believe the explanation we gave for us being magical twins. And I don't think she fully believed your mock fight on the train."

"I knew that was a bad idea," said Blaise.

"Well, you can't think she would have thought I'd have been happy this summer if all I had for company was two girls who always team against me. I am a male and a Malfoy, there is no way two girls are acceptable company for an entire summer."

"While I agree with the reasoning Draco," said Kira, "I think you and Blaise went a little overboard with the acting."

"Exactly," added Harry, "Hermione is a very clever witch and it was only a matter of time before she realized how unlike yourselves you both were on the train. You both are from proud pureblood families who don't respond well to slights and simple apologies are never enough for either of your families. Look at the Weasley-Malfoy feud, a bit of disagreement because recognized bastards from each family wanted to marry and now two hundred and fifty years later your families are still feuding. I think that alone sheds some suspicious light onto your argument."

"The Weasley's are all sniveling little rats," snarled Draco.

"That's an argument for another time," said Kira sharply, "But for now we have to be very careful about what we say or do around Hermione and Neville. They cannot be allowed to know the secrets we keep until Father is ready to reveal them to the outside."

"We'll be careful," said Blaise. Draco nodded.

"Good," said Harry. "The truth is going to throw quite a few people for a loop and that is going to give us the advantage in the war. I for one want to see the Dark Legacy born properly."

"We understand," Draco whined, "We want to see the Legacy come to pass as well. So stop badgering us. We will be careful from now on, okay?"

Harry nodded and Kira smiled. The four went back to their homework until four thirty in the afternoon. They then gathered their things and headed up to the Slytherin common room.

At 4:55 the dark heirs found themselves outside the Charms classroom. Blaise and Draco were at Lockhart's office to find out the time and place of their detentions. After the bell rang the fourth year students gave Harry and Kira questioning looks as they passed by the two second year snakes. Once the last straggler had left, the heirs entered the classroom. Filius smiled at them and at once sat them in chairs near to him so that they could begin discussing the various charms and assignments for the accelerated class work.

The resultant lesson passed quickly and the heirs left knowing they were already two lessons ahead of their classmates. They also had two essays due by Monday. Satisfied with their first accelerated course, the two made their way to the great Hall to join Blaise and Draco for dinner. Neville and Hermione were already seated with the other two serpents. The heirs smiled and were about to begin discussing their first private lesson when Colin Creevey shyly approached them. As he began to try to stutter Harry invited him to join them. Conversation turned to quidditch and Draco told the heirs that his and Blaise detention was at eight every night until next Friday. Silent promises passed to discuss plots later.

Albus Dumbledore looked at the Slytherin table with concern. He had already accepted that he may lose Granger and Longbottom, but he was disturbed to witness the loss of the Creevey boy so soon. He wondered just what the plans were of the dark heiress, and subsequently her father. He knew she would never allow mudbloods like Granger and Creevey into her circle of followers without specific



orders to do so. His eyes flowed from the green and silver table to the one of red and gold. There they fixed onto a head of red hair and he sighed in satisfaction. Soon his plans would bare fruit and he would be rid of Riddle's influence from his future pawn. All he had to do was sit back and be patient.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890  
67890

### **BREAK**

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890  
67890

### **REVIEW RESPONSES**

**corvus-the-wizzy** I apologize again for the tardiness of this update, but here it is (better late than never.. right?)

**monica** I whole heartedly agree, but can still be a dangerous idiot.

**SB** I am sorry you feel that way and I appreciate your opinions. I doubt that you are reading this, but if you are than know your narrow-minded view of what fan-fiction entails does not anger me nor do I wish you any ill will. Good luck in finding fics to your liking and may you find enjoyment elsewhere.

**Janie Lupin** Thank you. I wish I had been able to update sooner, but alas it was not possible(dam writers block) I wish I could say his death would be soon, but alas that isn't really my plan(he'll die a few installments/years down the road)

**NatashaNiracval** I know DD and enjoy role-playing quite a bit. Thank you and the mystic and mysterious is part of what I'm trying for.

**Xavier-Malfoy** Thank You. I may... if I decide Lucius and Narcissa should have another kid, though that isn't in the current plans for the story.

**monica** if this is the same one I'm thanking you twice, if not thank you very much for the first time.

**deb** Thank you

**Julie Long** I will, I'm just having a bout with writers block, I cure it soon.

**Tiffany Kleinhans** Thank you and yes I do check my stats and I am on over one hundred alter lists, but at least twenty or thirty of those are because of my Inuyasha fanfic. And whenever I see a new name and check out what is listed on their favorite lists because I find that the people who like my story often like the stories I will end up enjoying.

**Romulan Empress** Thank you and I am honored that you think I'm doing such a good job. I apologize again for the tardiness of this update.

**Anders1** I don't want to stop this universe/series until I've seen it to its conclusion, I'm just hoping I don't have another really bad bout of writer's block because it SUCKS. I really do have five years (four years now) of this universe planned in my mind, it's just a matter of getting it out on paper/computer.

**James-Padfoot** Thank you. You are right, we all overlook little details as we read, its just part of the human condition. The magical twins may or may not be fully explained by the end of this year, but suffice it to say the Weasley twins share this bond... its actually mentioned in the first year story. I am pagan and I am never insulted by the question, I am proud that I have found my path and don't hide it. I am also happy when people can see some of its influence come out in my writing. Thank you again for reviewing and I hope nothing was missing from this chapter.

**Wanamaker** I apologize for how long this took to update and I hope it was worth the wait.

**Kamorie** Yes Dumbledore was quite miffed, but I think Lockhart was more insulted. And No I don't like Lockhart. Although I do like him a little bit more than Dumbledore(at least in this story) but that's not saying much for him.

Dumbledore will die, but not until later(year four or five) and before that he has to loose the trust and admiration of all those who mean a bit more than pawns to him.

**ailisa d. frieson** Sorry it took so long. Thank you.

**ERMonkey, Burner of Cookies** Ginny is only in Gryffindor because... oh that's right I can't tell anyone. Anyway she won't become a "traitor" for quite some time. Thank you for the honor and I'm sorry it took so long.

**DarkKatKlaws** Thank you... I just have an annoying feeling that year two will take a lot longer than year one and I'm really hoping it proves me wrong.

**lonelysltherinslowlydying** I was hoping you were joking, but one can never be certain because written words don't always convey tone. Trelawney's prophesies are not exactly the same as JKR's. As for Blaise's father, obviously in this AU he never left Voldemort's service, so that kind of doesn't matter. As for Sirius' boyfriend, that is to be a surprise.

## Chapter 4: Classes and Truths

At breakfast the next morning Draco and Blaise told the heirs about their first detention with Lockhart. They had been in detention while the heirs met with Professors McGonagall and Snape. Blaise and Draco explained how they had used a number of 'dark' charms to make the pouf hear moans and cries of pain at random intervals. While he was distracted by the charms they had taken liberties with the wording of his fan-mail responses, helping him answer it was the entirety of their detention. Draco asked to borrow Harry's camcorder for their next detention that evening and he readily agreed. The heirs enjoyed the laughter and then told their friends about the first charms lesson they had. Harry then explained what his first extra transfigurations lesson was like while Kira explained that she would be making next week's potions in class the next day.

The morning was quietly spent in studying. The heirs sparred in the early afternoon while Hermione and Neville were at their Herbology class. They passed their two lion friends on the way to greenhouse three where Professor Sprout had them re-potting baby mandrakes. Kira and Blaise deliberately made sure that Draco and Harry had to wear pink and violet fluffy earmuffs respectively. After the lesson the quartet split apart at the main entrance so that the heirs could head to their two hour lesson with Flitwick.

The heirs greeted the diminutive man by handing him the first of the two essays he had assigned them. He smiled and began the lesson. About an hour into the lesson Harry brought up the idea of mind magic charms. The second hour of the lesson involved an in depth discussion of mind magic as well as an essay assignment on mind magic levitation charms. The heirs went straight to dinner from the lesson. After dinner the heirs finished all the homework due by Monday. Draco and Blaise returned from their detention at 9:30 and promised to show them the video tape from their detention that weekend. The four serpents slept soundly.

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

BREAK...BREAK...BREAK...

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Friday was designed to be a repeat of Wednesday's classes. Outside of the Potions classroom Hermione whispered to Harry that she wanted to try some magic from the book she'd been lent. Harry said they would go to an empty classroom after potions so that they could discuss the spells and prepare to do them. Hermione asked why they couldn't just go down to the clubhouse and was told Kira was staying in the potion's classroom until just before transfigurations. Hermione nodded her understanding.

Snape swept through the students and opened the door to admit them. After everyone was settled he began his lecture. Kira rose quietly from her seat and entered the supply closet. She brought a few ingredients back with her and silently began to work on a potion. Ron Weasley had noticed her doing this and openly began to stare. There was outrage and disgust clearly written on his face. While he wasn't the only one to notice Kira's activity, he was the only one to pay more attention to her than to Snape's lecture.

"Mr. Weasley," said Snape in his most deadly tone directly behind the red head, "Would you care to share with the class why you are not paying attention to my lecture?"

Ron sputtered for a moment and then said, "Because Riddle is making a potion..."

"I am aware of what miss Riddle is doing and unless you pay attention to my lesson, you will be unable to make that same potion on Monday, not that I expect you to be able to make the potion properly even with the information I'm giving you today. Oh, and fifteen points from Gryffindor for not paying attention." Severus strode to the front of the room and continued his lecture.

Kira bottled and labeled her potion about ten minutes before the end of class. She cleared her work area with the same silence as she had made her potion. She was gathering new, and different, ingredients as Severus dismissed the class. Harry left with Blaise, Draco, Hermione and Neville without saying a word to Kira. He led them to a room he remembered which appeared based on your needs and

desires. Kira was steadily working on her next potion by the time Severus began his Ravenclaw-Hufflepuff second year class.

When the door magically appeared in the hall after the third time they had passed the same spot, Hermione gasped in surprise. Harry opened the door, "Welcome to the Room of Requirement." The five students entered the room. Inside it looked almost identical to the chamber of secrets. The five students sat down on the various couches, much as they would within the chamber.

"So, how far are you in the book and what spell would you like to try?" asked Harry.

Hermione glanced around the room distractedly and said, "I finished the book and would really like to try the blood transfigurations... what is this place exactly?"

"We're not sure, exactly, but it only appears when a person desires a specific place or room. It's a secret that very few people know about, in fact the Marauders didn't even know about this place, but Tom Riddle did," replied Harry. "He told us about it when we were little. He said it was his sanctuary when he was a second year student and continued to be so until he finally found the Chamber of Secrets."

"It's really nice," commented Neville.

"It should be considering Uncle Tom said that it can take on the appearance of any room you want," added Draco.

"Back to the blood magic, though," said Harry, "I don't think you should jump right into transfiguration blood magic. I think you should try the protection stone first and then the three charms before moving onto the transfiguration magic. There is a reason Aurelius wrote it the way he did."

Hermione worried her lip slightly and said, "Why do I need to start with the little kid stuff first?"

"And I thought she was smart," muttered Draco. Blaise smacked the back of his head as Neville glared at the blond.

Harry snapped, "Shut-up Draco," in response. Harry then sighed, "Hermione since you've read the entire book, I want you to explain to me how and why, according to Aurelius, Blood Magic works. After you explain it out loud, I think you'll understand why you need to start small."

Hermione got a thoughtful look on her face. She nodded and began to speak, "Blood magic works by drawing the magical energy of the blood out of it to fuel the ward, charm, or transfiguration. The amount of energy each drop of blood produces is directly proportional to the donor or caster's will." She paused with her head tilted slightly, as if asking the correctness of her statement.

"That's fairly accurate as to how it works, now explain why it works the way it does," said Harry.

"That wasn't in the book," replied Hermione.

Harry looked confused, "Can I see the book please?" Hermione passed it to him with a nod. He flipped it open and began to skim through the pages. "Ah, here it is... *It is argued within scholastic circles that blood magic is affected by muggle belief yet most of the magical community scoffs at this proposition. After having the honor of in depth discussions with the greatest Blood Mage of our time I have come to the conclusion that the scholastics are correct in their assertion. Blood magic is the one wizarding magic based on belief. There is no reason for blood magic to work the way it does or to be as powerful as it is unless one takes belief into account. The belief of the Wizarding World as well as muggle belief affects the over all power and versatility of blood magic, but the individual belief of the caster affects the specific spells. Belief also affects how the flow of blood magic affects the Mystic Self of the caster. Because of belief Blood Magic can drastically change the caster's Mystic Self and unless precautions are taken to ensure Stability damage can occur to the Mystic Self.*" Harry closed the book, "There are other passages which expand on these ideas, but do you understand now?"

Hermione frowned, "You mean if I try the transfigurations first I could damage my Mystic Self? What is that anyway?"

"Magical theory really needs to be taught at Hogwarts," commented Neville. Hermione looked at him in askance.

"Hermione, I'll send to moth... Mrs. Riddle for a copy of her Dissertation on Magical Theory. Until then I don't think we should let you try any blood magic except the ward stone." Harry told her.

"You were going to call her mother, weren't you?" asked Hermione quietly.

Harry nodded, "I still think of her that way."

"I don't mind if you call her that," said Hermione.

"Nor do I," added Neville.

Harry gave an almost bitter smile, "It makes Sirius uncomfortable when I do; so I'm trying to train myself not to refer to them as Mother and Father, its very difficult."

"It seems he's more of an ass than you led us to believe," commented Draco with a sneer. Blaise nodded her agreement.

"Its not..." Harry sighed, "Look Lily and James Potter were very dear to Sirius. It isn't too cruel to request that their son not refer to their murderer as his parents. I understand where he is coming from and why he feels that way. Sirius doesn't know the Dark Lord and his Consort the way I do. To him they are the reason his best friends are dead, for his sanity I will respect his wishes."

"If they were so dear to him why wasn't he their secret keeper?" asked Hermione. Her voice lacked the sting the words depicted, yet fury appeared in Harry's eyes.

"Where did you learn about secret keepers!" demanded Harry angrily. His emerald eyes seemed to darken toward black as the temperature of the room plummeted.

"I read it in "Rise and Fall of Dark Lords". A passage in it said that the only reason that Lord Voldemort found the Potters was because their



Fidelius Charm Secret Keeper betrayed them,” she said quietly, frightened and confused by Harry’s sudden rage.

“Did it tell you who the bastard who betrayed them was?” demanded the raging youth. Hermione shook her head, worrying her lip in fear. Neville sat petrified beside her; he had never seen anyone so enraged. Draco and Blaise sat quietly, they knew this side of Harry and they knew he had to yell himself out of it or have Kira take his anger away from him.

“The man’s name was Eugene Rhoner. Do you know the significance of that?” Harry’s voice was louder and quite harsh.

Hermione was shaking her head as realization dawned to Neville. Draco and Blaise already knew the significance and so they stayed silent. Neville gasped, “A recognized Bastard?” Hermione looked at Neville in surprised confusion.

“Yes! A fucking bastard, recognized and accepted in spite of his inferior breeding. His mother was a god damn muggle prostitute, yet Augustine Potter took the brat in at the age of six when he showed accidental magic. He recognized the boy as his son and raised him with all the privileges of a recognized bastard. James Potter grew up loving him as his older brother who would never hurt him, never betray him. No one would suspect Potter to trust a Rhoner as his secret keeper, after all recognized bastards can’t be trusted, but the stupid moronic naïve Gryffindor that he was trusted his beloved brother and wound up dead for his actions. Does that answer your question Hermione?”

Not used to anyone lashing at her with such anger, Hermione bust into tears. Neville gathered his housemate to him and glared at Harry. While he could sympathize with the anger, her felt taking out said anger on Hermione was wrong. Blaise and Draco both gave Harry a look which clearly said ‘you need to apologize’. Harry’s anger evaporated and he instantly felt guilty for scaring Hermione.

Harry walked slowly over to the red couch on which Hermione and Neville were sitting. He knelt in front of them and reached out to touch Hermione’s shoulder. “Hermione,” he said softly, “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have yelled at you. I get angry, very angry, when anything

causes me to remember my parents' betrayer. I've seen the memories of Eugene Rhoner when he approached Voldemort and offered James and Lily Potter on a silver platter in exchange for becoming a Death Eater. I'm sorry, can you forgive me."

Hermione turned her puffy gaze from Neville's shoulder toward Harry's much softened green gaze. She nodded slightly. "Now I know what not to ask?" she whispered shakily, wearily watching for signs of anger.

Harry smiled, "Exactly."

Hermione uncertainly smiled back and Harry opened his arms in the universal hug position. Hermione released Neville and hugged Harry, accepting his apology and forgiving him.

The hug ended and Harry drew back, "Thank you for your forgiveness." Hermione nodded. "Unfortunately blood magic is not something to try for the first time right after an emotionally charged moment."

"Okay," said Hermione. "Although if I may ask, how did Neville know that the name was a 'recognized bastard'?"

"I knew because all purebloods learn the names of the bastard lines," said Neville.

"What do you mean by bastard lines? I mean are you taking about something like muggle royal bastards from the dark ages or what?"

"Essentially, yes," said Draco. "All of the old pureblood lines were at one point landed gentry; at least that's how muggles understood them. Centuries ago, perhaps even millennium, the males of the lines were well known for impregnating peasants, muggle and wizarding. In order for those children to receive magical training and have rights within the wizarding world they had to be acknowledged in some way. Because no bastard was ever as good as a true born child the system of recognition was installed. Every line has two last names to bestow their bastards, one for the males, and one for the females. When ever a bastard married they took the last name of the true born they wed, this included the name of a muggle-born if that was who

they wed. In the past a muggle-born only ever received rights after marrying a pure-blood or a recognized bastard. That was changed back in 1365 with the first muggle rights law. Even though legally it was changed, traditions didn't die. The recognition system still exists primarily because no one wants to alienate the pure-bloods who still practice it and because without it bastards wouldn't be able to receive any rights at all."

Hermione tilted her head slightly and commented, "That seems somewhat... barbaric."

"Actually the system of recognition is much more civilized than anything within the muggle world with regard to bastard children," responded Blaise, "Whenever a bastard shows accidental magic a paternity potion is administered to show who the father is. If the child is of a wizarding line the father is given a number of choices. If he is unmarried and the mother is a witch he must marry her and legitimize the child however if he is already married he must recognize the child and provide financially for the mother and child until the child comes of age. If the mother is a muggle he must recognize the child and depending on how she reacts to the wizarding world he will either take the child into his own household or he will provide for mother and child. If he takes the child into his household he is expected to compensate the mother and then adjust her memories so that she does not seek out her child. No matter what a wizard is always responsible for his bastards once they show magic."

"It still seems odd to me," said Hermione.

"That's because you are muggle-born," said Draco.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

BREAK...BREAK...BREAK...

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

Kira met back up with Harry and the others outside of the transfigurations classroom. Harry had informed Kira of what happened telepathically while he led the way to class. Transfigurations went well. Harry was the first to complete the

assignment and quickly began to work on the reversal. Kira, Hermione and Draco also managed to succeed by the end of class and were assigned to work on the reversal as well for homework.

Lunch was quiet and rather quick before the six friends went to charms. In charms Harry and Kira paired up and began working on practicing extended levitation charms while Filius lectured the class. Ron Weasley was glaring malevolently at the heirs as they practiced quietly in a corner. Hermione kept her attention on the teacher, although she felt slightly jealous that the heirs were practicing while she had to simply take notes.

The Slytherins headed to history after charms as the Gryffindors went off to Defense Against the Dark Arts. The Heirs, Draco and Blaise worked on their homework in history. After a very boring lesson the four serpents headed to their joke class, DADA with Lockhart.

Once again Lockhart prattled on about stuff he never could have done. The Ravenclaws and Slytherins paid no mind to him and instead worked unobtrusively on other things. Harry and Kira telepathically plotted on pranks to pull on the pouf while pretending to pay fastidious attention to him. The classroom emptied faster than if it had been on fire when the bell rang.

The four serpents headed to the library to finish homework. Hermione and Neville met up with them after their history class. Harry and Kira headed off to their charms lesson at 4:45 while Blaise and Draco stayed to study with the lions. Harry and Kira loved their lesson with Filius and proudly presented their essays on mind magic levitation charms. The diminutive professor then led them in an attempt to perform said mind magic. The heirs left the classroom exhausted but quite satisfied.

The heirs met up with their friends in the great hall. Hermione starred at the amount of food Harry and Kira were packing away and asked, "Why are you two packing away food like you're starving?"

Harry swallowed his current bite and said, "We were practicing mind magic charms with Professor Flitwick. It uses a lot of energy so we are both very hungry."

“Mind magic... when do I get to try that?” asked Hermione.

“After you are sufficient with blood magic,” replied Kira. “Mind magic can be dangerous for the unprepared mind. Blood magic will teach you a certain amount of mental discipline which will be essential with learning mind magic. If you want to get a head start on preparations, start meditating every night before bed or every morning when you first wake.”

“Yeah, work on clearing your mind and focus on each breath. A fairly simple exercise is visualization counting. Sit lotus or as close as you can to lotus and while you breathe in see the number form in the air before you while mentally saying it. Start with one and then two and so on. If you lose the number before you get to the next one or if you have a stray thought instead of the number sounding in your head begin again at one. See if you can get to ten without having any stray thoughts.” Harry told Hermione.

“That will be easy,” said Hermione.

“It’s not as easy as you think,” commented Draco. “The human mind has constant chatter going on and shutting that internal noise off is very difficult in the beginning.”

“I still can’t silence my inner dialogue and I’ve been practicing for three years,” said Blaise.

“I’ve only been practicing since this summer, but I can’t get past five,” said Neville.

Hermione looked at them, “Why is it so difficult?”

“It’s just the way the mind works,” said Harry. “Your mind gathers in every bit of sensory data from around you and is constantly processing it. Even in dreamless sleep your mind continues to analyze its environment. Focusing it to one single purpose, thought, or image, while temporarily shutting down its analytical commentary, goes against its fundamental design.”

Hermione nodded that she understood. They were silent after that as they ate. Harry then headed off to his lesson with McGonagall while

Draco and Blaise headed off to their detention with Lockhart. Hermione and Neville went to their common room and Kira sought out Professor Snape to work on her potions lab work. That night they all slept soundly, looking forward to a weekend of leisure because all six students had finished their homework for Monday before going to bed.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

BREAK...BREAK...BREAK...

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

Saturday dawned bright and fairly warm. The heirs had their morning practice and then headed to breakfast with Blaise and Draco. Hermione and Neville didn't arrive while the early rising serpents ate. Colin Creevey was there however and he asked if he could take a picture of Harry. Knowing that having contacts within all the houses and class years was important, Harry agreed and Kira snapped the picture of Harry and Colin. She then asked the young Gryffindor if he could let them into his dorms so that they could rouse Hermione and Neville.

Colin whispered the password to the portrait of the Fat Lady. His voice wasn't quiet enough so the serpents heard "waddle-bird" and had to keep from laughing out loud. Once inside the common room Draco gagged at the sight of so much bright red and gold. Harry and Draco followed Colin's instructions for getting to the boys dorm while Kira and Blaise made their way up to the girls dorm.

Harry and Draco both looked shocked at the state of disorder within the boys' dorm. The only neat part of the large room was around a bed near the window. On that bed slept a peaceful looking Neville. Harry and Draco silently crept up to his bed and then nodded to one another. On the third nod both screamed, "Ahhhh!" Neville jumped and bolted out of bed, landing in a tangle of sheets on the floor. Harry and Draco laughed.

Neville wasn't the only boy startled out of sleep. Ron, Dean and Seamus also scrambled to untangle themselves from their bedding as they fell out of their beds. Before Neville could question his friends,

Ron realized who was in the room. "What the hell are you doing here?"

"Waking our friend, what does it look like?" commented Draco blandly.

Harry smirked, "Get ready, we'll meet you down in your common room," as he helped Neville off the floor. Neville nodded and Harry and Draco left the room.

In the common room Kira, Blaise and Hermione smiled at them. "Hermione was already up, reading, when we found her room," said Kira.

Harry huffed a quiet laugh and said, "I think we nearly gave the first year Gryffindor boys heart attacks, and it was quite fun."

"Your common room is entirely too bright, you know that right?" asked Draco as he theatrically shielded his eyes.

"Only in comparison to your dark, dreary dungeon," responded Hermione.

"We like our dark, dreary dungeon," said Blaise with dignity.

Neville walked into the common room then and said, "Now I'm glad I don't share a room with you two." The five waiting on him laughed. Ron Weasley had followed him and glared at the serpents.

"Get out!" Ron yelled.

"We're leaving weasel," said Draco, "but not because you asked so nicely. We don't want to go blind from looking at you for longer than a few moments." With that Draco led the way. The six returned to the great hall for a quick bite of food for the two lions before heading outside to enjoy the sunshine.

The six friends enjoyed themselves as they lounged by the lake. After a few hours a raven flew to them, a large manila envelope tied to her leg. Harry untied it and petted the bird before she flew away. Harry then opened the envelope. He pulled out a folder, black with white lettering. The folder was a simple muggle portfolio folder with a few

sheets of paper. He said, "Here Hermione, this is mother's dissertation on magical theory."

Hermione took the folder and looked at it. She was surprised that it appeared to be a muggle folder. As she opened it up, her eyes widened in shock. The paper within the folder was simple white printer paper containing twelve point font typing. The paper was bound into the folder by three small metal binders. Its basic look and feel was that of a muggle term paper. She shook her shock off and began to read.

The other five students ignored her as she lost herself in the folder. They knew she would finish quickly and waited for the questions to come. They didn't have all that long to wait before Hermione asked, "Where do the types of beings you told us about last year fit into this?"

Harry asked, "What do you mean?"

"Last year when you were explaining house elves you said that there were dark, light, free and bound beings, but according to this theory of magic there is no such thing as light or dark."

Kira nodded, "That is essentially true. When I was explaining the different type of beings I was using terms that would have made sense to you at that time. Much more accurate would be to say chaotic, patterned, unfettered and bound. Chaotic are more those beings that are born with a lot of chaotic energy within their Magical Core. Their Core also would look a little bit like a fractal from the beginning. Patterned beings possess a lot of ordered magic within their core at the moment of birth. Their core resembles something similar to a polyhedron. Unfettered beings, such as humans and true elves are born with a core of equal chaotic and ordered magic; it also has no form at the moment of birth. Bound beings have a core that has a specific proportion of chaos to order depending on what they are bound to. Their core is fully formed at birth with a complex crystalline pattern. Their cores 'remember' the channels of magic rather than forge them as they grow. Does that answer your question?"



“So does that mean that the light and dark classifications for non-humans are inaccurate?” asked Hermione as she nodded.

“They are highly inaccurate,” said Harry. “Prime examples of the inaccuracies are Unicorns and Dementors. Unicorns are considered light creatures yet their Magical Core is very much chaotic and primal in nature. That is one of the reasons the adults are more comfortable with females than with males. Females are more in tune with primal energy than males are owing to the fact that females carry the ability to bring forth life. Dementors on the other hand are classified as dark, yet their Core is so ordered and patterned as to be nearly stagnant. As a semi-unnatural species they are virtually falling apart because of the rigid unchanging structure of their nature. Their nearly stagnant Magical Cores are the reason they feed off of emotions. The chaotic energy of emotions is what prevents decay within their Magical selves, without the influx of chaos they would cease to be.”

Hermione shook her head, “Wow. Why is everything classified as light and dark if it is so inaccurate?”

“A society is much easier to control if you can make it think certain things are evil simply by labeling them as dark, especially when said label prevents them from ever looking beneath the surface,” said Blaise philosophically. Understanding occurred to Hermione and the subject dropped.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

### **Review Responses:**

**Shutsumon** You are very perceptive and somehow I think you are going to be one of the ones not surprised when certain secrets are finally revealed. The diary will hopefully be as interesting as I hope. I hope the writers block GOES AWAY SOON too. Thank you for your review.

**power214063** Sorry it took so long.

**Mione5** I'm glad you like it and actually Thestrals have wings so they would also have feathers... just a thought.

**ailisa d. frieson** I'm sorry but he won't be dieing anytime real soon.

**Virginia Riddle-Malfoy** Thank you. I may look into it.

**Jean-Claude Iscarot** Yes Dumbles is highly ... what you said. Hermione will cause some trouble for herself, yes. The bio is updated enough, at least for now.

**Silver-Entrantress-Elf** Thank you

**Shadowface** I like evil laughter... here's another update. And yes she can be.

**Lonelysltherinslowlydying** Dumbledore doesn't like to not have control. The dark is the embodiment of chaos and primordial freedom, what isn't there to piss off dumbles?

**Ciara** Thank you. Believe it or not I actually have the first two chapters of year three done(by hand/not typed) so I am most definitely not abandoning this fic. The block isn't gone yet, but hopefully soon.

**James-Padfoot** Thank you (jumps up and joins James in the insanity dance) My writers block isn't gone yet, but I won't abandon this story.

**Seer Eyes** Sorry it took so long. Thank you.

**Japanese** Yes this is that fic, glad you remembered that.

**Night-Owl123** Thank you and I'm sorry it took so long.

**NatashaNiracval** I understand that, none of my fav stories were updating for a long while either. Thank you and I will try to watch for typos more.

**Janie Lupin** No DD isn't going to die this year, this year he will... anyway, Ron is not the one expected to get rid of Kira, although I

guarantee he'd enjoy it and dumbles would find a way to help him out of Azkaban in that instance.

**Kage Mirai** Thank you. I also enjoy reading your work and cheer when I see a message telling me one of your stories has updated.

**ERMonkey Burner of Cookies** Thank you, and I know some of those authors you're talking about.

**frozenkiller** Thank you. I don't plan on abandoning this fic.

**CatrionaMalfoy** Ginny may very well get adopted, but not immediately.

For the three who reviewed Magical theory... thank you. Hermione's question about bound beings was for you **NatashaNiracval**, I hope that answered your question sufficiently.

## Chapter 5: Tryouts and Trouble

Sunday was as different from Saturday as one could get and still be in the same season. The darkened sky was only periodically lit by lightning as the ancient castle was lashed by rain. The heirs and their friends decided to spend most of the day in their clubhouse. As the six students entered the chamber Hermione gasped.

Situated behind the dusky black couch was a large muggle-style entertainment center. The center piece of the cherry wood finished center was a large screen television. The various shelves around the TV held the makings of a state of the art set up. There was a VCR, stereo, and Nintendo game console. The smaller shelves held a number of VHS cassette tapes, Nintendo games, and music cassettes, all methodically organized. The entertainment center would not have been out of place in a wealthy muggle family room.

“Something wrong, Hermione?” asked Harry with a smirk worthy of Lucius Malfoy.

She nodded, “How... What?” she pointed at the center as words escaped her. Hermione’s mind was trying to grasp how something so clearly muggle found its way into the most hidden chamber of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry.

“That was a birthday present to Harry and Kira from Uncle Tom’s family,” said Blaise.

“Yeah, mother, father, Uncle Calvin and Aunt Jessica purchased everything as a joint gift then mother and father enchanted everything to run off magical power sources. Father set it up and gave Harry and I pictures of it in cards for our birthday,” explained Kira.

Harry nodded, “When my card arrived I had to explain everything in the picture to Sirius. He really wants to see it in person now.”

“What is that?” Neville finally spoke up as curiosity and ignorance of muggle technology drove him to ask.

Harry and Kira then took him over to the center and explained everything as best they could. At times Neville nodded at others he

simply looked more confused. Afterward they told him to sit down and they attached the camcorder to the VCR so that they could play the tape of Draco and Blaise's detentions.

The six friends soon saw Lockhart in all his obnoxious frills centered on the screen. As they watched his hair began to randomly change colors while he jumped slightly at unheard sounds. He asked Blaise and Draco, "Did you hear that?" and they answered in unison, "Hear what sir?" He waved it off and told them to get back to work. A few moments later he fell off his chair as he jumped again. Blaise and Draco (in the video) couldn't help but snicker and Lockhart glared at them. The six friends watching the video were laughing, even Hermione who was trying to look affronted on behalf of her teacher. The first detention ended when Lockhart fled to his office after squeaking a "dismissed" to the two students.

The second detention started after a few moments of blue-screen. This time in spite of his near constant twitching, Lockhart didn't ask Draco or Blaise if they heard anything. It was clear that he was trying to act like nothing was bothering him. After about twenty minutes he spun around, looking wildly for something. As he did that, Draco could be seen pointing his wand at Lockhart but the sound quality wasn't good enough to catch his whispered spell. Lockhart turned back around and after five minutes stood up. He swayed on his feet, hiccupped and then began to sing, badly. He slurred at the students slightly, acting like he was drunk and then passed out after about five more minutes. The Slytherins and Neville were crying because they were laughing so hard. Hermione was holding her laughter in as best she could, but gave into it as the pouf fainted.

Having caught his breath after laughing so much, "Very nice use of an enhanced intoxication jinx," commented Harry to Draco as Kira turned off the camcorder.

"It wasn't enhanced, he just doesn't have what it takes to fight intoxication at any level," replied Draco while he finished laughing. "But thank you anyway," he finished as he took a theatrical bow.

"That was mean," said Hermione.

"But funny," rejoined Blaise.

Hermione reluctantly nodded. Kira looked at the fuzzy haired muggle-born witch and asked, "So did you want to try creating a blood stone ward?"

Hermione nodded and dug into her bag. She pulled out a small bluish-gray stone the size of a fifty pence piece and asked, "Will this work for the spell?"

Harry nodded, "Yep, let's get started. Draco why don't you and Blaise show Neville how the Nintendo works, but keep the TV muted so that you don't disturb Hermione's concentration."

Draco nodded and moved over to the entertainment center while Hermione, Harry, and Kira walked to the potions lab area of the chamber. Kira took a box off one of the still empty ingredient shelves and brought it over to Harry and Hermione. The box contained sticks of charcoal and chalk, a salt dispenser, and a sheathed three inch dagger.

Hermione smiled as she accepted the box. She looked over her notes as Kira and Harry stepped back to give her room, but be close enough to help if something went wrong. Hermione took a stick of charcoal and began to draw. She drew two concentric circles, one about a foot in diameter the other about five. She then began to draw symbols within the smaller circle. She referred to her notes often as she did so. She placed her stone in the center of the drawing.

Hermione surveyed her work and smiled, it was perfect. She then set the box outside of the circle, took the dagger and salt and stepped into the circle. She set the dagger to the north side of the small circle and then began to pour salt around the outer circle, she moved in a clockwise direction as she did this. She sat down in front of the dagger once the salt fully formed a line over the charcoal line she had drawn.

Hermione unsheathed the dagger and held it over the stone, point only a few inches from the stone. She began to chant. It was a fairly simple chant and her vocal tone and annunciation were perfect. On the fifteenth repeat of the Greek phrase, Hermione took her left hand and ran her finger down the edge of the blade. Not expecting its sharpness she yelled in pain, dropped the dagger, and quickly put

her bleeding finger into her mouth. She applied as much pressure as she could because the wound was very deep.

Kira and Harry had invoked mystic sight when she began. They watched as the energies were called up by each movement. They smiled when the protective barrier went up with the pouring of the salt, the magical energy of the blood would remain within the barrier while unwanted energy would be unable to enter and interfere. Kira winced as Hermione began to run a finger along the dagger's edge; she knew how sharp the blade was. The magic flared dangerously as Hermione dropped the dagger. Harry thought to his sister, *I'm going in to help her. Deal with the overflow of energy.*

Kira sent her assent and Harry moved to the salt circle. He dusted the granules away and braced himself as energy flowed past and through him. He could feel Kira grasping it and carefully separating it into its different polar flows before sending it into the node under the lake. He focused on Hermione while allowing his awareness to follow Kira's actions.

Harry knelt beside Hermione and held out his hand. Not sure why she was doing so, Hermione took her finger out of her mouth and allowed Harry to take her hand. Harry winced slightly at the depth of the cut, he could see her bone. He quickly whispered a skin knitting spell, one he and Kira had been able to use since they were eight. The wound healed, leaving a small red line which unfortunately would scar. Satisfied that she was healed he released her hand and said, "I think you'll need to try another time. Next time just prick your finger on the tip."

"Okay," she said softly, wondering when and where he had learned any medi-wizardry. "I just wasn't expecting..."

"To nearly lose your finger tip?" finished Kira as she released the last energy into the node.

"Yeah," Hermione nodded as she watched Kira and Harry mutter cleaning charms while waving their wands at the circles. Hermione picked up the dagger and re-sheathed it as the drawing and salt vanished from the floor. She held it out toward Harry.

"Keep it, Kira and I consecrated it for your use," Harry said.

Kira nodded in agreement and said, "Let's see what the others are up to."

Blaise spotted Hermione and the heirs approaching and said, "Let's watch a movie," which caused the two boys enamored with Skate or Die to jump.

"Sounds good to me," said Kira as she and Harry smirked at Draco's surprise, "What should we watch?"

"How about The Terminator?" suggested Draco as he quickly recovered his customary aloof expression.

"Too violent an introduction to movies," said Blaise, thinking about Neville.

"I don't mind," said Neville, knowing he was the reason for her comment.

"Blaise is right," said Hermione, "that is a very violent movie. My parents won't let me see it."

"Then it's settled," said Harry, "Terminator it is."

Kira walked to the entertainment center while Harry spoke. She took the tape out of its case and put it in the VCR. Kira then hissed something and the ambient light of the chamber lowered to movie theater darkness. She then joined Harry on the blue couch as the pre-movie advertisements played.

The movie began and Hermione had to grab Neville a couple times to prevent him from hexing the TV. Neville and Hermione both jumped and blushed at all the right times. As the credits rolled Kira hissed something and the Chamber's lighting slowly returned to normal. Neville looked at everyone in turn and then asked, "Do muggles really have weapons like that?"

"Guns, yes; terminators, no," replied Harry as Kira rewound the tape.



“You mean they can cause that much destruction?”

“That much and worse, the scene with the energy wave destroying the city was not an exaggeration. That was a nuclear bomb and its one of the biggest reasons why muggles can be so dangerous,” explained Draco with a very serious and grim expression.

“I think I’m going to have nightmares from that,” whispered Neville.

“How about we watch something else, something not any where near as violent?” suggested Kira as she put the tape away.

“Okay,” agreed Neville.

“How about,” Kira scanned the movies, Star Trek (The Motion Picture, Wrath of Khan, Search for Spock, Voyage Home, Final Frontier, Undiscovered Country), Star Wars (A New Hope, Empire Strikes Back, Return of the Jedi) Rosemary’s Baby, Heretic, Exorcist, some others in-between those and finally the Disney movies, “Disney’s Aladdin.”

“Okay by me,” said Harry as Blaise, Draco and Hermione nodded. Kira looked at Neville and he nodded as well. Kira put the tape into the VCR and hissed the lighting down low again. Almost two hours later the six friends sat down to dinner with Neville humming “You ain’t never had a friend like me” as he ate.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

BREAK... BREAK... BREAK...

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

The next week flew by as routine began to set in. By Friday Kira was three weeks ahead in potions, Harry was over two weeks ahead in Transfigurations, and both were two weeks ahead in Charms. Friday also saw the posting for Slytherin Quidditch tryouts. Slytherin always allowed for new players to try for every position. Slytherin believed in winning and if a new team member helped achieve victory they were placed as first string for that position no matter how long the other player had been on the team. The quartet read the announcements

and grinned in anticipation. They knew they would all be on the team that year because those trying out always had to work together to try to show up the previous team. They couldn't wait to show Flint what they were capable of as a team. Flint was still captain this year in spite of having been in his seventh year last year. He had failed a few required classes and needed to repeat those. Due to familial wealth he had been able to stay on the quidditch team.

Another week passed and the third Saturday in September arrived. It was overcast and cool moisture hung in the air as the quartet made their way out to the quidditch pitch, each carrying Nimbus 2001's. Not surprisingly, no one showed up to challenge Harry's seeker position. Marcus Flint left Harry in that position and told him he was to capture the snitch as many times as he could while avoiding the Bludgers.

There were nine students challenging for chaser positions so Flint allowed them to choose who they would work with. There were also four beater challengers and three keeper challengers. Flint then had the challengers fly against one another. Kira, Draco, and Blaise flew with a fourth and third year as their beaters and Theodore Nott as their keeper. The team they played against had three fifth years, a fourth year and two seventh years. The game was surprisingly fierce. Kira hissed a parsel spell to form a telepathic link between her, Blaise and Draco. They were able to score the ten required goals fairly easily; unfortunately Theo was not a very good keeper and seven shots made it through their goal.

Flint gave the three second years a slight break while the other three chaser candidates replaced them and a sixth year replaced Theodore. The game was very close and with the beaters of one team and the keeper of the other being the most important to the outcome. Marcus chose the two beaters on one team, the keeper of the other and dismissed all the chasers. He then had Kira, Draco and Blaise fly with the beaters and Keeper he chose. The final team of challengers then played against last year's team.

In spite of Marcus Flint's excellent keeping, the three second year students scored five goals before the experienced team had the Quaffle long enough to score one goal. Marcus watched as the three second year students flew circles around his teammates and

proceeded to score goal after goal against him. The final score was ten goals by the challengers, three by the old team. Marcus told everyone he would post first and second string positions by dinner time and everyone from those strings were to report every Saturday and Sunday morning at seven am for practice. First practice was scheduled for the next morning.

The quartet shared the wonderful news after reading the quidditch results before dinner. The two lions were quite happy for their serpent friends. After dinner they went to the clubhouse to enjoy Star Wars: A New Hope. The three first string Slytherin chasers and the Slytherin seeker went to sleep with smiles on their faces.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

BREAK... BREAK... BREAK...

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890

The next few weeks flew by as the month of October worked its way toward Halloween. Hermione had successfully worked her way up to basic blood transfigurations by the middle of October. Neville was also able to do more as he relearned the magics his grandmother had never been able to properly teach him. Studying with Hermione seemed to improve his performance in all forms of magic. Somehow the 'lesser' known magics Hermione and Neville were learning helped them concentrate and do better in classes.

The heirs' accelerated course work meant that the only time the six friends could really hang out in their clubhouse was in the afternoon and evening on the weekends. The second weekend in October saw the first time Miriam and Jared joined them for a movie in the Clubhouse. After that one or both first years would join them Sunday evening after dinner.

During that time Neville fell in love with the muggle world more than he thought he ever would. Through the movies Neville learned many things about the muggle world and the way muggles think. He decided that he would take muggle studies next year and was quite pleased when Hermione, Harry and Kira all encouraged him. Blaise

and Draco only smirked, but Neville had learned that was a form of encouragement from them.

The dark heirs, Draco and Blaise decided to prank for Halloween again this year. They took a page out of the Marauders' and Weasley's prank book by using enchanted candies. Unfortunately great minds, or at least pranking minds, think alike and the Weasley twins had the same idea. Every table had bowls of assorted candies, from muggle style candy corn to cherry shaped red ones to square toffees on their tables at lunchtime.

Students from every table and every year ate the various candies. Harry and Kira cringed as they watched the various enchantments collide within the students' bodies. The students grew black feathers, had glowing Avada Kedavra green eyes, noses became beaks, fangs appeared, and some even had tails. No two students transformed in exactly the same way. More than half the great hall had been victimized. At the head table Albus Dumbledore, Filius Flitwick, and Gilderoy Lockhart also showed signs of the prank. Gilderoy ran from the room as his perfect smile was marred by fangs and his nose was thrice as long and hooked as Snape's.

Albus Dumbledore stood and cleared his throat, gaining everyone's attention. Looking odd but not uncomfortable with his pointed furred ears, clawed hands, and gray feathery wings he spoke to the students. "This most ingenious prank will need to be dealt with. Since there are no afternoon classes do to it being Halloween, I encourage you all to finish eating and then make your way to madam Pomfrey as soon as you can. Also remember to save room for tonight's feast." Cheers rose from the tables as students continued planning for the rest of the evening, including trips to the hospital wing.

In order to avoid suspicion from the pranks the heirs had each eaten one charmed candy so that they had to see Madam Pomfrey. Hermione was the only one out of the six friends to not eat any, after all her parents would be furious if she got tooth decay while at school. The six friends headed down into their clubhouse after being uncharmed by the nurse. They watched A Nightmare on Elm Street one and two before heading back up for the feast.

The Halloween feast was superb, not that anyone expected anything less than perfection from Hogwarts house elves. The feast had been prank free and the students left the hall en masse after the desserts cleared away. The adopted lions were walking with the Slytherin quartet due to plans to stay the night in the Slytherin dorms. The mass of students stopped abruptly as a scream echoed down the hallway.

Albus Dumbledore's voice called for order. Another voice, a young male voice, said "The chamber is open, Enemies of the heir beware." Again Dumbledore called for order and quiet. Then he commanded the prefects to lead the students back to their dorms. As the two lions moved to join the rest of the Gryffindors, Dumbledore called out, "Riddle you need to stay here."

1234567891234567891234567891234567899123456789012345678  
901234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
123456781234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
123456789012345678901234567890-1234567890-1234567890

#### REVIEW RESPONSES:

**darksider-4-ever-** yes Harry was allowed to write to the Riddles. He even was permitted to receive and send birthday presents.

**MidNite Phoenix** Thank you

**Drake Pendragon** Sorry it took so long.

**SpellMasters** Thank you very much and I am very glad you liked the first year of this universe. I think it's cool you like the Stargate crossover, unfortunately that one is on indefinite hold. Wraith has a new love interest and no time to write, so I'm not sure when or if that story will ever be completed.

**Nic'sim87** I'm sorry it took so long... look the first attack has happened.

**Shadowface** Thank you, I'm glad someone sees what I was trying for with the recognized bastards. I think the practice in this au world is far

better than what happens to most 'fatherless' children in our own. I'm sorry the update took so long.

**Rasgara** Thank you(smiles) sorry it's taken so long

**PruePotter** I'm glad you like this universe. My plot is fairly set(for the long term/ like 4/5th year to have them be together) so I'm sorry but there's no stopping it short of prematurely ending the saga, which I pray doesn't happen due to writers block.

**Sweet-single** Thank you and Kira explained how she and Harry are magical twins during the first year. Sorry this update took so long.

**Jbcna** Actually... yeah! Thank you for reading and being highly perceptive, sorry it took so long to update.

**Tiffany Kleinhans** Thank you, and I'm sorry I kept you up. Voldie may have to show up, but if he does you'll know when it happens. No Harry will never call them anything but mother and father to their faces. I'm sorry this took so long to update. I'm afraid that the writers block is highly annoying but I currently am writing some of year three, continuing the light HP fic, and starting work on another HP fic which is helping with the writers block over this one.

**Her Stubborn Lioness** Glad you like it thus far... actually the pairing is not Sirius/Remus... its Sirius? for now. Anyway the pairings will be somewhat convoluted as time goes on. Eventually this will have HP/DM and Kira/... as well as Blaise/Neville and Hermione/(I'm not 100 sure yet)

**Lonelysltherinslowlydying** Hermione and Neville will slowly learn many things and in third year something major will happen which will change the view of the school toward the dark heirs. Hermione and Neville may very well learn the truth then, but I'm not 100 certain about that yet.

**Ciara** Harry only did that for Sirius and after the comments of his friends he will probably stop doing it except around Sirius. As for exactly what will happen with the diary... well the message has appeared and Dumbledore has begun to dig his grave, but as for Voldie coming to the rescue, I don't know(this was the least planned

year in my mind for this saga) Thank you very much for still being with me and I'm sorry it took so long to update.

**Night-Owl123** sorry it took so long

**Shutsumon** Thanks I always wanted some of my very own Weapons of Mass Destruction, Unfortunately nothing short of a blast from the gods seems to be denting this block.

You are very perceptive and I hope I won't disappoint.

**NatashaNiracval** You're welcome and thank you very much. I'm sorry it took so long.

**Janie Lupin** AD may very well be kicked out of the school for awhile, but he won't be dieing just yet. Well it is a red head(smiles evilly)

**power214063** When the sorting hat was on her head, the heirs felt something was amiss. She needs to get adopted for her own protection from AD and to some extent Ron.

## Chapter 6: Older Laws Than Old Fools

Every Slytherin stopped moving. Severus Snape looked at Albus with a questioning gaze. A Hufflepuff student asked “Why?” causing many students to pause.

Ron Weasley loudly grumbled, “Because she did it.”

Argus Filch, having heard the comment, called out, “Headmaster, she killed Mrs. Norris, the rotten little girl must be punished.”

“Argus, Ms. Riddle is innocent until proven guilty,” replied Albus Dumbledore. The oily smugness in his tone conveyed the opposite, which highly annoyed the quartet.

“Headmaster Dumbledore,” said Harry calmly, though inside he was seething, “Why are you having my sister stay behind if you are not accusing her of opening the Chamber of Secrets?” *Sister do you have any idea what’s going on?*

Every eye turned toward Harry as Dumbledore said, “Mr. Potter, you know Ms. Riddle is not your sister and you know she carries the blood of Slytherin. She is an heir and I must question her.”

*I think he’s trying to make the entire school fear me and get me expelled* she thought to her brother.

“Blood matters not where the heart and soul stand true. I know Kira did not cause this attack on Mrs. Norris. And if you weren’t on a false witch hunt, forgive the phrasing; you would not have called attention to her concerning this situation. I believe I warned you last year about the consequences of slandering my sister. Because you clearly didn’t heed my warning I promise you the school governors will be here within a week to decide your position.”

“Mr. Potter, there is no need for such drastic actions. I merely need to determine where Ms. Riddle was during the attack.”

“She was in the Great Hall,” said Neville loudly.



Before the headmaster could respond to the Gryffindor's outburst, Severus Snape said, "Headmaster if you are initiating an inquiry of Ms. Riddle then we need to take this to a formal setting and conduct this inquiry properly. There are rules in the immutable Founder's Charter which dictate how such an inquiry is to happen."

Kira seeing exactly where Snape was going announced, "As the accused I request Neville Longbottom, Hermione Granger, Draco Malfoy, Harry Potter and Blaise Zabini as witnesses and as an advocate I choose Professor Snape." She said this before Dumbledore could respond to Snape's comment.

Albus was at a loss as to how to reclaim his place because Severus followed Kira's announcement almost before she finished speaking, "As Ms. Riddle's advocate I am placing a silence on Headmaster Dumbledore, Ms. Riddle and her witnesses until we reach the Room of Inquiry. For those who don't know, if you break the silence you forfeit your right to partake in the inquiry in any way."

*I wonder if he realizes you could stop this inquiry before it even starts simply by speaking.*

*I'm sure he does, but if I spoke then that would break rules as old as this school and Professor Snape knows I won't Break rules Salazar helped write.*

*That's too bad; it would have been fun to watch Dumpty's head explode.*

Albus Dumbledore glared at Severus but nodded. He picked up Mrs. Norris' stiff body and proceeded down the hall. Gilderoy Lockhart offered his office, but Dumbledore ignored him, brushing past as if the poof hadn't spoken. Professor McGonagall commanded the Prefects to escort the students to their dormitories as the quartet and adopted lions followed Dumbledore and Snape. Professors Flitwick and Sprout followed as well. Even though a formal inquiry hadn't been conducted in over a century all the teachers knew that all four House Heads needed to be present. Once Minerva was sure the students were leaving she followed her colleagues.

The room Albus Dumbledore led the procession of students and teachers to was on the third floor, across the hallway from the room Fluffy had been in last year. This little used room looked like a courtroom. At one end was a raised platform with a table and five chairs. Across from the table were four benches and just in front of the benches was a single chair. Without prompting Kira sat in the chair while Harry and the others sat on the bench behind her. Dumbledore and the four House Heads stepped onto the platform and seated themselves at the table. Severus and Albus were at opposite ends while Filius took the middle seat. Minerva sat between the little man and Dumbledore while Pomona sat between Filius and Severus. Argus Filch seated himself on the bench behind the students.

Severus stood and began speaking a Latin phrase which all House Heads learned. The phrase was the activation of ancient spells on this room. A scroll appeared, hovering in midair before the table as the entire room lit up momentarily. Severus smirked slightly and silkily began the proceedings of inquiry using the proper wording. "Entering into Hogwarts Official Inquiry Record on this date October thirty first in the year nineteen ninety two is the formal inquiry of second year Slytherin student Ms. Kira Rowan Riddle by Headmaster Albus Percival Wulfrid Brian Dumbledore in regards to an attack on the caretaker's cat Mrs. Norris earlier this same evening. As Ms. Riddle's advocate, I, Professor Severus Anthony Snape, will be refraining from voting on behalf of Slytherin house of which I am the Head. I now release the Silence I placed on the accuser, the accused and the witnesses for these proceedings."

Even though no one in the room had ever done this before, they had been familiarized with the process in case the need ever arose, at least for the teachers. Albus Dumbledore stood, knowing it was his turn to announce his abstaining from the vote and was quite annoyed at how quickly his plan got out of hand, but was pleased with this hearing anyway. He knew he would be able to force the issue and get Kira expelled if he did everything correctly. His voice was confident and clear as he said, "I, Albus Percival Wulfric Brian Dumbledore as Headmaster of Hogwarts do hereby abstain from voting in this inquiry of Ms. Kira Riddle."

Knowing that their names and positions had to be recorded into the record Minerva stood to speak. "I am Professor Minerva Rachel McGonagall and will be voting on behalf of Gryffindor House."

As she sat down the Herbology professor and head of Hufflepuff stood up. "I am Professor Pomona Beatrice Sprout and I will be voting on behalf of Hufflepuff House."

As professor Sprout retook her seat Filius stood up, on his chair, and said, "I am Professor Filius Reginald Flitwick. I will be voting on behalf of Ravenclaw House and will maintain the fairness of these proceedings. This formal inquiry is now officially started. Headmaster Dumbledore as the accuser you may begin asking questions. If the questions are not relevant to this investigation, I will order you to rescind the question and you will obey." The parchment floated over to the table and landed in front of Filius.

A strangely satisfied glint appeared in Dumbledore's eyes as he said, "Please state your full name and the full names of you parents, Ms. Riddle."

"I'm Kira Rowan Riddle, daughter of Thomas Marvolo Riddle and Lillian Annabelle Riddle," Kira answered the question truthfully, after all those were her parent's legal names in the muggle world. She knew that the spells in the room caused any untruth to appear in a different colored ink on the parchment, but the spell was fairly easy to 'trick' if you didn't tell an outright lie.

Dumbledore nodded in acknowledgement, "Does you father have any other name by which he is known?"

"Yes."

"What is it?" growled Dumbledore in annoyance that she hadn't stated it.

"Objection, I don't see the relevance of this line of questions," said Severus.

Filius asked Albus, "Why is her father's name relevant?"

"I intend to show that her father opened the Chamber of Secrets fifty years ago and therefore showed Ms. Riddle how to do so," replied Dumbledore.

"Objection overruled, Ms. Riddle please answer the question," stated Filius.

"My father is also known as the Dark Lord Voldemort." The adults flinched as Pomona sucked in air in surprise, while Minerva and Filius had been aware of her paternal figure, Pomona had not. Argus Filch 'discreetly' slid to the bench furthest away from the proceedings.

"Correct me if I am wrong, but doesn't Lord Voldemort (again there were flinches) claim to be the descendent of Salazar Slytherin?"

"Yes he does."

"So if he has Salazar's blood, than so do you, correct?"

"Yes."

"Your father discovered the Chamber of Secrets and unleashed the monster during his fifth year, causing the death of a muggle-born student, is this correct? Remember everything is recorded and if you attempt to lie the manuscript will show it."

"Yes," she replied simply and in a bored voice.

"So you admit to releasing the monster and finishing your father's work," crowed Dumbledore triumphantly.

"Objection..."

"Wait, don't object sir, allow me to field his ridiculous observation and twisting of fact with a less Inquisition style observation of my own. Firstly my father and I are two different people, therefore what he did IS NOT what I have done nor will do. If I was sent here to finish his work, as you say 'Headmaster', then pray tell why would I wait a year to do so? Also if you recall after Myrtle Riddle was killed, no other attack took place; can you explain why someone who was hell bent on killing all muggle-born students would stop? And another point this

inquiry was to determine my involvement in tonight's attack not to relive the mistakes my father made in his youth. Tell me Headmaster do you honestly believe the heiress of Slytherin would be stupid enough to play into your hands the way you are so vehemently trying to imply."

Dumbledore was silent, as was everyone else, until Severus said, "Headmaster would you care to address Ms. Riddle's questions."

"There is no reason..." began Albus.

"Actually Albus, I believe you should explain why you believe Ms. Riddle would wait a year and also enlighten us with your theory as to why her father stopped the attacks against muggle-born students after the death of Myrtle Riddle," said Filius. Filius pondered the name; he hadn't known moaning Myrtle's name had been Riddle.

At that moment Albus hated the fact that this had become a formal inquiry. Because of the spells woven into the room he was unable to use his mind magic to manipulate the teachers. He sighed, "I can think of no reasons for the actions of Ms Riddle nor her father, after all I cannot predict the way madness runs in their family."

"Objection, that comment was uncalled for and is unsubstantiated. There is no proof that Ms. Riddle or her father is of less than full faculties." Severus' voice clearly showed he was annoyed.

"Sustained," said Filius as he placed wand to parchment. "The last part of Albus Dumbledore's statement is stricken from the record. Ms. Riddle seeing as this line of questioning is getting us nowhere, please recount your movements today."

Kira nodded. "I woke at four AM as I do every morning. Harry and I then proceeded to practice our martial arts until five AM. We separated and I showered in the girls' dorm shower. I waited until six before waking Blaise up and the two of us met up with Harry and Draco around six thirty. We went to the great hall for breakfast where Hermione and Neville met up with us around seven. The six of us went to the library to study until about ten thirty and then went to lunch. After the prank during lunch we went to see Madame Pomfrey to get un-charmed. By that time it was almost two o'clock in the

afternoon. We went to our clubhouse and watched two muggle movies. Around six o'clock we went to the feast. We left the feast at the same time as everyone else and stopped when someone screamed. After that this inquiry was implemented."

"You're lying," accused Dumbledore in an angry hiss.

"Check the manuscript of these proceedings," snapped Kira back.

Looking at the parchment before him, Filius said, "The spells on this room indicate that she has been truthful the entire time."

"Since Ms. Riddle was clearly with her friends all day and no where near the Chamber of Secrets, I move that you vote to dismiss this inquiry against her." Snape smoothly suggested.

Before the three voting teachers could respond, Albus said, "No wait. She said they watched muggle movies in their 'clubhouse'. That is not possible because muggle devices do not work in Hogwarts and there is no clubhouse anywhere on the grounds of this school."

*Shit, you're going to have to explain the Chamber is our clubhouse. This is not good.* Kira agreed with her brother's thought but sent a feeling of reassurance his way.

Filius nodded as Severus suppressed a groan. The small man, always one for solving a mystery, said, "Please explain this anomaly Ms. Riddle."

She nodded, "Our clubhouse is a highly warded well hidden chamber under the dungeons. We were able to watch muggle movies because my family bought and then enchanted a TV and VCR to run on magic. It is in our clubhouse so no one else knows about it."

Filius nodded, "Thank you, I believe it is time to vote."

"Wait!" exclaimed Albus.

"What could you possibly want to add?" growled Severus.

"I have one more question," said Albus much more calmly than his exclamation a moment before.

"I will allow it," said Filius, "But if it is not pertinent then Ms. Riddle need not answer it and we will vote immediately."

"Thank you Filius. Ms. Riddle is the chamber your clubhouse is located in known as the Chamber of Secrets?"

*Asshole!*

*I completely agree, unfortunately if I lie the parchment will let them know.*

Silence reigned for about thirty seconds before Kira said, "Yes."

"So you admit to opening the Chamber of Secrets!" exclaimed Dumbledore quite victoriously.

*Professor Snape, please call Hermione as a witness and ask her about the chamber. As a muggle-born her testimony will hold more weight. Please!*

Severus was surprised to 'hear' Potter and Riddle momentarily in his mind. He found himself surprised by them but quickly did as asked. "Before the Headmaster goes off and does a victory dance I would like to call on the witnesses to speak, after all it appears as though a muggle-born has been in the Chamber and suffered no ill effects. I find this curious and believe we should look into this."

"Of course," replied Filius, realizing the implications of Severus' words.

"Ms. Granger would you please take the chair and state your full name, house and year," requested Severus.

Hermione sat in the chair after Kira stood. "My name is Hermione Jane Granger and I am a second year student of Gryffindor house and an unofficial Slytherin."

Severus smirked at that, he knew there was a reason the little lion had grown on him. "Thank you Ms. Granger. Were you in the Chamber of Secrets earlier this evening watching muggle movies?"

"Yes."

"Had you been in the Chamber before today?"

"Yes."

"When was the first time you entered the Chamber of Secrets?"

"It was in September of last year, just after the first flying lesson."

"I see... Did you ever encounter a monster while in the chamber?"

Hermione thought for a moment. Two things caught her, first Vorla wasn't a monster and second Vorla wasn't in the chamber, but rather in the catacombs. Happy for seeing the 'loophole' to answer truthfully through she said, "No."

*She is doing rather well.*

*Yes she is.*

"Thank you. Unless the Headmaster has any questions, I am ready to move onto the next witness."

"I have questions," stated Albus. After Filius nodded, he continued, "Ms. Granger can you describe the Chamber of Secrets to us?"

Hermione's eyes widened in surprise as Severus asked, "What is the reason for this question Headmaster?"

"I believe the monster of Slytherin may not be in the chamber itself, but rather outside the Chamber," replied Dumbledore.

"Then perhaps the more appropriate question would be are there any other entryways into the chamber aside from the entrance within the castle?" suggested Filius.



Hermione bit her lip and said, "There is a vault-like door which leads to the catacombs under the castle's grounds."

"Have you been in these catacombs?" asked Dumbledore excitedly.

"Yes."

"Did you encounter any monsters in the catacombs?"

"No."

"Did you encounter anything non-human?" pressed Dumbledore, getting angry that she wasn't giving the right answers.

"Yes."

"Then why did you say you encountered no monsters?"

"I don't consider rats and other vermin monsters."

Filius frowned at the transcript, "Ms Granger was there anything other than rats and vermin in the catacombs?"

Hermione swallowed a lump in her throat and said, "Yes."

*She'll have no choice now but to reveal Vorla.*

*I think we can still salvage this.*

"What was it?" demanded Albus.

"Her name is Vorla," snarled Hermione, "She's a very sweet serpent who lives in the catacombs."

"What kind of serpent?" ordered Dumbledore.

"A basilisk," replied Hermione quietly.

"Then how are you alive?" asked Minerva in surprise.

"Vorla would never hurt anyone who did not intend harm to her or Hogwarts," said Hermione with conviction.

"That doesn't answer the how of Professor McGonagall's question," stated Albus.

"Vorla kept all three of her eyelids closed whenever Neville and I were present."

Severus was surprised she knew that Basilisks had three eyelids, very few people did. He asked curiously, "How did you know the basilisk wouldn't harm you?"

"Because Kira told us about why she was there and spoke with her ahead of time."

The teachers were silent. Argus Filch had curled up in a ball at the back of the room after hearing about the basilisk. Albus Dumbledore tried to think of a way to use this new information to his advantage. Finally Filius broke the silence as he asked, "What reason did Kira give you for the presence of the basilisk?"

Hermione replied, "Salazar Slytherin had Vorla as a last line of defense for Hogwarts."

"A basilisk is not defense; it's a monster without feelings or purpose," Interrupted Albus Dumbledore.

*How DARE he?*

*He's the only monster in this school!*

"You don't know what you are talking about, headmaster!" exclaimed Harry furiously, sneering the man's title.

"Perhaps this can be settled with a trip to the chamber and a visit with the basilisk?" suggested Severus mildly. The prospect of seeing Salazar's actual Chamber and possibly talking Kira into getting certain potion ingredients from the basilisk were too good an opportunity to pass up.

"You would give Voldemort's daughter the opportunity to kill all of us Severus?" asked Dumbledore angrily and with clear disdain in his voice.

“Enough,” piped up Filius, “if Ms. Riddle is willing to take us to meet the basilisk and see the infamous Chamber of Secrets then I think it’s an excellent idea. Especially since this will give us an opportunity to find out if the basilisk attacked Mrs. Norris.”

*Shall we?*

*I think we should. It will also give us an opportunity to know why Vorla attacked Mrs. Norris and who is trying to frame you.*

*I think we already know who is trying to frame me, the real question is how?*

“I am willing to take you to the chamber and to meet Vorla,” said Kira calmly.

“Excellent,” said Filius with a smile, “This inquiry is placed on hold for the vote until we return to this room. An enchanted parchment and quill will now accompany us to the chamber. Ms. Riddle if you would lead the way.”

Kira nodded as the students stood. Harry and Kira led the procession silently to Myrtle’s bathroom; no one noticed Filch was missing. As the students entered the haunted girls’ restroom the adults realized that the entrance was right beside where the message had been written and under their noses all along. Kira stood in front of the sinks and hissed, causing Minerva, Pomona and Filius to shiver slightly.

The wall beside the sinks slid open and a stairway led down into the depths of the castle. Before the adults could move to enter Harry stepped onto the stairs. The walls lit with a pale blue light. Hermione, Neville, Blaise, and Draco quickly followed. “After you,” Kira said to the teachers.

“Why?” asked Dumbledore suspiciously.

“Because I have to use Parseltounge to close the wall behind us,” replied Kira.

“I refuse to turn my back on you,” said Dumbledore.

“Well then apparently we agree on something, Headmaster. I don't believe I shall turn my back on you either.”

“Enough of this,” said Severus as he swept onto the stairs and began to descend. Minerva grabbed Albus' arm and pushed him ahead of her before he could protest. Filius smiled and followed Minerva. Pomona nodded and followed Filius. Kira entered last and hissed the wall closed.

At the bottom of the stairway, Harry ushered the teachers through the black entrance. Severus nodded and smirked that the entrance was the same material spell combination as the entrance to the Slytherin dorms. Albus refrained from scowling as Minerva pushed him through the entrance and quickly followed. Both Filius and Pomona nodded to Harry as they entered. Kira let Harry enter before she did.

The four House Heads looked around the huge chamber in awe. Albus glared at it. Seeing the mini library he said, “I see you have a liking for dark arts books.”

“Actually most of those books are theoretical studies, journals, and histories,” said Hermione.

“And you would know this how, Ms. Granger?” asked Albus in silky tones.

“Easy, I've skimmed over eighty percent and read a good six or seven dozen,” replied Hermione.

“If you will follow me, I will take you to see Vorla,” said Kira as she strode across the chamber, heading for the vault-like door beside Salazar's portrait.

*I'm watching your back, sis.*

*Thank you.*

Severus and the other House Heads quickly followed her. Minerva pulled Albus as they walked. When they were within about ten feet of the door the portrait spoke, “So which one of you is head of Slytherin House?”

"I am," replied Severus, "And you are?"

"Ah yes, I left no Portraits anywhere visible in the castle... I am Salazar Slytherin. Is there a reason the current Headmaster and House Heads are in my Chamber?"

"It is a pleasure to meet you," said Severus while inclining his head. "We are here to find out if the basilisk is responsible for an attack earlier this evening."

"I see. May I ask what happened?"

"The caretaker's cat was petrified."

"If it was Vorla than she either had her first two sets of eyelids closed or somehow her gaze was met indirectly. Although if she was going to attack a cat it would be so she could eat it so I doubt she would petrify it."

"Ancestor, we need to go speak with Vorla, I hope you can excuse us?" asked Kira politely.

The portrait nodded. Kira opened the vault-like door and went through. She hissed out a warning to Vorla that she was bringing new people to meet her. The Professors followed her and the students followed them. The Slytherin students smirked at the tension in their professors' shoulders as a sliding rumble could be heard approaching them.

Vorla, in all her forty plus foot glory glided to a stop in front of Kira. The huge serpent nudged Kira gently with her nose and hissed a greeting. Severus watched the interaction and knew that this 'monster' cared for Kira. Filius and Pomona realized the same thing while Minerva stood ramrod straight in fear. She had a minor phobia of snakes, but this beast was huge and her minor phobia seemed like a huge phobia. Albus couldn't believe he was here and not dead. Everything was going wrong; Kira was systematically destroying his chance at forcing her expulsion.

"We need to ask the questions," stated Severus, "Are you ready to interpret for us Ms. Riddle?"

"Of course Professor," replied Kira.

"She will lie," stated Albus, "We cannot trust her to speak the truth."

Harry glared at Dumbledore's back and said, "Professor Snape, do you have any truth potions on you other than Veritaserum?"

Snape looked at Harry and nodded, "Yes I do Mr. Potter."

"Then perhaps you should administer some to me," said Kira. "If you have it, please use Critalius Serum."

"The one which will cause you pain should you try to lie, but does not force you to answer?" asked Severus.

"That would be the one, Professor Snape. That potion will also allow me to be able to switch back and forth between English and Parseltounge, where as Veritaserum would force me to only speak in English."

Severus reached into his robes and pulled out a small box. He quickly enlarged it and then took out a small three dram vial of reddish-purple liquid. Kira accepted the potion and swiftly drank it down, knowing it was one dose worth. She felt the fire of the potion burn through her stomach and into her veins.

"Is it working Ms. Riddle?" asked Severus.

"I feel intense warmth throughout my body and a slight ache in my stomach. Yes Professor it is working."

"Good, now then please ask this basilisk if she attacked a cat earlier today."

Kira nodded and hissed to Vorla. Shock colored her features as the serpent responded. Had anyone been watching Harry they would have seen an almost identical look of disbelief. She turned to Professor Snape and said, "Yes."

"I knew it!" exclaimed Albus. Finally things were going his way again.

“Shut Up!” yelled Harry. Completely forgetting himself he began to hiss in Parseltounge to Vorla. Every eye turned toward him. The snake responded and Kira joined the hissed conversation.

The five adults were stunned. Neville and Hermione were shocked and angry. Blaise and Draco wondered what was going on. Suddenly everyone watched as Harry and Kira wrapped their arms around the basilisk. “What is going on here?” asked Severus quietly.

Harry and Kira looked back at their audience. Harry flinched at the look of betrayal in Neville’s eyes and the anger in Hermione’s. Kira felt the desire to answer the direct question.

“Harry asked Vorla why she would attack anyone, even if it was a cat. She said she had been told to do so. I then asked her who told her to do so. She said that the one with the young King’s voice told her. Harry asked her who the young King was and she said it was the King but when he was younger. I asked her who the King was and she said he was the father of the Prince and Princess before her.”

Harry said, “Somehow it seems like someone has Father’s youthful voice and commanded her to attack Mrs. Norris. I have no idea how that would be possible...”

“It’s not possible Mr. Potter. And you know Voldemort is not your father,” interrupted Albus.

“Actually it may be possible,” said Filius.

“What do you mean sir?” asked Harry hopefully.

“There are many old stories of youthful memories, typically painful ones, which can leave an echo in the living world for a long time. This echo could have spoken to the Basilisk.”

“Not possible,” reiterated Dumbledore.

“Unfortunately we know the basilisk has attacked a person in the past and now a cat in the present. We cannot allow a dangerous creature to remain here,” said Pomona.

“Then the vote needs to change. One for expelling Ms. Riddle and one for killing the basilisk,” stated Dumbledore, knowing he was about to triumph.

“You can’t,” said Hermione as she suddenly moved to stand in a guarding position before Vorla. Neville quickly joined her. Draco and Blaise moved to Harry and Kira’s side. The six youths made a rather interesting human shield. “She was obeying a voice she thought was her King’s. You can’t kill her for that. You can’t hurt her; she is too special for you to hurt her.” There were tears in Hermione’s eyes. Hermione really liked Vorla and even if she was angry at Harry she couldn’t let the serpent be killed.

Severus also knew this was too big an opportunity to pass up. He met Harry’s eyes and pushed gently with his Legilimens ability, hoping to somehow establish mental contact. Harry’s mind seemed to grip his, but was not harsh.

*Professor, what is it you cannot say out loud?*

*I wish to make you a deal, Mr. Potter. If you promise to collect certain potions ingredients, such as venom and scales from the basilisk, I will suggest a course of action that may save her life.*

*If you save her life, I give you my word that Kira and I will collect any potion ingredient that causes no harm to Vorla.*

*Agreed.*

“Perhaps we should place a stasis, sleeping enchantment over the beast. This should give us an opportunity to find the real culprit behind the attack. After we deal with whatever ordered the beast to attack the cat, we can then release it from the spell,” suggested Severus.

“Yes, as we can see this beast obviously has captured the hearts of these students and no monster wishing to kill would be able to do that,” said Filius.

“Then what are we waiting for?” asked Pomona, “Let’s enchant it and get back to the inquiry room so that this night can end.”



“NO! We need to kill it,” said Dumbledore.

“No, we do not,” replied Severus. “If you children will move, Professor Flitwick and I can enchant her into a lasting sleep.”

Reluctantly the six students moved away from the basilisk. Harry hissed something to her and she lowered her head to the ground. Filius and Severus raised their wands and began chanting the enchantment. A soft gray-green light hovered about the serpent and as the two men stopped chanting the light seeped into the basilisk. Vorla was out cold.

“I think its time to go. Professor, do you have the antidote for Kira?” asked Harry

Severus nodded and handed a small vial filled with blue-green liquid to him. Harry helped Kira drink it. Kira felt an icy fire burn through the same internal channels as the truth serum had. She pulled a face and nodded her thanks to Severus as she handed him the empty vial back.

Harry impatiently led the professors out of the chamber and back to the third floor inquisition room. Filius called for the vote against Kira. The three professors unanimously voted to not suspend or expel Kira. Even McGonagall couldn't bring herself to place any fault on Kira or Harry's shoulders. Albus Dumbledore was furious, nothing was going right.

The students headed toward their dorms, Hermione ignoring Harry and Kira. Neville shook his head and followed his fellow lion. Kira and Harry knew they would have to speak to the two soon, but for now they were too exhausted to do anything. The four serpents returned to their dorm. The serpent house showed a strong solidarity and support when the four returned which lightened their hearts. That night dreams were odd and uncertainty burned in lion hearts.

### **REVIEW RESPONSES**

**sharpeyedtennisplayer** Yes the clubhouse is the Chamber, but there are also catacombs around the chamber, where Vorla lives. It may never been mentioned, but the hole (by saying 'open' in

Parseltounge rather than 'stairs open') leads to the catacombs rather than the Chamber. Whoever has the diary is using the catacombs... or at least that is a working theory.

**Her Stubborn Lioness** NO Problem easy mistake to make, after all there are plenty of RL/SB ships out there... just not here. I'm glad you like this series. And actually no as to the Star War's references. I'm not a fan per-say because I didn't even see the movies until I was in college and after Episode 1 & 2 found no reason to see 3 in theaters... I may see it on video at some point. I really don't know that universe well enough to take the ideas out of it, mostly the Kira is known about while Harry was not is due to a need to misdirect enemies.

Answers to your Questions:

1. *Is Sirius going to eventually abandon Dumbledore and join Voldemort?*

That is a loaded question and cannot be answered at this time... All I'll say is Sirius will always stand with Harry.

2. *Are Hermione and Neville going to learn the full truth about Harry and Kira--and will they join the Cause?*

Again another loaded question. With the Cause being different from what the wizarding world in general believe, more than likely they will either support or at least not be enemies.

3. *How are you going to handle third year when that was when Sirius escaped Azkaban? Is the Secret Keeper of the Potters going to be the one who escapes Azkaban and tries to go after Harry?*

You'll see when we get there...

4. *What about books four and five (and now six)?*

Book 4 will parallel cannon while 5(&6 maybe) will take a different path. I have read HBP and may use some background, but due to certain things previously stated I cannot change a lot to make it fit

with HBP (though if after I reread year one it looks like I can tweak it to fit I will)

*5. Is Ginny going to be the same in this book as she was in cannon (as in she's writing in Tom Riddle's diary and being possessed by his sixteen year old self)?*

.....

*6. What are your plans for Gred and Forge? (They're two of my favorite characters as well, so I like that you haven't made them evil like Ron and Percy.)*

I love the Weasley twins myself and aside from Ginny are the only 'constant' Weasleys I really like (Molly and Arthur are okay) Since I'm not really good at writing pranks there probably won't be a prank war or anything quite that fun, but they may still become allies to the heirs.

*7. Will Harry reveal himself to have the same powers as Kira and Voldemort? Will Harry have trigger-events? (He's my ABSOLUTE favorite character--light or dark.)*

Well unfortunately at least one ability has been revealed. They will try to keep the full extent of his abilities secret, but accidents do happen.

*8. And last, but not least, what about the Prophecy? How's it going to work now that Harry's been raised as Voldemort's dark heir? (It doesn't look like Dumbledork will get his hero for the light.)*

References have already been made to prophecies... the prophesy from canon is NOT the REAL one in this AU.

## **Ciara**

I'm glad you're staying with it... it seems my writers block is finally starting to crack so hopefully updates will come more often. About Bellatrix... actually they went shopping in Diagon Alley at the beginning of the year (CH1) and as was explained in chapter 2 No one Death Eater was responsible for what happened to Neville's parents, it was an accident caused by Dumbledore's mistrust of Snape.

And to your PS, He just might.

**Drake Pendragon** Thank You and I'm really sorry it took so long between updates. I'm so Happy you decided to reread it. I'm glad you think that about Kira and thank you again.

**ailisa d. frieson** There is more coming, I'm already about a sixth of the way through next chapter.

**PruePotter** It never hurts to try. Glad you still reading anyway.

**MidNite Phoenix** Thank you and as this chapter showed he made a valiant effort to do so... but trust me his manipulations and expulsion attempts don't end here.

**Tiffany Kleinhans** Thank you. I just thought it was a cool idea and something I can see Tom and Lillian indulging the children with. The humming fits Neville somehow . Even though I know I said earlier I'm not a huge Star War's fan, but I'm pretty sure that when I watched a friend's original VHS version(something they had since the mid 80's) that the title said Star Wars Episode IV: A New Hope, but I could be wrong. So if it messes up the time-line I'm sorry, but then again JK does the same thing(play station being tossed out the window anyone?)

## Chapter 7: Aftershocks

November first dawned clear, cold and windy. Harry and Kira stood proudly with their fellow Slytherins as they went to breakfast. The quartet noticed that Neville and Hermione chose to sit isolated at the Gryffindor table rather than join them. The rejection hurt, but the heirs understood. The two lions felt betrayed because they had hidden Harry's Parseltounge ability.

Most of the Gryffindors glared at the heirs, while the Hufflepuffs seemed to be trying to hide and the Ravenclaws watched everything with interest. By the time the hall had mostly filled, Minerva tapped her glass. What conversations were occurring stopped. Surprisingly she stood up rather than the headmaster. Her voice rang out clearly and calmly, "As you are all aware, last evening Mr. Filch's cat was petrified. Most of you were present when Headmaster Dumbledore decided to make a formal Inquiry against Ms. Kira Riddle of Slytherin. I am here to inform you of the results of that inquiry. First, Ms. Riddle was not responsible in any way for the attack therefore no action was taken against her. I ask that you not treat her any differently. Second, we were able to find out what happened and there should be no other attacks. Now then please enjoy the rest of your day."

The Slytherin quartet were happy for her words, but knew the student body would brush them off. McGonagall's words held less power within Hogwarts than Dumbledore's. The quartet looked over at Hermione and Neville, but had to rush off to quidditch practice without speaking with their friends. Quidditch practice didn't go as well as it could have and Flint yelled at them because their first game was coming up in only three weeks.

The following week was hectic. The heirs barely found time to write their father about the odd occurrence with Vorla, accidentally revealing Harry's Parsel ability, and asking for progress on helping Neville's parents. Advanced classes were becoming tougher for the heirs as they both began second semester work in charms. Also Kira was equal to March's work in potions while Harry was equal to January's work in Transfigurations.

The attitude of the school was also highly annoying. The Hufflepuffs seemed to detour away from the quartet as did most muggle-born students from other houses. Hermione and Neville stopped sitting with the Slytherins during Potions, Transfigurations and Charms. As a reaction Severus began to treat the two lions as he did the rest of their house-mates. The other Slytherins also stopped being overt in their guardianship of the two lions. They still kept an eye out, but they were annoyed at them for seemingly abandoning Harry and Kira for no reason they could see.

1

2345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Break Break Break

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Tom Riddle reread the letter his children had sent. It was rather disturbing. The mention of what Vorla did because the “young king” ordered her triggered a memory, but the fullness of it was elusive. He knew the memory would come when it was ready, but for now he couldn’t force himself to remember. He thought over the implications of Harry revealing his Parseltounge ability and knew that Dumbledore would be looking into it, but for now there was nothing Tom could do to help his son.

Tom sighed. There was something he could do tonight, though. He could try to bring back the minds of Alice and Frank Longbottom from the place they retreated to. And so it was as the dark lord was changing from his khaki pants and hand knit sweater into black robes with too many buttons that his wife entered the room. “Where are you heading looking so sharp and wizardly?” asked the beautiful woman from the bedroom door.

Tom looked at up, meeting her reflection’s eyes. He noted her weary look and wrinkled nurse’s uniform. She had worked a double and he could see her need for rest. He smiled at her and said, “I’m going to St Mungo's.”

“Really, Why?” she asked in a knowing voice.

He nodded toward the desk beside the door. “Read the letter our little hellions sent us and you will know why.” He continued to button up his robe as she took the letter and began to read.

“I see,” she murmured softly after a few minutes, “I’ll go get the potions I’ve been working on.”

“No need,” he said turning and walking over to her. “I’ve already collected them,” he pulled open the top drawer of the desk and took the three potion vials out. After placing them in his robe’s pockets he gently sent his hands on her arms and stared into the eyes that caused his soul to burn. “You just go take a nice hot bath and call Dayla up afterward to massage your back. You need to rest and I will be back before you know it.”

“You better be,” she replied before his lips descended and claimed hers in a searing kiss.

He drew back and whispered, “I’ll be back very soon my love.” He then disappeared from her presence. She smiled and went to take her well earned bath.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Break Break Break

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Tom Riddle entered the wizarding hospital under a disillusionment charm. Slipping past the late night shift of witches and wizards wasn’t nearly as challenging as Tom had hoped. Finally he found himself outside of the ‘permanent’ Spell Damage Ward. His magical sight revealed each spell on the ward. His incredible knowledge allowed him to know what each spell did and how it worked or could be circumvented. He smirked.

The shadowed hallway made it very easy for Tom to become a shadow himself. Shadow walking into the room took only moments and Tom stood within the highly warded room, without any alarms sounding. He walked down the length of the room, toward the back where the former aurors lay, sleeping in side by side beds. Regret rushed through him as he looked upon them. These two had been the greatest of his followers' adversaries. These two had single-handedly locked up over two dozen of his followers, the expendable ones of course, but still his followers. Seeing them brought so low stirred emotions Tom had never experienced for an enemy.

Carefully he studied and then set the monitoring spells into a type of stasis loop on each of the Longbottoms. He then took one of the potions and gently massaged it down Alice's throat. She whimpered and began to wake. He hissed **Sleep**. He withdrew another potion from his robe. Tom carefully drew blood from her throat, adding it to the potion. He then set the potion vial on the table between the beds.

Tom turned toward Frank and used parsel magic to send him into a deeper sleep. He took the last potion from his robes; it was the same iridescent blue as the one he forced Alice to drink. He gently forced the potion down Frank's throat. He picked up the potion from the table and carefully drew Frank's blood, adding it to the potion. The almost glowing white potion now had a thick layer of crimson suspended on top. The crimson had slowly begun to seep through the milky whiteness.

Tom swirled the potion gently, causing it to violently change to a dark black red color. Tom held it up to the pale moonlight, checking its color and consistency. Satisfied that the mixing had occurred he began to hiss the ancient parsel-spell of mind seeking. **Into the void I seek. Into the deep I fly. There I am not weak. There I cannot cry. The minds I find are mine to keep. The hearts I seek will not weep. I do not fear the abyss or dark, for I am lord of chaos. Bring me now across the deep. Bring me now to the place I seek.** He then up ended the potion into his mouth, swallowing in on gulp. Tom slumped to the floor as his mind fled from his body, seeking the place beyond the abyss where Frank and Alice hid.



The mindscape was twisted and alien. Tom looked around at the jagged black mountains being ravaged by purple lightning. He took in the desert-like landscape painted the color of drying blood. He began to walk, his lip snarling in disgust, as he quested through this place of pain, despair and fear. A scream rippled through the dry, windy, scarred, fearsome landscape. Tom transformed into a large black dragon and flew toward the source of the scream.

He spotted Alice Longbottom withering in pain beside a pool of congealed blood. The blood seemed to be flowing out of her mouth, nose, ears, and eyes and into the pool. She stopped screaming as her projected form lost consciousness within the mindscape. The blood continued to sluggishly flow into the pool. He transformed back into his human self as he landed beside her still form. He knelt beside her and opened his senses. Reading the magic and mind before him he knew it was possible for him to save her, but only just possible.

When her mind had fled its body it had brought with it a shadow of the original spell. This shadow spell was imprinted on her mind-self almost as if her mind didn't know where it ended and the spell began. The cycle of pain it created by existing here as a shadow truth made it that much harder to touch or remove. Tom studied it and knew that only by being a shadow, mind and parsel mage did he even have a chance at unweaving the shadow-spell.

Tom reached out and gently gripped the shadow-spell with his magic. The pattern was a complex labyrinth that yielded slowly and painfully, if her whimpers were any indication, under his ministrations. Finally the pattern cracked and shattered, unwinding from her mind as fast as a cyclone. Tom fell to his hands as exhaustion stole the strength from his projected body.

Alice blinked at the man beside her. He looked exhausted and as she tried to move he looked at her. Sapphire eyes met her own light brown orbs and she whispered, "Who are you?" in a quiet, harsh voice.

"My name is Tom, I'm here to bring you and your husband back to reality," he replied softly as he drew strength from the pool of blood.

She closed her eyes, "the pain..." she whispered quietly.

"Is gone," finished Tom as he slowly stood.

"Gone?" she whispered as she sat up slowly.

"Yes, gone and it won't come back unless you bring it back."

"No, never."

"Then I suggest you come with me while I try to find your husband. I'm sure the two of you will want to see the fine young man your son, Neville, has grown into." Tom held out a hand to help her up.

She took the offered hand and allowed herself to be pulled up as she asked, "Neville, how is he?"

Tom smiled, "As you will see, he is quite well. Now will you come with me?" She nodded and Tom stepped away from the pool of congealed blood, bringing her with him as they were still holding hands. The landscape shifted. The sky changed from dark blood-red to a deep black punctuated by small burning green dots of light. A tree darker than the sky or mountains behind it rose in their view. Tom had used the bond Alice had to Frank in order to bend the mindscape around them, bringing them to Frank's prone form faster than any other way.

The black tree, charred and dead, shadowed the form of Frank Longbottom. The prone man's form lay at the very base of the tree. His body was covered with gashes and abrasions; all of which were bleeding. The blood was seeping into the ground and with his magical sight Tom knew the tree was absorbing the blood. Frank wasn't unconscious, no, the man was sobbing, clawing fruitlessly at the ground and roots of the tree.

Alice gave a strangled sob and moved toward him. Tom held her more tightly, preventing her from going to her husband. She glared at him, "Why are you stopping me? What's happening to him?"

"If you touch him you will be caught up in the pain as he is. This is the way he interprets the pain from the curse which sent you both here. I

am going to remove it, much as I did for you, but I need you to stay back and remain quiet. Can you do that?"

She nodded. Tom released her hand and stepped up to the tree's roots. He kneeled beside the man and held his hands over Frank's sobbing form. Alice watched as shadows rather than blood began to seep out of his many wounds. Slowly the cuts stopped 'bleeding' and began to close. The shadow seeped into the ground and Alice heard a crack. Looking upward she watched, frozen in fear and shock as the tree crumbled into a pile of blackened charcoal behind Frank and Tom. The last cuts healed and Frank slowly opened his eyes while Tom sank back onto his heels. Teary, puffy eyes saw the concerned face of his wife; "Alice?" croaked the hoarse voice of Frank Longbottom.

She nodded and closed the space between them. She fell to her knees beside him and they embraced. Tom pulled the last energy of the tree's remnants and slowly stood. He was swaying slightly as he said, "Come on, its time to return you to your bodies."

"What do you mean?" asked Frank Longbottom as he and Alice climbed to their feet.

"Your minds were lost here in a mindscape beyond the abyss. I came to you because your son is a friend to my heirs. If you take my hands I can bring all of us back to our physical bodies. Will you trust me?"

Alice held out her hand to him, "For Neville, I will trust you."

Frank looked at his wife as Tom took her hand and then held out his own to Tom. "For my wife and my son, I will trust you," said Frank.

Tom took Frank's hand and concentrated on his connection to his physical body. The sensation was like being slammed into a brick wall at high velocity as he landed within his body. Tom groaned and opened his physical eyes. A clock on the wall showed that only a bit more than an hour had passed.

The dark lord pulled himself to his feet and looked at the sleeping people. His magical sight allowed him to see that their minds were in fact restored to their bodies. He hissed quietly and lifted the unnatural

sleep he had kept their bodies in while he sought their minds. He slowly made his way across the room, intent on slipping through the shadows nearest the door. He could feel the need for rest after expending such intense energy.

Frank and Alice Longbottom opened their eyes simultaneously and saw one another. They both saw Tom slinking away from them. "Tom?" Alice asked in a hushed whisper which carried across the silent room.

Tom Riddle froze. He hadn't expected either of them to wake so quickly. He turned and watched as the two former aurors slowly sat up in their respective beds.

"Tom, were you going to leave before we could thank you?" asked Alice in a hushed whisper as she tried to stand.

"You shouldn't try standing just yet, Mrs. Longbottom," said Tom.

"He's right Alice, stay seated, but Tom, is it, my wife is also correct. You shouldn't leave before we thank you," said Frank softly.

"Tom, who are you?" asked Alice as she noticed for the first time the darkened, closed ward.

"Yes, why would our healer not have the lights on?" asked Frank as he too noticed the darkness and that the clock read two AM.

"I'm not a healer," said Tom quietly as he moved back near their beds.

"But you..." began Alice.

"Fetched your minds from beyond the abyss," finished Tom.

"Yes..." Alice groped for more words.

"How could you do that if you are not a healer?" asked Frank.

Tom stepped into the light from the window as he said, "My name is Tom Riddle, but you would know me by my title not my name."

"Title?" asked Alice, confused, "What title?"

Frank shook his head trying to place the name Tom Riddle, it sounded like something Albus Dumbledore once mentioned, but the recollection wasn't happening. Tom smiled, it almost seemed sad, "I am a shadow mage who is quite talented with mind magic. But the only reason I could attempt to help you was because I am also a Parselmouth."

"Voldemort," breathed Frank fearfully.

"Yes, I am the Dark Lord Voldemort."

"You can't be," exclaimed Alice.

"Why not, Mrs. Longbottom?"

"You helped us."

"Yes I did, but why does that mean I can't be Lord Voldemort?"

"Because Voldemort is evil and would have left us to rot!"

"Not if everything you have been led to believe is half truth or an outright lie," replied Tom.

"But..."

"I think he is telling the truth, Alice," said Frank. "But that still doesn't explain why you helped us."

"My heirs are friends with Neville. They asked me to help you and since I don't like seeing the boy's pain I chose to try."

"When you leave this room, are we enemies again?" asked Alice in a small voice. The thought that a man she had once wanted nothing more than to see dead had saved her caused her distress.

"Only if you join Dumbledore," replied Tom.

"And if we become Aurors again and seek to protect muggles?" asked Frank harshly.

Tom smiled, "Some of my dearest friends are or were aurors and I have no fight against muggles who stay out of wizarding business. Now I am going to leave which will set off the alarms in here. You may not want to tell them that Lord Voldemort revived you, but the choice is yours." With that he disappeared with a loud 'pop' causing a dozen alarms to sound in St Mungo's.

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Break Break Break

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

After nearly a week of being ignored by their lion friends, the quartet decided enough was enough. The four second year serpents walked over to the Gryffindor table during breakfast. Harry sat to one side of Neville while Draco sat to the other. Kira and Blaise flanked Hermione in the same way.

"Hermione, Neville, we need to talk," stated Harry.

Hermione looked at Harry and said, "There's nothing to talk about. You have your secrets and don't trust us, so be it."

"It's not that we don't trust you," began Harry, "It's just that some information was supposed to stay secret."

"You don't trust us," stated Hermione again.

"We don't trust Dumbledore not to use Legilimens on you," said Kira.

"Use what?" asked Neville.

"Legilimens," replied Harry, "It's a spell which draws thoughts and memories from the target's mind."

"And unless you know strong mind magic or Occlumency you have no defense against it," added Draco.

“So you lied to protect us?” sneered, or at least attempted to sneer, Hermione.

“When did we ever lie to you?” asked Harry, feeling somewhat guilty for all the lies by omission and the creative telling of the truth which they had done.

Hermione opened her mouth to respond, but paused. Neville said, “You never have.” Hermione closed her mouth and became thoughtful.

“Everything we have ever told you has been truth; sometimes it’s been edited, once or twice to the point where even most Slytherins would consider it a lie, but it was always truth as much as we were allowed to give,” said Kira.

“We value your friendship and hope you can forgive my lie by omission,” said Harry. The four stood then.

“Wait,” said Neville, “don’t leave.”

“We forgive you,” said Hermione.

The four serpents sat back down. The six friends began to eat together, for the first time at the Gryffindor table. About halfway through breakfast Professor McGonagall approached the six students. She was happy that her lions appeared to forgive Harry because he had been highly distracted during that week in his advanced courses. “Mr. Longbottom,” she said catching their full attention. A slight smile played with her stern lips as she said, “The headmaster would like to see you in his office.”

Remembering the Occlumency warning from the heirs he fretfully asked, “What about Professor?”

Minerva saw the fear and wondered why but she replied, “It’s about your parents.”

Neville glanced at Kira and saw a blank mask. He gulped and in a small voice asked, “Can... can my friends come too?”

*Do you think father?*

*Yes I do.*

“Mr. Longbottom I doubt...” she began, but saw the fear increasing and took pity on the boy. She knew the news wasn’t bad, in fact it was wonderful, but she had been asked not to spoil the surprise. “Alright, all of you follow me.”

She turned and the six students quickly followed her out of the great hall. She led them through the corridors and gave the gargoyle the password. She stepped onto the moving staircase and the students followed. At the heavy wooden door she gave a compulsory knock and then entered before vocal permission was given.

Albus quickly covered his scowl at seeing the Slytherins enter with Neville. Frank wondered at the fleeting look before turning to look at his son. Alice stood and swiftly embraced Neville. Neville was momentarily in shock before he whispered, “Mom?” and returned the embrace.

Frank stood and moved to his wife and son. As Alice released him, Frank hugged Neville. Neville was crying tears of joy. Frank released him. “You’ve grown,” said Frank with soft love and fierce joy in his voice.

Neville stuttered, “How? When?” unable to fully vocalize his questions.

“We’re not sure how, but when was two nights ago,” said Frank.

“Neville, why don’t you introduce us to your friends?” suggested Alice, quite happy to see her son with what appeared to be five good, true friends.

“Oh, how bad of me,” said Neville with a blush. “Mom, dad these are my friends Hermione Granger, Harry Potter, Kira Riddle, Draco Malfoy and Blaise Zabini.”

Frank and Alice’s eyes got barely perceptively bigger when Kira’s name was mentioned, which was enough to tell the heirs that the Longbottoms knew who helped them. They were also unable to hide



the surprise when Draco's name was mentioned. The five friends shook hands with Neville's parents. Then Harry suggested, "Why don't we take your parents to our clubhouse so you can catch up in private?"

"What is that supposed to mean Mr. Potter?" asked Dumbledore rather coldly.

"It means I doubt that Neville or his parents wish to speak in front of someone who is neither family nor close friend," stated Harry.

"So you think the Chamber of Secrets is a good place to take two aurors who just woke up from magical trauma?" inquired Albus while trying to send mind-magic doubts into the minds of Frank and Alice Longbottom. Suddenly the old man fell back in his chair, gripping his head.

"One would think he'd have learned better," commented Kira absently.

"Well you know the muggle saying," began Harry.

"You can't teach an old dog new tricks," finished Kira, Blaise and Draco.

"Exactly," said Harry. He turned, "Neville?"

"Will you come with us, Mom, Dad?" asked Neville.

The Longbottoms nodded and then followed the six youths from the office. Minerva shook her head and left Albus alone.

Frank and Alice Longbottom were surprised when the students entered a girls' bathroom. "Your clubhouse is a girls' bathroom?" inquired Frank.

"No," said Neville, "It's the Chamber of Secrets. The entrance is in here though. We have to go down some stairs."

"Chamber of Secrets?" asked Alice doubtfully.

“Yes,” said Kira, “My father is descended from Salazar Slytherin and I access the Chamber using Parseltounge.”

“Alright,” said Frank while Alice nodded. Obviously this was Voldemort’s daughter, yet their son clearly trusted her.

Kira hissed and the wall slid open to reveal stairs. Harry quickly led the way. Blaise, Hermione and Draco followed. Neville waved his parents ahead of him and Kira hissed the wall closed behind her as she followed him. Neville guided his parents into the Chamber and smiled as they looked around in awe.

“Please sit down Mr. and Mrs. Longbottom,” said Harry as he and the other students moved to the couches.

“Yeah, come on and get comfortable,” said Neville as he jumped on the red couch.

The Longbottoms sat to either side of their son. “This place is amazing,” said Alice.

“You said this was the Chamber of Secrets?” asked Frank.

“Yep,” said Harry, “and only a Parselmouth can access the Chamber.”

“Why would you...” began Alice.

“Neville is our friend,” stated Kira, “Which, as I’m sure you know, is why my father helped return your minds from beyond the abyss.”

Both elder Longbottoms started as Neville looked at her incredulously, “How can you say that? They said...”

Frank placed a hand on Neville’s shoulder, “Ms. Riddle is correct, son. We... lied while in Dumbledore’s presence.”

He looked at his father, surprised, “Why?”

“Because Tom Riddle cautioned us about revealing who revived us,” replied Alice.

Frank nodded, "Yes, it would seem highly suspicious if Voldemort helped two of the aurors who so openly stood against him, would it not?"

Neville nodded. He looked at Kira and Harry. "Thank you and please thank your father."

Harry nodded as Kira said, "We will."

Blaise then suggested, "Why don't we head out so Neville and his parents can talk in private? I mean he knows how to use the Gryffindor or Slytherin passage to leave without needing to use Parseltounge."

"That's an excellent idea," said Harry.

The three Longbottoms said, "Thank you," as the five students stood to leave.

"Even though Vorla is in stasis I would recommend not going into the catacombs," said Kira. Neville nodded. Hermione, Harry, Draco, Blaise and Kira then left through the Slytherin passage.

Neville arrived very late to dinner that night. He was content and thanked the heirs again. His happiness was enough for them to be satisfied. That night the six friends went to sleep with joy in their hearts and knew they hadn't lost dear friendships.

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

BREKBBREKBBREK

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

The whistling pouf of a man left Dumbledore's office. He was very happy at this moment. He was going to start a Dueling club and gain even more fame, for he will be teaching the great Harry Potter to duel as well as simple defense. Even with all the small set-backs since the beginning of the year, he knew he would get a phenomenal best

seller if he stayed with it. So wrapped up in his thoughts of self gratification and glory he didn't notice the disillusioned form which slipped past him before the gargoyle moved back to its spot.

Albus sighed. He was glad to be rid of Lockhart and hoped that the fool of a man helped with the Kira problem. Albus was still furious, every turn she thwarted his plans, almost as if she knew what he had planned. He looked up sharply as the door opened. It took him a moment to notice his visitor and a cruel smile graced his lips.

"Please come in and sit down," he invited the disillusioned student.

The student sat down and muttered, "Finite incantatem." The charm ended and Albus' blue eyes met dark brown. A moment passed and the student sat back, "Tell me *headmaster* why you are *helping* me again?"

Albus smiled, "My dear boy, as you know I want this school cleansed just as much as you."

The student laughed, harsh and cruel. Brown eyes flashed red as the child said, "*Headmaster* I know you better than that. You *like* having the little mudbloods worshiping the ground you walk on, so don't lie to me. You are also keeping secrets from me; I know you are. My *pet* is not responding and I *know* you know why."

Albus sighed, "There is a girl in Slytherin house; she is Myrtle's niece and carries the name Riddle. She is the reason your pet is not responding."

The student growled slightly, "No one crosses me and lives. I will find a way to get my serpent to respond and then I will have my revenge on this *Riddle* girl." A few muttered charms later and the student was gone. Albus smiled, things were looking up.

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

### **Review Responses**

**LooneyLoopeyLupin** Comparatively speaking they are both manipulative, ruthless, and merciless; however by being a True Dark Lord Voldemort has checks on him that Dumbles doesn't. Your questions will *probably (more than likely)* be answered next chapter.

**Drake Pendragon** Thank you (takes deep bow) you are too kind. Yes I know Blaise is male, but I'm staying with a female in my story. Year three will have more of Baphomet (remember Quirrell's master?) and someone will escape from Azkaban (just not Sirius). As to year four, well that will reveal itself as it happens (because obviously Voldemort is alive and well already) Ginny may become friends with the dark family, but as of yet I have no plans for her to be *on the dark side* just as neither Neville or Hermione are on the dark side.

**japanese-jew** I hope this wasn't too long to wait.

**ailisa d. frieson** There will definitely be more ;)

**Sweet-single** If I keep what I have written by hand, the reader will know A LOT of truth with the next chapter... no dumbles wont die yet, but torture should be next chapter

**Tiffany Kleinhans** As you can see they will definitely continue to use their clubhouse. Vorla may/will wake. Almost all your questions will be partly answered next chapter for lots more info. I've deliberately made the dark family members 'foggy' because I didn't want to reveal all the twists in the plot. I love a long review, it means you actually like the story enough to inquire about it, thank you.

**Creator's Lost Island** Thank you

**Korrd** Sorry about the squickness, but as I've said that is one of my fav pairings, and I don't think I'm up to changing that part of the plot

when I get there. Thank you for reading and other than the HP/DM pairing the only other M/M pairing is Sirius and his lover(which will NOT be focused on) so hopefully it won't be too bad.

**Metis** Because Gryffindors are nosy, self-righteous, fools with more bravery than brains and in spite of caring for Harry and Kira they still have trouble seeing the world in shades of gray. Thank you for all the reviews... let me see if there are questions to answer... nope just really cool comments, thank you.

**unseen Watcher** The Weasley twins already suspect that there is more to Harry and Kira, but for now they still don't know if the heirs are approachable by such staunch light supporters as their family (after all Ron and Percy don't exactly engender good feeling in the heirs). Are you talking about apologizing for the werewolf incident in fifth year? ... Harry probably won't extend an apology, after all Sirius was the guilty party, not James.

**Night-Owl123** I'm trying to update as soon as possible. Thank you

**Wawert** Thank you very much, I hope I don't disappoint.

**Rasgara** Thank you and I'm going to do my best

**PruePotter** Actually if you look back over first year the heirs were VERY careful not to reveal Harry's Parseltounge ability. That is a rather large secret to keep from friends so Hermione and Neville felt betrayed.

**Ciara** Voldemort knows, but for now can't recall anything useful. Voldie still plans to humiliate and undermine everything Dumbledore has built over the years before he destroys the man, but I'm sure, some punishment is in order. Even if it is what it is from book 6, there are things which can be done to prevent its destruction from hurting Voldemort. (remember there has been mention of soul magic)

**NettieT** Thank you very much. I hope you continue to enjoy my humble story.

**godfather** She killed him a bit late, but then again in canon he is not as selfish as in this fic. He'll either die fourth or fifth year(I haven't completely decided, but I'm leaning for fifth)

**shannyauburn** Thank you and I'm going as fast as RL (and the crumbling block) will let me.

**Her Stubborn Lioness** Thank you, yes Dumbles needs to be punished. You're welcome and thank you for asking questions (not in this fic, but in my Inuyasha fic a question helped me write an entire chapter once) I love the fact that there are readers who enjoy the fic enough to ask questions.

## Chapter 8: What the?

Hogwarts is said to have ears everywhere, so it was no real surprise when a few days later rumors began to spread that Kira and Harry were Parselmouths. The Slytherins already *knew* Kira was a Parselmouth; Harry confirmed to his fellow serpents that he was as well. There was no confirmation either way for the rest of the school. Most of the first years and muggle-born students avoided both Harry and Kira, but Colin Creevey didn't let the rumor daunt him any. He continued to happily snap Harry's picture every chance he got. Harry ignored the hero-worship but remained friendly to the young Gryffindor.

The second week in November saw the announcement of Lockhart's dueling club. It was to be held on the Saturday one week before the Gryffindor Slytherin Quidditch match. The six second year friends debated about going and finally decided to go after hearing Snape was *assisting* Lockhart. Almost the entire school showed up in the Great Hall at three o'clock that afternoon. The tables were gone and in their place was a raised dueling platform which stretched across the width of the room. Students gathered around on all sides, most trying to get a good vantage point.

Lockhart strode to the center of the platform and cast *Sonorous* on himself. "Can everyone see me? Can everyone hear me? Good." He smiled his dazzling, blinding white smile, "Welcome to Hogwarts dueling club. Today I invited all years, but from here on out it will not be opened to first year students for safety reasons. Now I would like everyone to welcome Professor Snape for kindly agreeing to help me with today's demonstrations." He paused and turned so that he was waving toward Snape before clapping. Only the Slytherins and a few choice others clapped.

For his part, Severus sneered at Lockhart. If thoughts or looks could kill, Lockhart would have been a smoldering pile of ash while Dumbledore would have been bleeding on the ground. The heirs could feel his almost murderous annoyance and snickered at what they hoped would come. Lockhart in pain would be quite nice.



“Now then, Professor Snape and I will begin by showing you proper dueling etiquette and then we shall duel.” He turned from the upraised faces and looked at Snape. “First we bow to one another.” Lockhart bowed, lowering his eyes as he did so. Snape scowled, and barely lowered his head, enough to serve as a bow, but no where near removing his eyes from his opponent. “Then we begin.”

Lockhart raised his wand, but before another syllable left his lips. Severus snarled, “Expelliarmus.” The spell hit Lockhart with force and knocked him through the air, while his wand flew to Severus’ hand. Lockhart groaned as every serpent in the room laughed and many a Ravenclaw held in a snicker. He slowly rose to his feet.

“Excellent use of the disarming charm, I was about to use it...”

“Professor Lockhart,” interrupted Snape silkily, “Why don’t we move this on to the practical applications of a duel?”

“Wonderful suggestion, Mr. Potter come up here, I’ll guide you through a mock duel.”

Snape barely restrained rolling his eyes at the audacity of Lockhart. An idea formed and he said, “And I will guide Ms. Riddle,” with a smirk, knowing that both heirs would put on quite a show. He handed Lockhart his wand back when the pouf silently asked for it.

Both heirs did in fact roll their eyes. Harry was annoyed by Lockhart, but thought Snape was trying to make the best of it. *Sister, I believe we should give a good show, don’t you?*

*What are the rules?*

*Nothing dark or too advanced and you aim mostly for Lockhart.*

*This should be fun.*

Harry and Kira both got on the dueling platform. Kira gave Snape a small smirk and nod before approaching the center of the platform. Lockhart muttered utterly useless things at Harry as he walked toward his sister. They stopped about four feet from one another. “Now bow to one another and then turn around. I will count to seven

and then you will turn back around and use the disarming spell on one another.”

The heirs smirked and bowed slightly, eyes locked. They turned and walked as Lockhart counted. As the pouf was saying seven they turned, simultaneously.

“Diffindo,” cried Harry as he crouched while casting the spell at Kira.

Kira dodged down as she turned and called, “Rictusempra,” aiming her wand toward Lockhart, just over Harry’s shoulder.

Snape had cast a shield charm as soon as Kira smirked at him. The Diffindo was absorbed without any trouble. Lockhart was caught with the beam of light and began to laugh.

Harry followed his Diffindo with, “Locomotor Mortis.”

Kira simply cast a grounding shield, “Tara-Protego,” before sending, “Tarantallegra,” straight at her brother, while winking. Locomotor Mortis hit her shield and the light seemed to flow into the ground.

Harry dove flat to the platform and called, “Incarceous,” causing ropes to fly toward his sister while the spell she sent hit Lockhart. The man was now laughing hysterically and twitching, almost dancing, wildly behind Harry.

Kira dodged right, catching the ropes in her left hand while calling out, “Impedimenta.”

Harry rolled to his left and raised his wand, allowing Kira’s curse to slide past him. Lockhart’s movements slowed, almost as if watching someone in slow motion. Suddenly the rope in Kira’s hand came to life as a green vine, slowing gripping at her. Without hesitation she raised her wand and called, “Lumos Solem,” momentarily blinding everyone.

Harry was expecting it and called out, “Stupefy,” before closing his eyes against the bright sunlight spell.

The light faded and everyone watched as Harry walked across the platform to his fallen sister and said, "Enervate."

The moment Kira had fallen unconscious, the spells on Lockhart stopped. Kira blinked and accepted Harry's hand up. Lockhart looked horribly disheveled. Before he could say anything for damage control, Snape said, "That is a duel. Two people locked in battle, throwing spells meant to immobilize and stop their opponent. Ten points to each of you for a fantastic demonstration."

"Yes that is wonderful. Now why don't you..."

"Serpensora," a voice cried out from somewhere in the crowd. No one knew who said it; the voice wasn't overly deep or high and seemed to come from every direction. A large snake appeared on the platform.

Lockhart brandished his wand, "Not to worry I have everything under control." He waved his wand and the serpent went flying into the air, landing down the platform, near a group of Hufflepuff students.

"Accio snake," said Kira, she was enraged at Lockhart for endangering the students while wondering who had conjured the serpent.

The snake flew unerringly at the heirs and Harry moved blindingly fast to grab the serpent out of the air. He had it in a strong grip, behind the open crest while his other hand stilled its tail. "He's quite a lovely cobra, don't you think sister?" asked Harry in calm, clear English.

"Yes, he has lovely markings, and rather deadly ones at that," replied Kira, studying the snake and realizing it was an Egyptian cobra.

"Allow me to banish the snake," said Severus, hiding his surprise at the heirs' quick thinking and actions.

"It won't hurt him, will it?" asked Harry, he had a soft spot for snakes and even if this one wasn't 'alive' he still didn't want it to suffer.

"Mr. Potter, the spell will not hurt the snake," replied Severus. While Severus knew Potter was a Parselmouth he hadn't realized the boy

liked and knew how to handle snakes. Harry nodded and held out the serpent. Severus waved his wand and the snake vanished from Harry's hands.

Severus then turned toward the audience, "When I discover the person who conjured that snake, I will see that person expelled. That was a highly venomous cobra and anyone bit by it would have died *most* painfully. Now this club is adjourned, get out of my sight." The non-Slytherins began to flee the room as Severus turned on Lockhart, "And YOU! Your incompetence nearly caused more deaths than that *prank*. You should have left that serpent to me, you useless, insignificant, worthless pathetic excuse for a *wizard*." Severus then turned on his heel and strode from the room, robes billowing behind him.

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

BREAKBREAKBREAK

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

A week after the fiasco of a dueling club most of the school made their way to the quidditch stands. Aside from the students and teachers, there were also quite a few parents and other family spectators. The Malfoy, Lestrangle, Pettigrew, and Zabini families were there as was Sirius Black. Sirius sat beside Peter and was in the row behind the Malfoy and Lestrangle families. Severus Snape sneered at Sirius Black while accepting a seat beside Lucius. Narcissa, Bellatrix, and Rodolphus all greeted their former housemate pleasantly while Erica and Brendan gave him a cordial hello, after all both had been Ravenclaws.

In the locker-room Kira used Parsel-magic to join Blaise's, Draco's and her mind in a telepathic link. As a side effect Braise and Draco noticed they could 'feel' Harry's mind but they could not 'hear' his thoughts as they could 'hear' Kira's and one another's. The Slytherin team took to the air, as did the Gryffindor team, for the pre-game lap. The quartet waved to their family in the teacher and guest box as they passed.

Madam Hooch released the snitch and Bludgers. Harry Potter and Mitch Harris watched the little golden ball as it fluttered away into the sky and vanished from sight. Hooch blew her whistle as she tossed the Quaffle in to the air. As it began its descent, Draco darted up and forward. He sped off toward the Gryffindor goal posts almost before anyone realized he had the Quaffle. Blaise and Kira zoomed around the Gryffindors and as Kira paused in a perfect shooting position Draco tossed the Quaffle. Even though the pass looked wide one of the Weasley twins sent a Bludger at Kira. Blaise zipped up from underneath Katie Bell's position as Kira dodged the Bludger. Blaise's hands barely touched the Quaffle as she sent it through the rightmost hoop. Oliver Wood blinked in surprise as the Quaffle came from the spot below him, whizzed past him, and he realized that the pass hadn't been meant for Riddle but for Zabini all along. How had those three coordinated that? Lee Jordan's voice called out, "Slytherin scores, 10-0."

The Slytherin chasers continued to use misdirection, feints, and interesting bluffs within their positioning and plays. They seemed to have eyes in the back of their heads as they dodged every Bludger sent their way by the Weasley twins. And every time a pass looked short, long or just way off one of them caught it before it was intercepted. By the end of thirty minutes the score was 80-10 in favor of the Slytherins. Suddenly Harry dove, Mitch hot on his tail. Lee announced the snitch had been seen and was encouraging Mitch to catch it before the slimy snake did, causing McGonagall to scold him. As Harry and Mitch raced after the elusively fast golden ball Draco used the moment of distraction to steal the Quaffle and head toward Wood.

All four beaters were sending Bludgers at the two seekers so Oliver had no defense against the serpents heading his way. His chasers realized what was happening, but not until the three were within shooting range of the goal hoops. Draco passed to Kira and Kira passed to Blaise as the three arrived within shooting distance. Blaise passed back to Draco as she maneuvered herself to the left and slightly behind the goal posts, forcing Oliver to lose a split second of concentration following the Quaffle. Draco passed back to Blaise as she moved into a low shooting position. Anyone who had ever played muggle volley ball would recognize the next move; Blaise sent the

Quaffle straight up, barely touching it. Kira seemed to materialize above Blaise as she used a palm strike to send it through the highest hoop; it was almost the reverse of a spike in volley ball.

“Slytherin scores while the snitch vanishes,” announced Lee Jordan, sounding disappointed.

Four minutes later an exclamation of surprise reverberated through Kira’s mind loudly enough for Blaise and Draco to ‘hear’ it. *What the fuck is with this blasted Bludger?*

*Blaise, Draco keep going* thought Kira as she pulled up to focus on the Bludger following Harry. Harry dodged and Kira invoked magic sight. *The Bludgers been tampered...* Her mental message was cut off.

*KIRA!* The force of Blaise’s mind-voice while she screamed, “Behind you!” was barely enough warning.

Kira went into near freefall as the Bludger passed through the space her head had been only milliseconds before. As she took control of the dive and looked toward the Bludger she saw its magic was just as tainted as the one following Harry. She opened her mouth as did Harry, both preparing to call out and found their voices silenced. The Bludger hit Harry’s left shoulder as he paused in shock, there was no sound as Harry felt his shoulder wrenched horribly. Kira felt the lower half of her right leg shatter as the Bludger smashed her shin, silently, while she too was stunned.

Both gained their senses with the pain; pain was an excellent teacher as their old sensei had always said. Kira called mentally toward Blaise and Draco *The Bludgers are tampered with. Get Flint to call a time out.* In spite of the pain Harry dodged the Bludger as it reversed course after dislocating and possibly breaking his shoulder. Kira miscalculated as her Bludger managed to hit the back of her broom, causing her to spin out of control.

Flint was no fool when it came to the behavior of quidditch equipment so that even as Blaise and Draco called, “The Bludgers have been tampered with!” Flint was calling for a time out. Madam Hooch blew her whistle.

One of the Weasley twins called to the Slytherin beaters, "Help Riddle; we'll help Potter!" The Slytherin beaters moved to help Kira as she began to regain control of her broom. The Weasley twins successfully kept the Bludger from hitting Harry while he slowly descended even though it never went more than ten feet before reversing course and heading for Harry again. Kira's guards were doing just as well when suddenly both heirs' brooms jerked violently and stopped moving.

*We're blind!* cried Kira mentally to Blaise and Draco.

A Weasley twin called out, "Potter get moving."

"What's wrong?" called the other twin. Harry shook his head, still unable to speak.

*Kira can you guys use our eyes?* asked Draco mentally.

*The spell won't allow for that much inner contact.*

*I've got an idea* thought Blaise as she flew toward the stand with their families. "Mother, Father, I need to borrow one of your wands!" she called as she sped across the pitch.

Draco figured out what she was doing and also headed toward the stand. He realized that while the heirs couldn't do any magic to help themselves, since their wand-less magics either required Parseltounge or was not destructive yet, that didn't mean Blaise and Draco couldn't do magic to help them. "Father, I need to borrow your wand!"

Erica Zabini and Lucius Malfoy held their wands out over the side of the stand as their children raced toward them. Said children grabbed the wands without pausing before racing back toward the heirs. Draco headed toward Harry and the twins, who were still keeping the relentless Bludger at bay. Blaise headed toward Kira where the Slytherin beaters were still working to keep her safe.

Blaise brandished her mother's wand while calling out, "Aim the Bludger toward me!" The beater nearest the Bludger hit it and it shot toward Blaise. About seven feet from her it stopped and as it was

about to reverse direction she called out, "Reducto!" sending a jet of dark red light at the black ball. The Bludger exploded.

Nearing Harry, Draco called out to the twins, "Send the Bludger my way!" The twin nearest the Bludger hit it in a beeline toward the blond. "Tempus Kinesis Mortis!" called Draco, sending a blue-white light toward the Bludger and it stopped. Draco smirked, knowing the heirs would be able to track the curse back to the caster now that he had the Bludger captured and not destroyed. His smirk vanished three seconds later as the Bludger shook and slowly began to move back toward Harry. "Reducto!" called out Draco, destroying the Bludger before it had moved more than a foot toward Harry. He then flew through the debris to Harry's side and said, "Harry, I'm going to guide you down."

Harry shook his head, "No need; the silence and the blindness vanished the moment the Bludger was destroyed."

"Silence?" asked one twin.

"Blindness?" asked the other.

"Yes, whatever curse was on those Bludgers also caused Kira and I to be unable to talk or see," said Harry as he headed toward the ground.

Kira, Blaise and the Slytherin beaters also headed to the ground. Minerva McGonagall ordered the students to remain in their seats as Albus Dumbledore and Severus Snape made their way onto the quidditch pitch in order to see to Harry and Kira. Severus ignored Lockhart as the pouf chose to follow him from the stands. Lucius, Erica and Sirius also walked down to the ground. Lucius and Erica had to retrieve their wands and Sirius had to be sure Harry was okay.

The Headmaster, Madam Hooch, Professor Snape, Lockhart, Lucius, Erica, and Sirius walked briskly across the grass to where both teams had landed, although Kira remained hovering on her broom. "What happened up there?" demanded Dumbledore, "And what gave you the right to destroy school property?"



Hooch looked startled while Sirius yelled, "That Bludger tried to kill Harry!"

While at the same time Severus snarled, "Those Bludgers tried to kill Ms. Riddle and Mr. Potter. Mr. Malfoy and Ms. Zabini were only trying to protect their friends!"

"It's impossible to tamper with..."

"No it's not *Headmaster*," interrupted Harry with a growl, "Anything can be tampered with if the magic used is cha... dark enough. Those Bludgers had a complex honing charm combined with narrow target proximity activated blindness and silence hexes. Someone tried to *KILL* us!"

Draco and Blaise had unobtrusively returned Lucius and Erica's wands to them. Sirius just blinked at Harry's explanation of the complex curse on the Bludgers while Severus scowled. "We agree with Potter," said Fred Weasley.

"Those Bludgers were not acting normal," added George.

"They were definitely cursed," concluded Fred.

"Perhaps they were cursed," conceded Albus, seeing defeat. "But seeing as both have been destroyed we have no way of proving they were or were not cursed nor who did it."

Lucius silkily asked, "Do you mean to tell me that you will let this go uninvestigated and unpunished? I shall have to inform the other governors that you are allowing students to face such dangers. I wonder what the Prophet will say tomorrow."

"I can see it now," added Snape, "Boy-Who-Lived Almost Killed by Cursed Bludger, Headmaster Does Nothing."

Albus said, "I did not say I would not investigate the claims of tampering with the Bludgers. What I was saying is that it will be very difficult to track down the culprit."

“How are we going to continue the game?” asked Oliver Wood, seemingly out of no where. This caused everyone to turn and look at him, some in shock others in awe and three in some anger. “What?” he asked almost innocently, “The snitch hasn’t been caught and we are short two Bludgers.”

Madam Hooch rubbed her temples, “If both teams wish to continue the game and not postpone it, you can use the practice Bludgers from one of the house team stores.”

“You can’t use the Slytherin ones,” said Draco.

“Why not?” asked Dumbledore suspiciously.

“Because they weigh twice as much as regulation,” replied Severus, knowing this because he had ordered them on behalf of the team almost a decade ago.

Oliver Wood became somewhat red-faced as he said, “You also can’t use the Gryffindor ones because ours weigh one and a half times regulation.”

“Actually,” said Flint, “If both teams are used to using heavier Bludgers, we should be able to use the Gryffindor practice Bludgers without any trouble.” The Slytherin team subtly nodded their agreement to him.

Wood looked at his teammates. The twins smiled while the chasers nodded; the seeker shrugged. Oliver said, “That works for the Gryffindor team.”

“Alright we’ll resume play,” said Madam Hooch, “as soon as I retrieve the Gryffindor practice Bludgers. Mr. Flint, Mr. Wood please come with me.”

As the three walked off, Harry looked at Erica, “Aunt Erica, could you please heal my shoulder and Kira’s leg?”

“Of c...”

"It would be my pleasure," said Lockhart as he stepped forward brandishing his wand.

Both heirs hissed parsel-shield spells and drew away while Lucius growled, "Take..." but was unable to finish his threat as Sirius lunged forward and decked Lockhart, knocking the pouf out cold.

Sirius shook his hand out and looked at the unconscious blond. "That felt good."

"Sirius," began Albus warningly.

"That man is not a trained medi-wizard," interrupted Erica, "he had no right to interfere with Harry's request of me. While I don't agree with the physical violence Mr. Black employed I cannot fault him." She then stepped past a stunned headmaster, stepped over the unconscious Lockhart and smiled at Harry. "Are you ready for me to check your injury and heal it?"

"Please proceed," said Harry. He had hissed the counter to his shield as Erica had addressed Albus.

Erica cast a diagnostic spell, nodded to herself at the results and then cast two spells in rapid succession. She cast another diagnostic spell and then said, "There you are, good as new."

Harry revolved his shoulder and stretched his arm. He had full range of motion without pain. He smiled, "Thank you Aunt Erica, it feels wonderful."

"You're welcome," she then turned toward Kira. "Now let's look at your leg." Kira gave her a reassuring smile, letting Erica know she had also dropped her parsel-shield. Erica kneeled down so that she was level with the limply hanging limb. She cast a diagnostic spell and hissed, "Good God!"

"What's wrong, Mrs. Zabini," asked Albus sounding falsely sincere.

She ignored him and said, "Kira, your tibia is shattered; it's literally in forty-three pieces of bone. You are bleeding internally where a couple shards severed your anterior tibial artery. The only reason you are

not unconscious is your magic. I can stop the bleeding and reconstruct the bone, but you will need proper medical care to fully heal the artery and strengthen the bone as soon as possible.”

Kira nodded, “If you can heal me enough to finish the game I will go to the hospital wing as soon as the game is over.”

“Good,” said Erica. She then cast four different spells, casting the diagnostic spell between each one. Erica cast the diagnostic spell one last time and said, “That should hold you until the end of the game.”

“Thank you Aunt Erica,” said Kira.

While Erica had worked on Kira, Madam Hooch had returned with Wood and Flint. The two boys were carrying a Bludger case. Madam Hooch said, “If everyone is ready to return to play, let’s begin. Headmaster, please remove Lockhart from the field. Mr. Black, Mr. Malfoy, Mrs. Zabini and Professor Snape please return to your seats.” They nodded as the teams mounted their brooms again. Albus cast a levitation charm on the unconscious Lockhart while the other four walked back to the stands.

Madam Hooch cast Sonorous on herself, “May I have everyone’s attention. The Bludgers were tampered with. After Mr. Malfoy and Miss Zabini dealt with them the two teams agreed to use the Gryffindor practice Bludgers, which meet regulation weight. The game will continue on my whistle. Starting positions, please.” She cast quietus and as soon as the teams were in position she released the Bludgers. She tossed the Quaffle up as she blew her whistle.

Both teams took off, Spinnet had possession first. The Weasley twins watched the Dark Heirs closely as play continued. It didn’t take long for them to sense it. *They’re magical twins*, shared Fred to George.

*Amazing*, thought George as he sent a Bludger at Draco, who was in possession of the Quaffle.

After fifteen minutes of play the end was rather anticlimactic. Harry stopped his random circling of the pitch and held the fluttering golden snitch so that everyone could see it. Lee Jordan’s voice rang out,

“What the... Potter has the snitch. The game ends 260-60, Slytherin win.”

The teams landed. The Weasley twins nodded to Harry and Kira before retreating to the Gryffindor locker room with the rest of their team. *What was that about?* wondered Harry toward Kira.

*I don't know, but I really think its time to go to the hospital wing.*

Draco and Blaise knew the thought was directed toward Harry. Draco thought to Kira *Could you release the link first?*

*Of course, walk me to the Hospital wing and I'll un-link us as we walk.*

*Works for me* thought Blaise.

The three serpents split off from the team and Slytherin fans. Harry quickly joined them by telling the rest of the Slytherins that he and Kira had an appointment with Madam Pomfrey. Kira hissed quietly as they walked, un-linking the three chasers. Pomfrey let Harry leave after checking him over, but kept Kira overnight.

Harry, Blaise, and Draco did not return immediately to the common room to join the party. They met with the Dark family members. Harry made sure Lucius would be able to describe the exact energy pattern of the cursed Bludgers. The dark family hugged the three serpents and told them to give Kira their love.

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

BREKBBREKBBREK

12345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789

Speculation ran rampant through the school. Everyone had a theory about what had happened with the Bludgers. In the midst of rumors of attempted murder the rumors of Potter and Riddle being Parselmouths was pushed to the back of people's minds. Of course the Weasley twins didn't forget their revelation and had kept a closer

eye on the heirs, witnessing even more signs that the two were in truth magical twins.

Fred and George found themselves pouring over the Marauder's Map the next Saturday. They were trying to locate Potter and Riddle and were unable to do so. After about an hour Fred said, "Where are they?"

"Maybe they snuck out of the castle," suggested George.

"Doubtful, I mean breakfast is just starting."

"Speaking of breakfast, let's go eat."

Fred nodded, "Mischief managed."

The twins arrived at the Great Hall. As they sat down they noticed the quartet and lions in their normal place at the serpent table. George looked at his brother and both decided to go back out. They ducked around a corner and into a secret passage. Fred quickly took out the map and said, "I solemnly swear I am up to no good."

They began searching the Great Hall and made sure they were reading the Slytherin table. They searched each and every name at the serpent table and were unable to find Riddle or Potter. "Impossible," whispered George, "Neither Potter nor Riddle are on the map."

"Actually Granger, Longbottom, Malfoy, and Zabini are missing as well," said Fred.

"Let's head back in and make sure they haven't left."

Fred nodded and mirroring a less than an hour before said, "Mischief managed."

They returned to the Great Hall. The serpentine quartet was still seated and enjoying their breakfast. Fred and George exchanged glances; they had to find out why those six students weren't on the map. They ate quickly, intending to follow the six second year students.

The six friends rose after another half an hour. Since there was no Quidditch practice until next term they had decided to hang out all day in their clubhouse. The red headed twins followed the six second year students from the Great Hall. They almost lost the six youths as said youths used numerous secret passages.

The six friends ducked into an abandoned classroom on the third floor. The twins paused outside the door; they couldn't hear anything from within the room. They exchanged a look and then entered. The room was empty.

"Where did they go?"

"I don't know. I know there is no other way in or out of this room."

Fred leaned against the door, effectively closing it, "Gred, let's look at this logically."

"No," gasped George theatrically, "blasphemy."

Fred raised an eyebrow, "Somehow they are not on the map," he said while holding up a finger.

George sighed, "They know as many secret passageways as we do."

Fred held up a second finger in acknowledgement of his statement. "They entered an empty, abandoned classroom and vanished," he added a third finger, "What can we conclude from this?"

As George tried to think of an answer a sibilant hissing was heard while Harry Potter said, "We obviously have more secrets than you know."

Fred and George gaped as the six students became visible. Kira stopped hissing and smirked, while Draco drawled, "I think they are trying to catch flies."

The Weasley twins snapped their mouths shut. "Why are you following us," demanded Hermione.

Fred looked at George. Forge said, "We want to talk to Potter and Riddle."

"About something we noticed," continued Gred.

"And of course about the mystery."

"We noticed today."

"Why should we help you figure out a mystery?" asked Harry.

"After all you are related to Weasel and Puffy Percy," continued Kira.

"And it's highly unlikely that we could ever get along with or trust a relation of theirs," finished Harry.

Draco and Blaise suppressed smirks. Hermione and Neville looked surprised. They hadn't witnessed the heirs practicing as Blaise and Draco had. The Weasley twins' eyes got wide as their speaking pattern was mirrored by the heirs.

Fred exclaimed, "We knew it!"

"You're twins," added George.

"But how," commented Fred.

"Is that," wondered George.

"Possible?" they questioned together.

"I see," began Harry.

"No reason," continued Kira.

"To tell you," finished Harry.

"But..." both Weasleys began and then paused.

The heirs waited for the twins to continue. Draco yawned, "This is pointless."



“Wait,” said Fred, “What would you ask of us to explain how you are magical twins?”

“And how you survived the summer,” added George pensively.

“Nothing less than a blood oath would get us to confide in you,” said Harry.

“And even then it may not be enough,” continued Kira.

“Because you are both unknown to us.” added Harry.

“And we know where your family’s loyalties lie,” finished Kira.

“What do you mean?” asked George.

“What does our family’s loyalty have to do with it?” asked Fred.

“Your family,” began Harry.

“Is loyal to Dumbledore,” continued Kira.

“The man who separated us this summer,” added Harry.

“Because he ‘feels’ that my father is a bad influence on Harry,” expanded Kira.

“In spite of the fact that he has Magical Sight and knows that Kira and I are magical twins,” finished Harry.

“He condemned you,” breathed George.

“To go insane and suicidal,” whispered Fred.

“Why would he,” began George.

“Do that to you?” finished Fred.

“Okay, enough with the weird twin nonsense,” interrupted Blaise. “If you are going to explain then you need to get the oaths from them. If no then you both need to shut up.”

Kira and Harry looked at her, each raising a single eyebrow. Blaise crossed her arms and turned her face away. Draco smirked, holding in a snicker. Even though he agreed with Blaise, he knew better than to boss the heirs around. Silence spread through the room.

Finally George said, "Um... could we..."

"You know finish," confirmed Fred.

"Our conversation?" asked George.

"Are you willing to give us a blood oath?" asked Harry.

"We are," replied the Weasley twins without hesitation.

"Then lets take this to a private location," said Kira.

"You're taking them to the clubhouse?" asked Neville incredulously.

"No," replied Kira.

"There are other places nearly as well guarded," responded Harry at the same time.

"So the secret dungeon room or the one on the sixth floor," asked Draco with a smirk.

"Dungeon," replied the heirs.

The Weasley twins nodded "Lead the way."

The eight students made their way quickly down to the dungeons. Through the use of secret passages the journey was cut in half. Once in the dungeons the heirs led everyone past the potions class and Snape's office. They turned down a corridor the twins didn't realize existed. Its entrance was one of the snake flanked black arches. The corridor lit up with an eerie red light as they walked down it. The corridor reached a dead end.

"Is this the," began Fred.

"Secret dungeon room?" asked George.

“Not quite,” said Blaise with a small smile.

Harry reached his hand up, touching the bricks at the five foot mark and ran his hand along them. He tensed as he felt the sharp edge bite into his palm. “Open,” he said as soon as blood was drawn but without removing his hand.

The wall glowed a deep crimson before vanishing and being replaced with a blood red haze. Harry lowered his hand and stepped through. Kira, Blaise, Draco, Hermione and Neville followed. Fred and George exchanged a look then followed the second year students. The room was about the size of a common room. There was a fireplace in the far wall and tapestries on the walls. The floor was bare and covered in a thick layer of dust. There were moth eaten couches and plush chairs. The room had clearly been unused in years.

Harry waved his wand over one of the couches. He transfigured it into a new, larger, light green couch. Kira walked over to a chair and hissed quietly. The chair transformed into a silver-blue couch. Kira sat down on the couch she had transfigured while Harry sat on his creation. Blaise and Hermione joined Kira while Neville and Draco joined Harry.

The Weasley twins shook their heads. One of them transfigured another broken down couch into a new red one. As the twins sat they noticed the heirs’ smirks. The two sat opposite the six and it was silent.

Harry nodded slightly, “Okay, before we confide anything to you...”

“We need your Blood Oath,” continued Kira.

“You need to swear,” said Harry.

“On your Honor, magic, and blood,” continued Kira.

“That what you hear in this room,” said Harry.

“Will never be written or spoken of,” defined Kira.

“Nor telepathically discussed,” amended Harry.

“Unless you are alone in this room,” said Kira.

“Or in a warded place with us and have received our permission to do so,” concluded Harry.

The twins nodded. “Do one of you have an athame?” asked one twin.

Kira reached into her robe and withdrew a small blade. From the handle to the tip of its sheath it was a total of four inches. She said softly, “This is an Oath Blade, if you wish to use it you may; otherwise I suggest using Draco’s athame.” The twins noticed that the blond aristocrat had also drawn a sheathed blade from within his robes. His athame’s blade was a good three inches longer than the Oath Blade. The twins understood this was a test. Blood Oaths made with an Oath Blade had the same binding power of an Unbreakable Vow. Oaths made with a normal athame were less powerful but when made with someone’s personal athame created a connection to that person.

“We’ll use the Oath Blade,” said Fred.

Kira nodded, stood up and stepped over to them. She handed the twin on the right, who she thought was George, the sheathed blade. He took the handle and stood up. He carefully unsheathed the blade. Kira returned to her seat.

George set the sheath aside and held the handle in his right hand while laying the sharp edge against his left palm. “I George Francis Weasley swear that I shall never speak of, write or telepathically communicate what I hear in this room unless I am alone in this room with my twin or in a heavily warded place where Kira Riddle or Harry Potter give permission to me. This I swear by my honor, magic and blood.” He pulled the blade across his palm as he spoke the last part. Less than half a second after he spoke the room was bathed in dark purple light which quickly retreated to his hand, leaving a small silvery scar across his left palm.

George handed the blade to Fred. Fred repeated word for word the same oath, replacing his brother’s name with his own, Fredrick Gareth Weasley. The light which sealed his oath was dark maroon. His Oath mark was also a golden rather than silvery scar. Because of

the nature of an Oath blade there was no blood to wipe off the blade. Fred took the sheath off the couch, re-sheathed it and handed it back to Kira.

Hermione tilted her head and asked, "Kira, why do you have an Oath Blade?"

"My father felt it best for me to have one," she replied while putting it back in its hidden pocket within her robe.

"Why would," began Fred.

"Your father," added George.

"Want you," continued Fred.

"To have," persisted George.

"An Oath Blade?" concluded Fred.

Kira smiled. "My father's name is Tom Marvolo Riddle," she said as she wrote it in the air with her wand. "He is better known as Lord Voldemort," she waved her wand, rearranging the letters to read 'I am Lord Voldemort.'

The twins had gasped at the Dark Lord's name and were staring in shock.

Harry continued, "When Voldemort," the twins winced, "attacked my parents and then me, something went wrong. The curse rebounded on him and something passed between him and me." Harry paused.

Kira continued the narrative, "Whatever happened when the curse rebounded opened Harry's magical core. A few days later when he was delivered to my mother and father that opening allowed a bonding."

"Also Kira's magical core was open as well. She had just recovered from a deadly strain of an influenza-like virus. The two open cores somehow linked, making us magical twins," finished Harry.

George's jaw was wide open. Fred's face showed shock and confusion. "You were raised by You-Know-Who?" asked George after snapping his mouth closed.

"Who?" asked Harry.

"You-Know-Who," hissed Fred.

"No I don't, who?" persisted Harry.

Both twins gazed at him, trying to find out if he was joking. The looks of uncertainty sent the six second years students into gales of laughter.

Neville said, "Just say Voldemort," between laughs.

"Don't say his name," said George with wide eyes.

"Why not?" asked Hermione.

Both twins blinked at her. "Because," began Fred.

"Not this again," said Draco.

"Really," huffed Blaise, "What is with you light wizards?"

"Give them a break Blaise. My father worked very hard to instill that name with fear," said Kira.

"You're gonna kill us now, aren't ya?" asked Fred bleakly.

"What!" asked Harry, stunned.

"Well..." began George apprehensively.

"You just told us You-Know-Who," continued Fred without his usual joy.

"Is Riddle's father."

"And you were raised by him."

“Making the Boy-Who-Lived,” said George.

“And Savior of the Wizarding World,” added Fred bitterly.

“A part of his cause.”

“And since we know this.”

“You can’t chance us leaving here,” concluded George with a fatalistic finality to his voice.

Harry and Kira exchanged a glance while Draco rolled his eyes. Blaise threw up his hands, “Weasleys.” Hermione and Neville just blinked at the two fourth year students.

“You do realize that before we told you anything you swore a Blood Oath using an Oath Blade, don’t you?” asked Harry as he turned to look at them again.

“That was as much for your protection as for our own,” clarified Kira.

“Oh?” said Fred in surprise.

“Why would you protect us?” asked George.

“You protected me from the Bludger,” replied Harry.

George nodded, “So you did it to return the favor of helping you?” asked Fred.

The heirs nodded. The twins thought together for a few moments and then George said, “I thought you two were separated for the summer. How did you survive the bond’s depression?”

“We’re not sure,” said Kira.

“It may have something to do with us being ‘unnaturally’ magical twins,” added Harry.

Silence reigned for another minute then Fred asked, “So, what happens now?”

“What do you mean?” asked Blaise.

“We mean, what exactly happens to us?” asked George.

“Why would anything happen to you?” asked Harry.

“Well...” trailed off Fred.

“Good Grief!” exclaimed Hermione. “Kira is Dark, not Evil! Harry is Dark, but he is not Evil either. They are not going to hurt you.”

“Unless you attack us,” modified Kira. “We will defend ourselves and our friends.”

“Are you and Longbottom Dark?” asked George, skirting the threat from Kira.

Hermione frowned, “No, we’re not,” while Neville shook his head.

“Then why are you...” Fred trailed off.

“We are their friends,” started Neville.

“The light is not the only place friendships can form,” said Draco quietly.

“You’ve given us a lot to think about,” began George.

“So could you show us how to get into this room?” concluded Fred.

“The Marauders Map you have can show you,” said Harry.

“How do you,” began Fred.

“Know about the map?” finished George.

“My godfather is Sirius Black and his nickname was Padfoot,” said Harry, hoping that Hermione and Neville would stay quiet. They did even though Hermione glanced at him quizzically.

“Okay,” said George.



"On that Note," added Fred as the twins stood.

“We’ll be going,” they finished together and headed out of the red mist.

1234567890123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345  
6789

BREAKBREAKBREAK

123456789012345678901234567890123456789012345  
6789

Okay that's 25 pages, um I kinda had to stop if this was coming out before 2007.(heh, ducks flying veggies)

AN:

Francis means free/ George means farmer.

Gareth means gentle/Fred means peaceful ruler.

I thought the middle names should be complimentary to their first names while starting with the first letter of their twin's name.

## Chapter 9: Truths

As the term drew to a close, students were frantic. The approaching winter holiday was reverently desired as was an end to the term exams. The Monday of December fourteenth was the start of exam week. As dinner rolled around that evening most students were grumbling, comparing test answers and worrying about their exam results.

The heirs weren't as stressed out as most of the other students. They had taken their first term exams in charms the day before Halloween. Harry had taken his transfiguration exam on November sixth while Kira had taken her potions exam on October fifteenth. This gave them more time to study for their other exams. Hermione, Blaise, and Draco were less stressed than Neville, but all four were more calm and confident than the rest of their year mates.

On this stressful Monday no one noticed the absence of a couple Gryffindors, until one of them entered the Hall and just stood in the doorway. Slowly voices quieted as eyes strayed toward the youngest Weasley male. Ron Weasley's face was pale and pasty. Albus Dumbledore broke the silence by saying, "Mr. Weasley, is something amiss?"

Ron looked up at the head table. "There's been another attack," he said in a fearful hush.

The hall erupted in chaos. The heirs looked at one another. *That's not possible* thought Kira to Harry.

*Unless someone released Vorla* replied Harry.

*Let's use the mirror and contact father immediately*

*Yes, the sooner we get him here to track down the truth the better.*

Dumbledore shot sparks into the air with his wand. "Prefects, lead your housemates to their common rooms. Teachers, you're with me. Mr. Weasley, can you lead us to the victim?" Ron nodded.

The Slytherins watched the heirs as the two walked silently amongst them. Their fellow serpents watched as the dark heiress retrieved something from her trunk and then sat in the corner with Harry. The rest of the serpent house wondered at the heir's actions, but did not interfere. Blaise, Draco, and Miriam sat near the heirs, almost as guards.

After about twenty minutes the heirs left their corner. Kira returned the object to her trunk and rejoined Harry, Blaise, Draco and Miriam. One of the sixth year students approached them. Levan Owains asked, "Do you know what is going on?" as he stopped near the heirs.

Harry and Kira mentally agreed to bring Salazar's house into the situation. Harry stood, "I need everyone's attention," he said. All eyes turned to him and voices stopped. "As you know Dumbledore accused Kira of attacking Mrs. Norris, this is because of who her father is. Most of you know who her father is and understand why it is plausible for her to be behind the attack. But I guarantee you she is not behind them, nor am I. There is a basilisk within the Chamber of Secrets and she did attack Mrs. Norris. However the teachers placed her in stasis and as of yesterday she was still in stasis. Someone is trying to frame Kira but we don't know how."

"So what should we be looking for?" asked seventh year Gina Withers.

"Anything unusual happening around the second floor girls' bathroom, the one moaning Myrtle haunts," replied Draco.

"Specifically if someone enters and seems to vanish for long periods of time," added Blaise.

"Do not include us, Hermione or Neville," finished Kira.

"Is the entrance in there?" asked Levan.

The heirs and dark family members nodded. "Quick, disperse Snape's around the corner," said the fourth year look out.

The common room was 'normal' five seconds later. Severus Snape entered the common room three seconds after that. He looked

around and noticed the quartet in 'their' corner of the common room. He had argued vehemently with Dumbledore that it couldn't have been the basilisk, but the other house heads had agreed with the old coot. Severus did not want to carry out the order to fetch Kira and Harry, but he had no choice.

"Ms. Riddle, Mr. Potter you need to come with me," he said quietly as he stopped beside the four friends. The heirs nodded and rose. Severus led them from the common room.

Severus began walking in the direction of the haunted bathroom once out of the dungeons. Dumbledore said they would go into the chambers immediately and he was to bring the heirs there. "Professor," began Harry, "Is there a reason we aren't heading toward the Headmaster's office?"

"The Headmaster wishes to enter the chamber immediately," replied Severus, "so that is where we are going."

"That's not good," the heirs murmured.

Severus paused, "Why is that not good?"

"Father will be in the chambers by now," replied Kira.

"Indeed and why is that Ms. Riddle?" asked Severus.

"We contacted father and told him another attack had taken place. He said he'd apparate immediately," responded Harry.

Severus smirked, "Then this shall prove to be an interesting evening." He began walking again.

"Professor, who was attacked?"

Severus thought about not answering the question but decided it would not be harmful for the heirs to know, "The camera happy Gryffindor first year Colin Creevey."

The students were silent after that, at least out loud. *Why would Vorla attack Creevey?* asked Harry. *I mean he has spent quite a bit of time in the Slytherin common room with Miriam's group.*

*Which may be the reason he's petrified and not dead.*

*What do you mean?*

*Salazar placed numerous spells on the Slytherin common room and dorms which places a scent mark, for lack of a better term, on those who spend any length of time there.*

*Scent markers which Vorla recognized as belonging to those who are NOT enemies of Hogwarts.*

*Exactly!*

*It makes sense, but what I don't get is HOW she would have been able to attack anyone.*

*I know, she was in stasis last time we checked.*

*Yesterday!*

*I know, I know. But remember the stasis spell is something we could remove if we truly wanted; who is to say that the person trying to frame me couldn't remove it as well?*

Severus stopped before the bathroom door and held it open for Harry and Kira. The heirs entered the bathroom. Dumbledore, Flitwick, McGonagall, and Sprout were waiting. "It's about time," said Dumbledore, "Now open the stairway."

"Why?" asked Harry.

"Because Ms. Riddle's pet basilisk has attacked a student and must be killed."

"How could Vorla have attacked anyone? Professors Flitwick and Snape placed a stasis spell on her. A spell which no second year student would be able to break," said Kira.

"But you and Mr. Potter are not simply second year students," began Dumbledore.

"Actually, sir, we are only at second semester work in our advanced courses," interrupted Harry.

"Enough," said Minerva sternly, "let us simply go down to the Chamber and confirm if the basilisk is still in stasis or not. If she is still in stasis then clearly something else is responsible; if she is not then we put her to death."

Harry and Kira nodded and hissed together causing all five adults to shudder. The wall opened to reveal the stairway. "Both of you will walk ahead of us and the wall will remain open," said Dumbledore.

"Why?" asked Harry and Kira.

"Because I do not trust you!" replied the old coot.

The heirs smirked causing an uncomfortable chill to run down the old man's spine. "As you wish, Headmaster," replied Kira silkily. She stepped onto the stairs and Harry quickly followed. Severus stepped directly behind Harry while casting a tight non-verbal shield about himself. Dumbledore drew his wand and followed the Slytherins into the blue-lit stairway. Filius, Minerva and Pomona drew their wands as well before following the leader of light into the Chamber.

Kira and Harry hissed to the serpent carvings around the entrance and knew their warning would be relayed to whoever was within the Chamber. The black stone rippled and the heirs stepped through. Severus followed and as he stepped through he momentarily thought he had seen people where now two animals were. Severus looked from the familiar raven to the unfamiliar grim-like black dog to look at Voldemort.

The raven flew to a perch Voldemort conjured with a causal wave of his wand. Only his years as a consummate spy kept Severus' face blank as he felt the shock at recognizing the Dark Lord. Severus was used to the serpentine man with blood-red eyes and fangs. Only the eyes were the same.

The Dark Lord stood causally beside a bookshelf dressed in emerald green robes trimmed with silver serpents. Severus catalogued the changes in the Lord before him with the one who branded him. Voldemort's hair was black and tied at the nape of his neck. His skin was not the mottled scaly gray Severus remembered; rather it held the hint of a fading tan. His faint smirk revealed normal rather than pointed teeth. His eyes which were still a burning red had normal rather than slitted pupils.

Severus bowed quickly and stepped away from the doorway. The heirs moved toward the couches. Severus stayed near them.

Dumbledore, McGonagall, Flitwick and Sprout entered. Before they even noticed him the Dark Lord waved a hand and four wands flew from their hands to land at his feet. Minerva and Pomona gasped as Filius' eyes widened in surprise. Albus' eyes narrowed with anger as he growled, "What are you doing here?"

Tom stepped away from the book shelf. The large black dog trotted as his side as he moved to stand about four feet in front of his enemies' wands. He hissed something in Parseltounge and his smirk widened. "You enter what could be considered my domain by virtue of blood and dare to ask why I am here?"

"Yes, Tom, I do," replied Albus as he stepped further into the room. This movement created a space of about six feet between himself and the teachers.

Tom's smirk vanished as his eyes narrowed in annoyance, "You, Dumbledore, have no right to use my given name. You may only address me as Riddle or Lord Voldemort, not Tom."

"And what will you do if I don't comply?" asked Albus as he began to push with his wand-less magic, trying to summon his wand.

"Father, don't Crucio him until after we speak with Vorla," said Kira.

"I have already spoken with Vorla and Port-keyed her home," replied Tom.

"Why?" asked Harry. Severus was curious to learn his reason as well.

“Because I cannot allow this old fool to kill her,” replied Tom.

“Then she did attack the student,” said Dumbledore.

Tom raised his wand, pointed it at Dumbledore, “I gave you a warning when my daughter first began attending Hogwarts. The warning was simple. Yet you ignore it continuously. I know that you are more intelligent than you have been acting. At one point, you were a worthy opponent, now I suffer you to live because I will not make you a martyr. When I kill you the world will not mourn nor will it view your death as a rallying point. If you do not stop trying to harm my daughter the world will know truths about you that much sooner. Now leave, my patience wears thin.”

“I don’t think so. You took the basilisk from the school and obviously know more about the attacks...”

Albus was unable to finish speaking as Tom cast the Crucio curse on him. The old man fell to the floor as he writhed and screamed in pain. Minerva fell to her knees beside him, “Release him, please,” she begged.

Tom merely raised an eyebrow and as Filius moved forward toward the wands, Tom sent a stupefy at the little man. “Expelliarmus,” cried Severus, surprising everyone as Tom’s wand flew from his hand and the Crucio ended.

No one moved as Severus pointed his wand at the Dark Lord. “As much as the old man gets on my nerves, I cannot allow you to continue harming him, my Lord,” said Severus into the stunned silence.

Tom’s lips twisted, “Well met my ebony serpent.” He waved his hand while hissing. The four wands on the ground behind him flew to Kira and Harry while his wand returned to his hand. “Dumbledore, McGonagall, Flitwick, and Sprout may leave. After they leave Kira and Harry will give you their wands; then you may leave.” Tom looked at Minerva, “You have thirty seconds to take him from my sight before I continue teaching him a lesson in pain.”



Minerva pulled Albus up and Pomona helped her rush him out the entrance. Filius quickly followed. The moment the dwarfish man was gone Severus fell to his knees and bowed his head, "Forgive me, my Lord."

Tom laughed, cold and hard, "You attacked me my little shadow snake," Severus winced at the reminder, "I allowed you to retain your wand and you used it to attack ME!?"

"I'm sorry, my Lord, but under your orders I convinced Dumbledore that I support him. If I had failed..."

"Silence! I know what I ordered you to do! I ordered you to keep my children safe and yet Dumbledore is so close to causing them both irrevocable harm. Take the fools' wands and get out of my sight before I do something you'll regret."

Severus quickly took the wands from Kira and Harry before rushing from the Chamber. Harry hissed softly under his breath, allowing the teachers to leave the stairs before closing the wall behind them. Tom sighed and walked over to the couches. He sat down as the rat, raven and dog transformed while another man removed his invisibility cloak while stepping out from behind the book shelves. The heirs joined their mother, father and 'uncles' on the couches.

Kira broke the silence as her mother gently rubbed Tom's shoulders. "I can't believe Professor Snape attacked you, father."

"Snivelus..."

"Don't call him that," responded Harry, Kira, Lily, and Peter.

"As dog boy here was so rudely trying to say," said the dark haired man, who had hidden behind the shelves, while he ruffled his life-mate's hair, "Snape's loyalty has never been one hundred percent sure."

"Hey," said Sirius as he pushed James away, "I can speak for myself and Snivellus..."

"Sirius!" growled Tom in a warning voice.

Sirius pouted and crossed his arms. James pulled him close and whispered in his ear. Sirius' pout vanished. Peter shook his head and muttered, "No one wants to know so keep it to yourselves." James and Sirius smirked. Lily and Peter shook their heads in fond exasperation.

"I have my eye on Snape," said Tom, "Don't worry about that. What we need to worry about is whomever was controlling Vorla and tried to kill Harry and Kira."

"It makes sense that the same person is behind it, but should we assume that is the case? If we are wrong," Harry left the thought hang.

Lily nodded to her son, "Perhaps it would be best for now to assume two enemies and should it come to light there is only one enemy then we relax."

"Good point," commented Sirius.

"What Vorla told me was similar to what she told you," Tom said nodding to the kids, "However she was able to tell me more. She gave me the impression that the 'young king' who commanded her was the 'angry young king' before he felt regret."

"So... what... your memory prior to Myrtle's murder commanded Vorla?" asked Harry.

"How would that be possible?" asked Kira.

"The only thing that would have that type of power is a Horcrux," said James.

Tom's head which had been lowered in thought shot up in surprise. Lily placed a concerned hand on his shoulder and asked the question with her eyes. "My journal," breathed Tom quietly.

"Your diary?" asked Sirius.

Tom scowled at Sirius, "My journal was something I had from the time I first started Hogwarts. In my second year I looked up spells to have

the pages absorb the writing and return it to the surface later so that I could write more. In third year I began looking for ways to make the journal a magical artifact that would have my memories, but which would be a purely logical sentence.”

“Something you could implicitly trust to bounce ideas off,” murmured Kira.

Tom nodded, “Yes, although I didn’t exactly achieve that until the end of my fourth year. During my search for the entrance the journal was very useful. After I opened the catacombs and commanded Vorla to kill Myrtle the journal changed. Looking back now, I believe I may have created a Horcrux without planning to.”

“How could you have created something so evil without realizing it?” asked Sirius incredulously. James held Sirius in a restraining hold. He knew why his beloved was angry. Sirius had almost been destroyed as a child by the Horcrux of his great-great grandfather. Only his Mother’s extensive knowledge of Dark Magic had allowed her to free her son before his soul was lost forever.

Tom sighed; he too knew where Sirius’ rage was coming from. “I was an emotionally unstable angst filled teen who had his view of the world badly damaged. I was running scared, reacting instead of planning. I couldn’t see beyond keeping Hogwarts open any way I could, which is why I framed Hagrid. I couldn’t handle the internal conflict which was why I withdrew from my associates, including leaving Slughorn’s little group for the rest of the year. My only ‘friend’ was the journal and it only served to confound and confuse me more. At the end of the year it told me ‘You are a weak pathetic fool now. I will restore us to our former self’ and that was when I tried to destroy it. When it seemed that the magics were gone, I tried writing in it and it responded like a normal muggle journal, so I threw it in the trash.”

“So someone must have taken it from the trash and either restored the spells so that the soul fragment could act,” began Harry.

“Or the soul fragment tricked father,” added Kira.

Harry nodded to his sister, “and is now using it to frame Kira.”

"That makes sense," said James.

"But that only gives us the means, not the whom," pointed out Lily.

"We know the whom," responded Kira.

When each adult responded by lifting an eyebrow, Harry finished, "Dumbledore."

"Dumbledore would never use a Horcrux which would put him at risk of being possessed," said Peter.

"He gave it to a student," stated Tom with quiet fury.

"You kids need to find that journal and get it to us as soon as possible," said Lily while making soothing circles with her fingers on Tom's back.

Harry and Kira nodded. "Is there any magical signatures we should look for?" asked Harry.

"Look for classic markings of possession," said Sirius, "Although my mother didn't see them until I was almost completely overcome, the marks were how she knew I'd gotten a hold of her great grandfather's Horcrux."

"Anything else?" asked Harry.

"No," said Lily, "You should probably head up to your dorms."

The heirs rose to their feet and gave hugs and kisses to their family while wishing them a good night.

12345678913245678945612347875436212317678975421676542167974

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

65216249879854213212497456432032496879874432132175143216485

The next day a whisper went through Slytherin house. The whisper was that a student was being possessed by an evil artifact given to said student by Dumbledore. The whisper asked the serpents with the ability to See, to keep an eye out for the one possessed. The serpents knew to inform the heirs, Draco, Blaise or Miriam should they find the possessed one. The whisper was not heard by any but the cunning students; even their head of house failed to hear the whisper.

Even with the entire student body of Slytherin house looking for the Horcrux possessed student, the heirs knew that they may not be able to find or help the victim. They tried to focus on exams in order to reduce the feelings of uselessness. Someone, one of their peers, probably an innocent was being taken over, soul destroyed by an echo of the madman their father had been in his youth. Kira wanted to kill Dumbledore for the evil he had caused. Harry wanted to torture the headmaster, slowly.

Harry couldn't contain his annoyance and hatred for the headmaster. He was becoming furious at the fact that no one in Slytherin had seen anything resembling possession in any of the other students. Friday and the end of term feast was in full swing. Slytherin house was strangely subdued. They knew that the possessed student would go home for the holiday, or possibly be left alone with Dumbledore, and the possession would become stronger.

Dumbledore stood. He began an announcement telling the students to enjoy their holidays. As he spoke he felt himself becoming warm almost as though burning with fever. The teachers and students near him noticed he began to sweat, his skin becoming red. He made a small mewling sound of pain, his eyes looking to the Slytherin table noticing Kira was saying something to Harry. The burning pain became unbearable and he fainted.

When Dumbledore began his nonsense, Harry decided enough was enough. He began hissing quietly. Kira looked at him in surprise as he began to weave the Parsel-magic. **Full of cruelty Medicinal futility Pain of pox Hint of spider-locks Sympathies of pain You now gain.** Kira felt the power and intent fly truly toward Dumbledore. The fact that Harry was sending the painful symptoms of Dragon Pox

and Spider-locks caused her to not know whether to laugh or berate him. She decided to mockingly tell him he shouldn't be such a cruel little boy.

Draco and Blaise looked at the heirs after Kira's mocking admonition. In response to the silent question Kira and Harry nodded slightly at Dumbledore. They and most of Slytherin ignored the concern around them, the assurance from McGonagall, and Pomfrey floating an unconscious Dumbledore from the Great Hall. Kira did however send a mental question to Harry. *When are you planning on releasing him?*

*Never?* Replied Harry which he quickly modified at Kira's glare to *When we get back from break or find the possessed student. Which ever takes longer.* Kira nodded that that would be good. After all their father couldn't destroy Dumbledore and cause him to suffer while he was unconscious.

12345678913245678945612347875436212317678975421676542167974

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

65216249879854213212497456432032496879874432132175143216485

The next morning the quartet, Neville, and Hermione shared a carriage to Hogsmeade station in order to catch the Hogwarts express to London. The conversation in the compartment once on the train didn't touch on what had happened to Dumbledore. The six friends simply talked about holiday plans. Although the quartet was quiet about their plans. Harry simply told them he was being picked up by Black at the train station and had no idea what the plans were from there. This was truth but not all of the truth.

Harry and Kira felt slightly bad for lying to Hermione and Neville about Sirius Black, but so long as Dumbledore was around they couldn't allow un-protected minds to know the truth. They had carefully constructed the myth of how they were magical twins with the help of their mother. The entire family was involved with hiding the truth from the rest of the wizarding world. The truth would one day be told but until that time secrets had to remain unsaid.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890

Review ResponsesReview Responses

1234567890-1234567890-123456790-1234567890-1234567890

-----

**table42** I finally did.

**Aurors** He already knows daddy-kins... as to how and why... its actually in first year

**grey-shadow-horse** I'm glad. I am continuing, but I've had writers block and RL slowing me down.

**black king** I like Hermione, I don't like Ron. Harry hasΛSorry been somewhat playing a role (Kira is not), but now he has taken the gloves off, he is not happy with Dumbles.

**John** It took me long enough, ne?

**SiriusRulz14**

I'm glad you like this. The "bad" light he was spoken about in was misdirection while being somewhat true. I was having problems deciding how I would keep Harry from having all his bones removed and decided that since Lucius wouldn't be able to stop Lockhart's stupidity why not have Sirius clock him. As for Sirius's boyfriend, his name was mentioned in this chapter while he participated in the discussion in the Chamber.

*Where is Remus?* Around, he'll show up definitely next year, if I don't put any summer flashbacks in.

*Is there a reason Mrs. Riddle's first name is Lillian, or did you just like the name?* There is a good reason that's her first name.

*Will the Longbottoms convert over?* There will be many non-Family, non-death eater supporters throughout this story.

*Is the figure that was in Dumbledore's office a recognized character?*  
Most definitely

**Foxychibi** Thank you for the support, I'm sorry its taken so long to update.

**pandas rule the world**

Who ever said she actually had the name Potter?

**Psamiad** Thank you and yes I am writing more. I even have part of the first chapter of year three started.

**Xanadu Princess**

Thank you very much I am glad you are enjoying them. Sorry this update took so long. I'm glad you like my take on Dumbledore. I'm hoping to show how he has allowed selfishness, pride and power to slowly turn him into something evil, rather than simply misguided or foolish. As mentioned earlier there will be many supporters... as for what road Forge and Gred take, I still don't know. I will try to do some summer flashbacks, but who knows. You of course now know that Dumbledore gave 'someone'(cough Ginny cough) the diary. I'm glad you like Kira and as for Dark Family activities, I have some stuff during third year planned, but maybe I can do some flashbacks and the like during this year. Don't worry Harry will stay dark.

**applebottoms** Sorry it has taken me so long to update.

**Blueyesangel1186**

Hopefully some suspense has been alleviated. I'm sorry the update took so long. Hopefully my new lab-top will allow me to write more even though I'm only home about 2 weekends of the month.

**kira yamato**

I will continue to work on this story, but updates are likely to be sporadic.



**Tiffany Kleinhans** Thank you for trying until you got through. As for the reviews, I got a disturbing message about how if my responses were too long FFnet would kick my story off. Also last chapter just got way too long and I had to stop. Sorry.

**Xenia Marvolo**

Sorry an update took so long. Thank you for the great review.

**Grinedel**

Thank you very much. I'm glad you like my story.

**NatashaNiracval**

Thank you very much. I'll try to respond to you comments. Also "Of Magic" is on the back burner but not forgotten. Especially since I have the first chapter of its sequel "Of Choices" already hand written (sweat drops... if I didn't know better I would think I had ADD)

The eye's thing... I'm not entirely sure where I got it from, but I will try to watch it in the future... I think its because of the axiom "eyes are the windows to the soul" that I started doing it.

The first year ending... the heirs are Slytherins, not Gryffindors, they only do what they know they can handle... if Quirrel and whomever he was working with had shown up they would have been out matched

I stopped focusing so much on Kira because my first few chapters of year one kept getting questions of Mary-Sueism and being told to not have her overshadow Harry even though I was onlt trying to establish her and show her importance in Harry's life.

The 'bad guy' has been quietly working this year while Dumbledore does his thing. As too what the opposition to Voldemort is doing... well Albus is trying to get rid of Kira so he has a chance at Harry.

Kira's passion is potions, I'm sorry if that isn't coming out very well. As for anything else... I have to check my notes but I thought I had her playing an instrument. *Questions!*

1. *How are you going to portray Hagrid and when do we get to see him?* At this point Hagrid still sees Dumbledore as the best wizard in the world... I'm not sure yet where he'll stand in the end.

2. *At one point, you mentioned that Voldemort was a Slytherin student as if that was bad, but you keep mentioning how good snakes are...* If you look at the sorting, Harry wanted to follow in his father's (Voldemort) footsteps and told the hat to put him in Slytherin. Are you sure the reference wasn't made by a "light" character?

3. *How do the pureblood families look on arranged marriage?* They have modernized somewhat. They will start arranging a marriage if the children have not started courting steps by the age of 16.

4. *Is Dobby a Malfoy house-elf, is he well-treated, and does he want freedom?* He is well treated... the dark see no reason to abuse to 'fettered' creatures... he does not wish freedom

5. *The bludgers, the snake, and the Chamber... It's all young Tom, isn't it?* ☹Yep!

6. *How old are you?* Old enough to now have (shuddering) a corporate job.

7. *Are you Wiccan?* Yes. I'm always glad to meet more.

8. *Wand magic is a Western idea. How do the other cultures look on magic.* In this story... "focus magic" (wand magic) exists in all cultures, although the wand is very much a western thing. As an example Japanese wizards would focus with their wakazashis

**ailisa d. frieson**

There will be more... it just may take awhile

**vis pour hp**

THANK YOU. Glad you liked it and sorry about the sore butt.

**PruePotter** Yep they are tons of fun

## **Oddball-no.2**

More will happen... I'm just arguing with writers block and RL right now.

**Touch of the Wind** Thank you.

**MidNite Phoenix** Thank You

**japanese-jew** Until magical maturity Harry would probably follow her into death... however before he did he would go absolutely insane and the type of dark you are talking about. The dark in this story is primal and chaotic, not heartless and cruel. Those qualities belong to the failed dark lords (like Grindlewald)

## Chapter 10: Holiday Interlude

Sirius had picked Harry up at Kings Cross and used the Floo to go to Midnight Rose Manor. This was done so that any of Dumbledore's spies would think Sirius was taking Harry away from the Riddle family's influence. That was so far from the truth that Sirius often had a hard time not laughing at Dumbledore's gullibility. He also oft-times wondered how James, Peter, Lily and he kept Remus from learning the truth.

Sirius warded and then waited by the fireplace while Harry fetched the gift he had gotten Kira from his room. Sirius sighed as he looked at the photograph on the mantle. The Marauders, in their seventh year, waved at him from the gilded frame. Looking at the smiling faces, the trusting eyes of Remus, Sirius once again felt guilt wash over him. The Marauders had been family, brothers and so much more. Yet three of the Marauders had left the fourth out because he was too wrapped up in believing the rhetoric, the light mantra.

"Ready Sirius?" asked Harry, causing the reminiscing animagus to startle slightly.

"Yeah," he said as he turned to his godson.

Harry knew that look well, the look of a man who misses one of his dearest friends. James and Sirius often wore that look when Remus was mentioned. "You know the only thing keeping him from you and James is his own faith in the wrong side?"

"I know Harry," replied Sirius quietly. "But that doesn't mean I don't miss him. Seeing him this past summer was... painful. I hated lying to him. I hated having to use potions to remove James' scent from me so that Remus wouldn't know. It was so much harder than..."

"Perhaps with the new laws being passed because of Regulus, Rabastan, and Rodolphus he'll begin to see the truth and change his beliefs," Harry said as Sirius seemed to choke up slightly.

"Maybe one day he'll accept the beast within," said Sirius. Then shaking his head he continued, "If you're ready it's time to go." Harry

nodded and picked the port-key from the table. Sirius activated it by saying, "Yule."

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

The good thing about having well placed contacts and allies were the perks. Calvin Riddle sat with William Dorlinth and Yamoto Suike in field side, fifty yard line, seats at a Dallas Cowboys home game. Calvin loved American Football, and while the Bears were his favorite team, he simply loved watching any good game. The three men were meeting about an alliance between Yamoto's yakuza family, based out of San Jose, CA while retaining contact with the other families in Tokyo and Dorlinth's rather large business based out of Dallas. The fact that the Yamoto Family had an entire magical section helped with the negotiations.

Calvin was there representing his brother. Suike was pleasantly surprised by the offers from both Calvin and William. While he was by no means being offered the world a platter, he was being offered a chance at power, prestige and honor. He was also being offered a solution to a problem that had arisen in Japan after WWII. The Japanese magical community was shrinking, at nearly 25 percent each generation. Many of the most prolifically mystical families had been living in the areas surrounding Hiroshima and Nagasaki. No one could have guessed that radiation would harm magic the way it did. Magic was still very unreliable in the fallout areas.

The Dark family, the Dorlinths and a number of allied families were going to be renting an island for the winter holidays. A Carnival crew had been hired to set up entertaining rides on the island and temporary housing, in the form of magical tents, had been set up on the island for the visitors use. Calvin was now trying to convince Yamoto to bring his family and join the Dark Allies on this holiday. If Yamoto said yes that would mean just over 300 people, adults and children, would be sharing the island retreat.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Kira, Draco, Miriam, Jared and Blaise called out to their cousins as they ran from the port-key drop-off toward the carnival rides. The younger children saw the Hogwarts students and called excitedly. Hugs were exchanged and questions were answered. A few of the non-dark family children joined them within a few minutes. Soon over thirty children were gathered talking, laughing and trying to decide which rides to go on first. A few muggle couples and their older non-magical children acted as chaperones to the youngsters.

Narcissa, Erica, and Bellatrix smiled indulgently as the students ran to their friends and allies. The three wives then went in search of their tents and husbands. Everyone on the island was aware of magic, even the carnival workers. Although the some of the carnies would be Obliviated before they left. This was the first gathering of the Dark Alliance and only about ten families were unable to make the gather. This gather did not include the death eaters who were not Family. It wasn't yet time to bring them fully back into the fold.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Suiké, his wife Keiko, and their only surviving child Jukio arrived on the privately rented Caribbean island with five bodyguards. Three of the bodyguards were wizards. Suiké and Keiko were magical as well, but their son was a squib. Their other three children had shown signs of accidental magic, but all three had died of unknown illnesses. Healers and Doctors alike had been unable to help the Yamoto children.

Calvin, Lily, Jessica and Tom Riddle greeted the Yamoto family as they arrived. Yamoto almost lost his composure when his Sight alighted upon Tom Riddle, the Dark Lord. Shocking his wife and bodyguards, Suiké bowed extremely low, as low as a samurai to his

daimyo. "It is an honor to meet you, Lord of Chaos. Your brother did not tell all. I offer my family's allegiance to you."

"You are an ally, not a servant. Please do not bow so lowly," responded Tom, offering a hand to the man bent with his head nearly touching the ground.

Suiké accepted the hand and straightened. He had never in his life believed he would meet a chaos mage. Now he understood why Calvin said that Tom may be able to awaken any magic in his son. Chaos mages were myths in Japan. The idea that someone could be shaped by chaos, could be a channel for that aspect of magic, and not become lost in madness was often thought of as a legend. It was spoken of in the same way youkai were spoken of. It was well known that the last powerful youkai was sent into the spirit world centuries ago by the last order mage recorded in Japan, the Miko Reika.

"Forgive my faux pass. I did not expect an actual Chaos Mage. I apologize."

"Not many expect a Chaos Mage in the current world. Especially since the last six, who attempted the ancient tests before me, failed," replied Tom.

"They all became lost in the madness," said Lily quietly, "because they were not strong enough, or because they failed the final lesson."

"Join us for dinner," said Calvin, breaking the slight awkwardness which seemed to settle.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

The carnival workers knew they would have to work harder than normal, but that was okay. The carnival was being paid a much larger sum of money than they would have gotten being in a town at this time of year. In fact this time of year, winter, was normally very unproductive even in the southern part of the United States. Not only

was the carnival as a whole being well paid, but the carnival was also allowed, and encouraged, to sell their food. The game booths were also going to be allowed to charge for access. The carnival employees knew this was an opportunity not to screw up.

The Sunday after most of the guests arrived on the Island, the carnival opened its gates to the guests at ten in the morning. This was the time Tom and William had negotiated. The carnival would open everyday at ten, close for family time at four, and reopen at seven until ten in the evening. The guests to the Island had been informed and while some of the children didn't like the fact that the carnival would be closed for three hours every day, they accepted it.

Harry, Kira, the Malfoy children, the Zabini children, the Lestrangle children, and the Pettigrew children met up at the carnival entrance at 9:45 and waited for the gates to open. They were not the only ones to arrive early. Morgan Dorlinth, her nine year old son Joshua and four year old daughter Lizia arrived just after them. By the time the gates opened, five families, three groups of muggle teens, and two couples who as yet were without children were ready to enter the carnival. The Dark family ran to the tilt-a-world first. It was a ride that was just exiting enough without being dangerous to the smaller children. Of course all the rides had been charmed so that the small children, at least five years old, would be able to enjoy the more vigorous rides.

The dark children wanted to be sure that the youngest, such as Carol-Anne Lestrangle and Henry Pettigrew were comfortable before they went on rides like the zipper. Kira loved the zipper while Harry loved the Pirate ship, especially if he was in an end seat where you free fell for a second as the ship began to swing from its apex to the center of the pendulum motion. Draco surprisingly enough like bumper cars while Blaise adored the 'spaceship', a ride where centrifugal force held you to the wall while the floor dropped out beneath you. Blaise liked to climb the wall after the floor dropped so that when the ride stopped she fell a foot or so to the floor. The younger children each had their favorites as well.

While running around enjoying the carnival the dark children had their attention caught by the sound of a person saying "Ew!" Looking around they saw Uncle James and Sirius sharing a hotdog, including



the licking of ketchup and mustard from around the other's mouth. The sounds of disgust were coming from three boys of about eight years old. The dark children nodded silently to one another and burst into the school-yard song "James and Siri sitting in a tree, K-I-S-S-I-N-G..." The two Marauders jumped in surprise, causing their hotdog to fall and make a mess. The resulting laughter was met by a growl.

The dark children took off running as Sirius bounded after them in dog form. A regal, normally regal, looking male deer ran after them. The children stayed together and as Sirius pounced on Lawrence the other youths turned on the dog, rubbing the ticklish or itchy spots. This gave James time to transform and begin tickling Harry. Laughter rang out from the pile of children as it turned into an all out tickle-war, everyone for themselves.

"That unruly cousin of yours is teaching our children bad habits," said an aristocratic voice near the laughing pile.

The tickle-war stopped as everyone sheepishly looked up at a smirking Lucius and a Narcissa holding back laughter. "I don't know dear. I think laughter is just what was needed," replied Narcissa.

"Want to join us?" asked James with a suggestive smile.

"As if I would ever allow myself to be that close to either of you flee-bitten animals, I am going to have to sanitize my son and daughter before they enter our tent as it is," was Lucius' sarcastic reply. Anyone who didn't know him would not have realized he was joking.

Sirius and James both pouted as the children stood and started dusting off. Dusting and cleaning charms were cast by Narcissa and within a few moments most evidence of the tickle-war was gone. Only the disheveled hair and flushed faces gave indication of the fun.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Tom Riddle, Xain Natchine, and Valerie Malachite were discussing the upcoming full-moon. Both were leaders of their small packs and were worried about being on the island during the full-moon. While all seven werewolves, from both packs, had accepted their beasts they were still dangerous to normal humans.

There were two types of werewolves; those who accepted their beast and those who did not. The wolfs-bane potion, which allowed the werewolf to retain their human mind and control while in were-wolf form only worked for those who did not accept their beast. Tom was currently explaining the wolfs-friend potion he and Lily had recently perfected. The potion worked like wolfs-bane, but only for those who accepted their beast. They knew the potion worked because the pack which ran their manor grounds on the full-moon had been successfully using it for six months.

The wolfs-friend potion was nearly identical to wolfs-bane. The only differences were replacing the ounce of powdered aconite with a single phoenix tear and waiting ten minutes rather than five before adding a single drop of moon-dew. Two simple changes and the wolfs-bane potion was no longer harmful to the inner beast. Unbeknownst to the creator and users of wolfs-bane, the potion slowly wounded the beast. Whenever a wolfs-bane user went a lunar cycle without the potion the following transformation was worse and the beast much more violent. Wolfs-friend had no such damaging side effects; the only side effect to stopping its use was that the werewolf was once again pure instinct on the full-moon.

“Will this potion be supplied for our pack’s use in the future?” asked Valerie.

“At the moment only Lily and I can make the potion; however as soon as we can train a few others, it will become available. We are also still looking for the ingredient list for the wolfs-truth potion. So far we have been unable to find anything other than the fact that phoenix tears and freely given unicorn blood are needed for it.”

“That’s the potion that when combined with a spell will give permanent full control of the beast to the werewolf?” asked Xain. Tom nodded.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

The full-moon was Christmas Eve. Everyone was told that there would be werewolves running around the island that night. They were also told that the werewolves would be completely safe due to a potion supplied by the Dark Lord. The werewolves knew they were allowed to have fun, but they were to avoid biting anyone. The werewolves knew that if they bit anyone they would be killed swiftly, if they were lucky or slowly if not.

The moon rose beautifully full in the warm night, casting a path of silver over the calm ocean. The werewolves waited in their tents for the change and then slipped out into the night air. Four of the large dire-wolves were varying shades of gray while the other three were brown. The pack alphas were obvious as they were the two largest. The other members of their packs were smaller. The gray pack even had one wolf the size of a normal timber wolf, the boy was eight years old and much smaller than his father Xain.

The seven werewolves were joined by a large black grim-like dog and light brown stag. The two packs knew who the new-comers were and welcomed the mated animaguses. They were very surprised when an ebony wolf, larger than a normal wolf but smaller than Xain or Valerie, joined them. The wolf's eyes were the color of the killing curse and there was small lightning bolt of silver fur on his forehead. Xain, Valerie and their packs knew he wasn't a true werewolf, they could feel the slight difference from themselves; however he was not an animagus.

The ten transformed humans ran and played around the island. The werewolves were supplied with a feast of raw meat since there were no animals, other than birds, on the rented island. The werewolves were very happy and all of them hoped that the potion would be readily available soon. They also hoped that they would soon have the wolfs-truth as well.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

“Why aren’t you joining them?” asked a quiet female voice.

Kira looked to the right. Bellatrix had joined her up the transfigured tree and was beside her on the large branch. She could see the concern in her aunt’s countenance. “I do not have the wolf shadow within,” she replied simply.

“That never stops you during the summer,” pointed out Bella.

Kira smiled sadly, “But during the summer the packs know me. These packs... they are new. They have never run with Harry and I under the solstice moon.”

“They do tonight.”

Kira started as she realized Bella was correct. Tonight was the full-moon of the winter solstice. Kira could run with them... “What if they don’t like the order within me?”

Bella chuckled slightly. She knew that vampires were order creatures, as were Dementors, both of which were Kira’s ‘shadows’ as she called them. For all that Kira was slowly becoming a chaos mage, just as Harry was, Kira’s shadow path was far more order oriented than Harry’s. It was rather humorous when Bella thought about it. Kira, the child who was almost completely Tom’s child, was the one who had Order destabilizing her; while Harry, the child who was almost completely James’ child, was the one who had chaos destabilizing him. In the end the Legacy Children would be chaos and order mages, both. They would become the paradox that is the Legacy.

“Just don’t drain their joy and I’m sure they will welcome you,” Bellatrix smiled at Kira.

Kira nodded and smiled back, revealing small fangs. Her eyes turned a dark violet as red seeped into them and then she jumped off the branch to hang in the air. A red shimmer surrounded her body and she levitated toward where the transformed humans were.

Xain padded over to the dark lord's daughter and was surprised by her scent. Her scent was very similar, but not quite, to that of a vampire. Valerie and Xian growled and yipped to each other. They agreed to allow Kira to join them. Harry mentally relayed this to Kira and she gave her thanks verbally to the alphas.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Christmas morning was spent in the Malfoy tent. The tent was nearly as grand as the Hall of Malfoy manor. The house elves supplied a sumptuous feast to the dark family. The other families, in their own tents, were being supplied grand meals by the house elves of the Black, Lestrange, Pettigrew, Potter and Zabini estates. The dark family kept their traditions just to themselves. Before breakfast commenced they each expressed their appreciation for the joys of the past year.

Regulus' joy was the accomplishment from only a few days before the holiday break of the Wizengamot. "I'm pleased to announce I finally got a draft of our fair employment act passed by the drafting committee. It was voted into Tempus Law the last day of this season's Wizengamot." The cheers from around the table were joyous.

"How long will it be a Tempus Law?" asked Kira. She found wizarding law to be fascinating and oftentimes contradictory. When she was seven her father had been afraid she'd become a lawyer; he no longer feared that because she discovered potions the next year.

"Unfortunately Dolores Umbridge, the head of the Department of Control and Disposal of Dangerous Creatures, created such an uproar while the law was being discussed that the only way to pass it at all was to put a ten year tempus on it."

"Did Dumbledore's representative vote for or against it?" asked Lily.

“Dumbledore was actually present and he was the one who suggested a ten year tempus. Normally a tempus is no more than five years, but the moment he suggested ten the ones who were wavering on the approval agreed to it,” replied Regulus.

“We’ll continue this discussion later,” said Tom, cutting off Kira before she could ask another question. “Bellatrix it is your turn.”

When the appreciation was over, food appeared on the table. The meal was joyous and the feeling of togetherness was almost tangible. The meal ended and the family moved from the table to the large palm tree which had been decorated as if it was a pine tree. The palm tree looked rather odd with glistening icicles and dancing fairies.

Tom gave the normal warning about opening your present early and then summoned each present. He then sent it to the correct recipient. Harry watched as each of his owl-order gifts were sent to the proper people. He was smirking as the gift he had found, while Sirius, Remus and he had been in Italy, over the summer went over to Kira. Kira sent a questioning look at him when she noticed her gift from him wasn’t wrapped in green paper with golden snitches flying around on it. Hers was wrapped in simple brown and tied with a blue ribbon.

Once the gifts were all distributed Tom shot up the customary green and silver sparks. The children tore into the wrapping with enthusiasm while as usual the adults were more subdued. Kira opened Harry’s gift last. Her mouth formed an “O” of surprise while moisture glistened in her eyes. She reverently took the violin out of the wadded tissue. She had only seen and heard an authentic Velintcia once in her life. They had spent a month in Florence when they were eight and the wizarding symphony was hosting the top wizarding violinist in the world. A Velintcia instrument was rarer and more valuable within the wizarding world than even a Stradivarius in the muggle world.

“Where did you find this?” asked Kira in a hushed, awed voice.

“Do you like it?” answered Harry.

Kira nodded, “It’s exquisite, but how did you...”

Harry laughed and took pity on Kira's curiosity; he also knew every adult other than Sirius would want to know how he got a priceless antique like the violin. "There was a small muggle antique store in this small town, I can't remember the name, and when I felt magic from it I asked Sirius and Remus if we could go in. That was sitting next to one of those muggle Stradivariuses. It was marked, "Stradivarius Imitation" and was only a small fraction of the price of the Stradivarius." Kira reverently set it back within the tissue and then launched herself at her brother. She hugged him tightly while saying thank you over and over again.

When everyone was done thanking everyone else for their gifts Selene asked Kira to play something on her new violin. Kira carefully tuned the violin, listening to each string until the tone was perfect. Then she set the bow upon the strings. She closed her eyes and moved the griffin mane bow across the thestral mane strings. The hair used in the Velintcia masterpiece reacted to the emotion as well as talent of the musician.

Most violinists create a somber, eerie or haunting sound with a violin. Kira drew from the instrument a soft joy. The sound was graceful, full of promise, and seemed to giggle with a touch of bells. The sound had an almost living presence as it danced around and through the dark family. It touched the heart as phoenix song does and spoke of love. The music ended on a quiet note as though one was slipping into a peaceful rest.

The dark family clapped and Kira beamed happily. She had felt her magic entwine with the music. Her joy at having received such a wondrous gift from her brother had filled her only to overflow into the music. She didn't get to play for others very often, not since going to Hogwarts, but she knew she would resolve to play more often at family gatherings. She tilted her head as a thought came to her, "Mother?" she inquired.

"Yes," said Lily.

"Does the nursing home still need entertainment volunteers during the summer?"

Lily, knowing where her daughter's thoughts were going smiled brightly, "Yes they still need more volunteers for Wednesday and Friday night entertainment."

Sirius cleared his throat. As everyone looked at him he began, "Remus asked Harry who the violin was for and after being told he got Kira a Christmas gift." He withdrew a shrunken present from his pocket and enlarged it. "This is from Remus."

Harry and Sirius had also received gifts from the werewolf, but their gifts had been in the pile under the tree. Kira accepted the package and opened it. Inside the rectangular box was a violin case, old and somewhat battered, of dark mahogany. Its color matched her new violin perfectly. Kira smiled brightly. "I'll have to be sure to send him a thank you gift," she said as she moved her violin from the tissue filled box to the case. The instrument fit so well it was almost as if the case had been made for it. No one allowed themselves to notice the glistening crystalline light in the eyes of four of their number.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

***/Start Flashbacks***

***Remus had been overjoyed when Sirius' owl arrived. It told him that Harry had appeared at Hogwarts. He even asked for Remus' help to get the Black family summer home, Midnight Rose Manor, on the Riviera ready for when Sirius picked his godson up from Hogwarts at the end of the school year. Remus had jumped at the chance to see his best friend again.***

***Sirius was waiting at the edge of the wards when Remus arrived. The house was magnificent and the architecture harkened back the French Renaissance period. It was a huge with light gray walls, numerous windows, dark mauve roofs, and open-air spires topped with domes. The windows were enhanced with engraved roses. The thick glass in the front door bore the Black***



*family seal, two dragons entwined around a wand, encircled with rose vines.*

*Midnight Rose Manor had been built in the very late sixteenth century when Lady Raylean Freylin Black had become head of the Black family after the untimely death of her husband. Her eldest son was still a child and there had been no other Black males of her husband's generation. During her twelve years as family head the Black family had almost lost its reputation as a Dark family. Her sons and daughter as well as her sisters in law quickly proved their loyalty to the dark when Dark Lady Vinteria came to power in the earliest years of the seventeenth century. She was the last true Dark Lady, the last western Chaos mage before Voldemort.*

*Sirius hugged Remus. "Its good to see you," said Sirius with a slight hitch in his voice.*

*Remus breathed in the scent of his friend. There was something different about it, but then again he hadn't held his friend in almost a decade. "It's good to see you, too." They drew apart, "Did you contact Peter or his wife?"*

*Sirius' eyes widened comically, "You mean the mouse is married?" His voice squeaked slightly.*

*Remus nodded with a smile. Something about Sirius' response felt wrong, but he couldn't tell why. "Yes, he got married... god, spring of 1983."*

*"Is she cute?"*

*Again something tickled at the back of Remus' mind. "Her name is Jasmine and she is a beautiful muggle-born American witch."*

*"Well, you can help me write a letter and invite them to help with the house later. Let's get you keyed to the wards and get to work."*

*1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-*

**BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK**

**1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-**

***Remus was still trying to figure out why he felt something was off. The introduction of Jasmine and the two little kids had been rather smooth. Sirius seemed to get along with the third Marauder's wife yet something had bugged him the entire time. He remembered the last time he felt this tingling.***

***The time James and Lily announced they had gotten married. The fact that they had eloped in Los Vegas, USA had shocked the rest of the order and Remus; but Remus remembered that Sirius and Peter hadn't seemed all that surprised. Then a month later Lily had announced her pregnancy. The entire time, from surprise marriage all the way to their deaths, Remus had felt something was amiss. He still couldn't understand why James had used his half brother as the secret keeper.***

***Remus looked up at the gibbous moon. The full-moon was three days away. He knew Sirius would invite him to stay, but if he wanted the wolfs-bane he would have to go to the Ministry holding house. Sirius couldn't go with him because he was still an unregistered animagus. He turned from the back terrace and entered the manor. He feet took him up the huge spiral staircase and as he passed Sirius' room he heard "I wish I was with you tonight my love." and the sound of a frame being placed on a nightstand. The light went out and Remus slipped silently past his friend's room not sure why he felt a pain in his heart.***

**1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-**

**BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK**

**1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-**

***James walked with Sirius around Black Rose Manor. "You've done an excellent job getting this place back together after the way we carefully trashed it."***

***Sirius chuckled, "I know. When Lils recommended we use the manor as the place I would take Harry for the summer... I thought she had finally lost it. I mean how was I to explain to Dumbledore how this manor was in perfect repair when I've supposedly been in near constant travel around the world looking for Harry?"***

***James chuckled as well, "Well now you have two reliable accounts about how much work had to go into it."***

***Sirius' expression turned sad. "It was so... hard seeing him and keeping my silence. When we reminisced he cried about you. As I was holding him... gods it was so difficult. I ended up crying as well, but he didn't know my tears were from guilt about the lies."***

***"I wish he had seen the truth about Dumbledore. If he had... do you know how much I still wish we had been able to bring him into our relationship?"***

***"I think I do. I can't even tell you how much restraint I showed in not kissing him while he stayed here."***

***"Maybe if Tom and Lils find the directions for the wolfs-truth potion we'll finally get him back?"***

***Sirius took James hand in his. Trying to get away from the depressing subject he said, "Let's go rechristen the bed."***

***End Flashbacks/***

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

The muggle parents sat in on a special lesson. The muggle-born students normally received instruction once a week depending on age. The ones who were five port-keyed to class for two hours in the afternoon on Monday, six year olds went Tuesday, seven on Wednesday, eight on Thursday, nine on Friday and the ten year olds

went for four hours every Saturday. The parents did not go to the class with them and so this was the first time they had the opportunity to watch their children perform magic.

The Hogwarts students also joined the lesson. There was no reason not to get a refresher course in blood, mind and soul magic basics. Jasmine and Lily had Harry and Kira demonstrate some of the potential power of mind-magic. They levitated some rocks without word or wand and then went on to read the surface thoughts of every unprotected mind in the lesson tent. Lily also asked Blaise to demonstrate the soul-shield, a shield which protected against Imperio. The shield had originally been a Prewitt bloodline soul magic and was now being added to the curriculum being taught to the next generation of witches and wizards within Tom's revolution.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Sirius escorted Harry to Platform nine and three quarters on January fifth. He watched as his godson joined Kira and their friends. He smiled. Life was good.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

**Glossary of terms you may not have recognized.**

**Youkai – Japanese for demon**

**Daimyo – a Japanese Feudal lord**

**Miko – Japanese for Priestess**

**Velintcia – The name of a Wizarding instrument maker from the late Renaissance which I made up for this story.**

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Review Responses Review Responses

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

### **japanese-jew**

The heirs could in theory knock out all the students. But the only way to know if a possessing entity is within someone (at least until the possessing entity takes over completely and replaces the original spirit) is to actively observe it while its in control. This means possession is very hard to spot (why else would canon Dumbles miss Quirrel's possession in book one?) and only somewhat visible to magic Sight in my story.

### **table42**

It is slightly more complicated than that, but essentially yes.

### **Touch of the Wind**

James and Lily are alive, yet there are caskets in their graves in the cemetery in Godrics Hollow. ... Is this a fast enough update? I don't expect another update this fast though... sorry.

### **SiriusRulz14**

Here was a bit more of the truth, but not quite the whole story yet. Harry and Kira are magical twins; they have the same parents and once shared a womb.

### **TanyaPotter**

Thank You

## Chapter 11: Gifts Unwanted

The returning students met up with their friends who had stayed at Hogwarts over the holiday break. Dean and Seamus were quite loud in greeting Ron at the Gryffindor table. The heirs looked over at the Gryffindor table; not sure why, but Harry felt sorry for the smallest Weasley as she wasn't greeted enthusiastically by anyone. Kira tilted her head as her gaze glanced away from the sea of red and gold ties and saw a flickering at the table of blue and bronze.

"Do you see that?" she asked quietly.

"See what?" replied Blaise as Draco and Harry looked where Kira was looking.

"There was a flicker of chaotic energy at the Ravenclaw table," she informed them.

Harry looked as well, "The blond, sitting by herself? There is something... in her aura."

"Is she the one?" asked Draco, knowing the heirs knew what he meant.

"Maybe," said Kira, "Let's ask Jared about her and see if we can meet her." The others nodded.

At the teachers table, Minerva McGonagall stood up. She waited and when the room quieted enough for her tapping to be heard, she tapped her goblet. All eyes turned toward the head table and those who hadn't already noticed finally noticed that Dumbledore was missing. "I will only take a small amount of your time today. The headmaster is ill; he seems to have contracted Dragon Pox and the lesser known illness of Spider-Locks. While he is at St Mungos I will be acting as Headmistress. Professor Flitwick will be acting as assistant Headmaster. Now please enjoy the feast." Food appeared on the tables as she re-took her seat, Dumbledore's center seat.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
123456789-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

The heirs, Draco and Blaise dropped a note off with Jared on their way out. The first year Ravenclaw read the note and looked at the girl they described. Luna Lovegood was known as the oddball of the house, fairly mad if you asked just about anyone. He wondered if she could truly be the possessed one. If she was... he shook his head to clear the unpleasant thoughts.

When Luna left Jared got up to follow. Once out in the corridor he said, "Lovegood, could I speak with you for a moment?"

She turned to look at him and for a moment he was reminded of Kira's gaze when she was using magical sight. Then Luna's eyes seemed to focus in the visual spectrum. "Julinars are nasty buggers. They whisper in your ear that everyone is out to get you. That's why I wear this," she held up an acorn and bottle top necklace, "because Dumbledore doesn't realize how bad the infestation is here at Hogwarts."

Jared wondered what she was talking about. "Julinars," he questioned, "what are those?"

Luna gave him a shrewd look, something which seemed completely out of place on her face. She must have seen or decided something as she said, "Julinars are little gargoyle-sprites the size of a dust mote. They love to cause mischief and induce paranoia... although sometimes they tell the truth."

Jared motioned for them to walk together and after they started down the hall he asked, "Have you ever listened to the Julinars?"

She nodded, "Once, they told me the headmaster was afraid of us."

Jared wondered what she meant by 'us'. He asked, "Who is the headmaster afraid of?"

“Order fears that which disrupts its patterns. The world is patterns; even chaos has a pattern if you look long enough. Tell the Legacy I am not the one.” She then walked away from a flabbergasted Jared. He blinked in shock; there was no way she could know about the Prophesized Legacy. *She can't know unless she is the one possessed.*

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

At breakfast the next morning Jared pulled his sister away from the heirs and their adopted lions. He told her his conversation with Lovegood almost word for word. Blaise was concerned that she knew the Prophecy or at least knew of the Prophecy. She thanked her brother and asked him to keep an eye on the unusual girl. She whispered in Kira's ear when she rejoined the table.

Hermione looked at the whispering friends curiously. Harry noticed and told her that there was something going on which fell in the category of what they wouldn't share with their light-oriented friends. Hermione pouted slightly but nodded. If the girls were talking about murder or torture she definitely did not want to know about it.

The six friends went their separate ways to class. The heirs, Draco and Blaise made a slight detour so Kira and Blaise could enlighten Draco and Harry about Jared and Luna's conversation. Strangely enough the heirs didn't agree with Blaise or Jared's assessment. They didn't think she was the one possessed by their father's Horcrux. They didn't have time to explain their reasoning because they had to hurry to class.

Classes progressed slowly that day and the four serpents told their lions that they would be going to the clubhouse during lunch without them. The lions looked like their feelings were hurt. Kira explained that they were going to be discussing some very dark oriented things and that in honoring the promise from last year they were keeping the



lions uninvolved. Hermione and Neville reluctantly agreed that they were making the best choice in that case.

At lunch the four best friends went to the chamber after stopping at the kitchen for food. They sat on the couches and ate quickly. Blaise was done first and asked what had been bothering her all day. "Why don't you think Luna is possessed?"

Harry swallowed his last bite and replied, "Because Julinars are real."

Draco and Blaise both looked at him as though he had grown another head. Kira giggled slightly at their response and said, "Julinars are small chaos spirits which can usually only be seen by those touched by chaos. They look like little gargoyles, just like Luna told Jared. They are a lot like kitsune and nuwisha. They love to cause trouble but they avoid possessed people."

"So how does that tell you she's not possessed? I mean she said she wore the necklace to keep them away from her," said Draco.

"Exactly," replied Harry, "She has to ward against them. If she was possessed then she wouldn't have to do so."

"It could just be the insane but logical sixteen year old Tom trying to mislead us," added Blaise.

"Not likely," said Kira, "father told us that the first time he became aware of Julinars was after the test of the mind."

"Which he didn't initialize until he was well into his late twenties, twenty-eight if I remember correctly," clarified Harry.

"So we are sure it's not Lovegood?" asked Draco for clarification.

"Not entirely sure," said Harry, "we will need to talk to her ourselves to be absolutely sure, but we're fairly sure she is not possessed."

"So back to square one," said Blaise. The others nodded sadly.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

It was Friday before either heir could catch up to Luna. The small blond entered the potions classroom for a detention while Kira and Severus began their lesson/discussion about the properties of fairy wings. Severus paused in his lesson to tell Luna she would be cleaning the classroom without the use of magic, but that she could leave in two hours so long as she was working the entire time. The first year Raven nodded slightly and then took a bucket to fill it with water.

Kira looked at the girl's aura. The colors were vibrant, swirling and beautiful; there were sparkles liberally dancing throughout the colors. Severus wondered why the dark lord's daughter was staring at Lovegood. She seemed to be nearly entranced. He said her name quietly, five times, before she shook her head and looked at him.

"Sorry professor," Kira murmured to him.

"If you are distracted we can put this off until Monday evening," Snape suggested.

"I'm fine professor," she told him with a reassuring smile. For some reason he couldn't place, her smile reminded him of Lily's smile.

"May I enquire as to why Miss Lovegood was so distracting to you? You have never been bothered by detentions before."

She tilted her head and looked at him. She extended her empathy and was somewhat surprised to feel concern as well as curiosity. Kira said, "I have the Sight and Lovegood's aura is..." she trailed off being unable to explain.

Severus was surprised, but he wasn't sure if it was the apparent trust in him or the fact she possessed the gift at all. He knew the Sight, both magical and divinatory, ran in many blood-lines. Tom Riddle had the Sight, magical not divinatory, so it made sense that his daughter did as well. Severus decided it was her apparent trust in him that was

the surprise. "Why were you looking at her aura? That is often considered a breach of protocol within polite society."

Kira knew they had kept Snape out of the loop because his loyalty was in question, but with Dumbledore incapacitated until the Horcrux was found... She sent a thought to Harry *Brother?*

Yes?

*I'm talking with Snape and he saw me looking at Lovegood's aura. I told him I have the Sight and he wants to know why I was looking at her aura in the first place. Should I tell him anything... there's this feeling inside me to trust him.*

*What are his emotions?*

*Concern and curiosity.*

*Tell him some, but not all.*

*Thank you.* The second this exchange took place was not noticed by Snape. Kira took a deep breath and whispered, "We have discovered that the person who controlled Vorla was someone being possessed. Unfortunately we don't know who the possessed person is."

Severus was shocked. There was someone being possessed and none of the teachers or students noticed. "So you are looking at everyone's aura to find the possessed person?" His question was just as quiet as her explanation had been.

"Yes, but so far we haven't been able to find anything," she replied.

"I unfortunately do not have the Sight, but I am a skilled Legilimens. Would my aid be of any use?"

Kira looked at him searchingly, trying to see his angle. *Perhaps he is loyal to father.* She shook her head slightly, "I don't know. Possession is only minutely detectible in the aura and as for the mind... you'd probably only catch it if the other mind was in control or the primary mind was thinking about the possessing mind."

"I will try to help. But now I believe we have a discussion to finish?" Kira nodded to him as he brought up the next property of fairy wings.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Severus watched as both young girls left. He wondered why he had wanted to help Kira so strongly. He also wondered how Dumbledore was unaware of a possession in the castle. *And how is a second year student aware of something Dumbledore is not.* The old man seemed to know everything that happened in the castle. Of course at the present time the old man was sick with strains that were not reacting to normal treatment.

Severus retreated to his private chambers and poured himself a tumbler of brandy. Sitting in his favorite chair he stared un-seeing into the fire of his hearth. He had to admit that there was a good chance Kira Riddle would break his Mastery record... although it would be interesting to see what potion she created or improved for her masterly. Her passion for potions was like his own; quiet, deep and almost still, a deep river canal whose current was not seen but felt.

Severus took a sip of his brandy and as the sweet burn ran down his throat he thought about the last person with a similar passion for potions. Lily had loved potions and was his potions partner from second year through graduation. Although Severus had apprenticed with his grandfather over the summers between his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth year, because of that apprenticeship Severus had his Mastery with the creation of Wolfs-bane the middle of his sixth year. He had his mastery before he took his NEWTS.

Lily had gone into an apprenticeship after graduation, but she had been killed before receiving her mastery. Severus often wondered what it would have been like if she was still alive. Wondered what had caused her to lose her mind and elope with Potter. He found it

amusing that everyone said they were a perfect couple; yet prior to their sudden marriage no one saw them as anything other than siblings.

Severus finished his brandy and went to bed. He had to think about what he would look for in the minds of his students. *How do you recognize a possessed mind?*

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Kira caught up to the blond Ravenclaw as they left the classroom. "Lovegood."

Luna stopped and looked at Kira. Kira instantly knew that not only did Luna have both divinatory and mystical Sight, but that she saw with both almost all the time. Kira understood. Luna Saw the divergent paths; the pain, the love, the cruelty, and the madness. She saw the dark heiress loose herself and she saw the burning of... Luna adjusted her sight as best she could, "What can I do ordered chaos?"

Kira said, "I just needed to..." she trailed off as she registered the address Luna had used.

"I am not the one. The innocent may die yet or the innocent may live. I cannot see the innocent well enough to know who the innocent is. The Legged Ones are glad the Slithering One is gone for now. The burning cold of corruption is out, but for how long?"

"The night speaks and you listen to the sun within the void, don't you?" asked Kira knowing that the truth was riddles because all paths were viewed as one. She felt her magic stirring.

Luna smiled, a dreamy lost smile, "Do you See? You embrace, dance and sing. Your music is in harmony yet you are not. Your pattern shifts... the phoenix calls and the serpent weeps. The burning... the

void... the pattern sways and shatters... You may loose if you do not hold, if you are not held. You have not the foundation... But the truth will cut as well as bind... Treachery follows the paths of your Shadows."

*So that is what I have to look forward to. She is Gifted beyond what the mortal mind should know.* Kira said softly with a sad smile, "My shadows will grow in the dark, but my path while rife with thorns is straight. Your path is branched without the shards, yet you walk every branch at the same time. Where is your anchor or will you never have one?"

"In time," replied Luna and then she turned and walked away.

Kira knew then that she would need to encourage Miriam or Jared to befriend Luna. The girl would become lost in the patterns and loose her mind if she wasn't looked after. Kira turned back toward the Slytherin dorms. *I wonder how long she has been Gifted without an anchor.* She was absolutely certain Luna was not possessed.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Kira had warned him to stay out of Lovegood's mind the day after their conversation. He hadn't listened and woke up in the hospital wing a few hours after that class. He tried to remember what he had seen in her mind and fallen unconscious again, this time in the privacy of his own room. He was cautious whenever he looked into the students' minds after that.

The weeks passed. Severus had still been unable to detect any unusual thoughts from his students. When he relayed his findings, or lack thereof, to Kira in her accelerated lessons she would tell him that they had been unsuccessful as well. The heirs and the Slytherins were annoyed with the lack of progress.

Jared had taken Kira's advice and was now friends with Luna. Miriam had been unwilling to befriend the Gifted one. She said Luna unnerved her. Kira understood Miriam's reasoning. Miriam was far too Ordered in her magic and outlook to ever be comfortable around someone like Luna.

The morning of February fourteenth dawned bright, cold and clear. The great hall was a horrible surprise. Walking into the hall for breakfast the heirs, and almost every Slytherin, felt ill. The hall was pink. The normal house tapestries had been changed and now ranged from ice-pink with the Hufflepuff crest to florescent pink with the Slytherin crest. The tables were draped with cotton-candy pink table cloths. The benches had pink hearts the size of seat cushions all along them. The head table had a deep magenta-pink table cloth and had the students been able to see the teachers' chairs they would have seen heart shaped hot-pink cushions on the chairs.

The most offensive part of the room was one Gilderoy Lockhart. The blond pouf had his hair carefully styled and dyed ice-blond with pink tips. His robes were bunny-slipper pink over a hot pink shirt and dark almost red-pink pants. He was smiling brightly and oh-so arrogantly.

The students cautiously took their seats. The Weasley twins entered the great hall and burst into laughter. Acting headmistress McGonagall wished she could blame the hall on the twins, but knew they were not responsible. The serpentine quartet looked at one another with understanding; they had thought this was a prank from the twins, now they knew it was not. To be on the safe side the heirs looked at all the food. There were surprisingly no spells or potions on the food or drinks.

As the last stragglers arrived near the end of breakfast, Lockhart stood up. "Happy Valentines Day," he said with Sonorous cast on himself. "I want to thank the twenty-eight students who sent me valentines already this morning. I also want to thank everyone else whom I'm sure will be sending me them later. For this marvelous holiday I have hired a special treat for you." He clapped his hands and about thirty or so dwarves, with little pink wings on their backs, flooded through the door. These cupids did not look very happy.

"These are the valentine cupids. They will be accepting and performing singing valentines for you through-out the day."

At that point Minerva stood. She did not cast sonorous, but everyone heard her, "This entertainment will not be allowed to disrupt classes. These cupids will not be allowed in any classroom and should anyone request them to do so that student will receive a detention this Saturday with Mr. Filch."

Gilderoy smiled, although those closest to the head table could see it was more of a grimace, "Yes, of course headmistress... although they will be allowed to enter the classrooms to deliver valentines to teachers."

Minerva's lips pressed together in a thin line. She nodded and said, "Everyone eat, classes start in thirty minutes." She sat back in her seat. Her eye twitched as she took note of the whispering the Weasley twins were engaging in.

Lockhart didn't leave it alone though. He added, "And remember this is Valentines Day. Ask Professor Flitwick about glamour charms to enhance your appeal and Professor Snape how to brew a love potion." Flitwick seemed to be shrinking in his seat while Snape gave Lockhart a glare, a glare which would have incinerated anyone with a positive number of brain cells.

*I think Lockhart needs some valentines.* Harry thought to his sister.

An evil little smirk appeared on her lips. "So he does," she said quietly. The friends realized she was responding to something Harry had thought to her, but didn't know what it was.

Hermione asked, "Who does what?"

"Lockhart," said Harry.

"Needs some valentines," finished Kira.

Draco seeing the chance at a prank rubbed his hands together, "Exploding valentines?"



“Poisonous valentines?” added Blaise.

“Bad poetry?” suggested Neville.

Hermione scowled as Kira and Harry’s smiles widened. The heirs gave her a look that clearly asked ‘what?’ Hermione sighed, defeated, “Not deadly,” she said hopefully.

“Of course not,” said Kira sounding mockingly offended.

“What do you think we are?” asked Harry sounding wounded.

Hermione wasn’t sure if they were having her on; she knew all four could be very cruel if they wanted to be. “So what will you do?”

“I was thinking we start with a nice nasty howler,” said Harry.

“Followed by an explosion of colored itchy power which sticks to organic matter,” continued Kira.

“Then some nice looking chocolates with either a laxative or anti-inhibition potion in them,” suggested Draco.

“And if he hasn’t retreated to his rooms by dinner, we can have an illusory specter of a Dementor sing some more horrible love poetry to him,” finished Blaise.

Neville looked nearly as gleeful as the four snakes. Hermione wondered how much help she would be expected to give. She did not like the idea of tormenting her teacher, even if the teacher was Lockhart. The six students rose from their places and headed out. They had Potions class.

In the potions classroom, Kira separated from her friends and began gathering two sets of ingredients. Severus raised an eyebrow as she set up two cauldrons. He didn’t let it bother him as he instructed the class on the potion they were to begin. When the rest of the students began to gather their potion ingredients he walked over to Kira and quietly asked, “What is the second potion?”

She smirked slightly at him and whispered, "It's a gift for Lockhart. The potion is Desperate Sweets."

Snape smirked slightly, "The version with or without ginseng root?"

Kira smiled evilly back as she began to ground into a fine powder her bicorn horn, "Without."

"Would you like molds?"

"Hearts if you have them, circles if not."

Severus nodded, "I have circles. When will his gift be given to him?"

"After lunch," replied Kira.

"Carry on Ms. Riddle," Severus instructed her as he moved back among the students he was going to torment. The cruel little smirk chilled even a few of the serpents. He made a few disparaging comments at Finnegan and Weasley's cauldron, which was bubbling a merry red while everyone else's was some shade of green. He momentarily entered the locked supply cabinet. He came out with a box which he placed beside Kira's second cauldron. Kira nodded her thanks.

About twenty-five minutes to the end of the two hour class, Kira bottled her first potion. She bottled all of it, sealed and labeled each one. Those close enough to read her small writing, although no one was close enough, would have read 'Healing Draught 2'. Just after finishing that task she opened the box Professor Snape had given her. She withdrew something which resembled a cupcake tin, only it was glass and the depressions were only about two centimeters in diameter and a bit more than a centimeter deep. Using a small ladle she began filling the depressions with a thick brown substance. No one noticed the slight scent of chocolate because the topical pain-reliever they had brewed had a strong camphor scent. Kira filled all four glass trays, carefully stacked them and took them to the now opened second supply closet.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

"That is one strange snake," said Ron Weasley to his best mates Dean and Seamus.

"I know," replied Dean, "what was with that brown potion, it looked like diarrhea."

"Maybe it was like a laxative of some kind," suggested Dean. All three shuddered.

"I wonder why the slimy git was so," Seamus shuddered, "happy."

"He was probably thinking about using a pain curse or three on Lockhart," said Ron.

"Yeah I guess that could make anyone happy," nodded Dean.

"Hey I want to show you guys something," said Ron as he pulled the two other boys into an empty classroom. "After Lockhart told us about the cupids I started writing something. I want to see if you guys can help me finish it. It's for Granger."

The other two boys' eyes lit up and they looked at the parchment he was showing them.

Your Eyes are like piles of dog pooh

Your Hair is like Hagrid's beard

Your Teeth are larger than a beavers

Your Face is uglier than a Troll

Your Breath's as rancid as a Dementor

Your Heart is as black as any snake

That is why you are Mud

“It doesn’t rhyme, but I think it will get the point across,” said Seamus.

“Why are you calling her mud, though?” asked Dean.

“There is a word stuck up purebloods use for muggle-born witches, its mudblood. The word is considered very rude, but if anyone deserves the title its little bitch know-it-all,” explained Ron.

“Why not call her something less... derogatory to other muggle-born kids?” asked Dean, he was a muggle-born.

“What about calling her puke or something,” suggested Seamus, being a half-blood he was also considered a ‘mudblood’ by those same stuck up purebloods.

Ron remembering that his friends were not purebloods said, “Alright I’ll call her... Worthless,” he finished with a grin. The other boys nodded in agreement. Ron re-wrote the parchment and went off to find a cupid.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Lunch time arrived as it always did however today it was also quite scary. The dozens of angry dwarves, dressed as cupids, were reciting poetry, mostly bad poetry, all over the great hall. One of the cupids began to ask the Gryffindor girls something. Miss Brown replied while pointing to the Slytherin table. The cupid made his way to the six second year friends.

“This is for Hermine Granger,” said the dwarf,

“Your Eyes are like piles of dog pooh

Your Hair is like Hagrid’s beard

Your Teeth are larger than a beavers

Your Face is uglier than a Troll

Your Breath's as rancid as a Dementor

Your Heart is as black as any snake

That is why you are worthless"

As the dwarf recited the awful lines, Hermione's eyes began to glisten. Her face started to turn pink with embarrassment. Her heart squeezed in painful agony. *How could any one be so cruel to me?*

*Who dares?!* Thought the heirs in perfect tandem.

"May I have that parchment?" asked Harry in a deadly calm voice as Kira and Blaise held Hermione.

"I'm afraid it is an anonymous valentine and I cannot do so," replied the dwarf.

"Accio parchment," snarled Harry while pointing his wand at the parchment in the dwarf's hand.

"Mr. Potter!" exclaimed professor McGonagall.

"Revealo Autore," Harry cast on the parchment, ignoring Minerva. His eyes lifted from the parchment and the killing curse burned in their depths. "Ronald Weasley!" he roared pointing his wand at the shocked red head.

"Wait," whispered Kira. She placed a hand over Hermione's heart, "This will feel odd," she told her friend. Her hand glowed briefly.

McGonagall turned toward Ron Weasley as Harry paused. "Mr. Weasley," she began.

Kira's hand touched Harry's wand. He smirked and drew his wand back as a glowing bow and arrow of dark blue enshrouded it. "I hope you can handle what you dish out," said Harry, which broke off whatever Minerva was going to say.

The acting headmistress looked up in time to notice a blue glowing ethereal arrow heading for the second year Weasley. Ron ducked down, but the arrow paused over his head before turning downwards. It continued into his back. The red head squawked as he stood up. Suddenly tears sprang to his eyes. A heartrending sob erupted in his throat and he fled the stunned hall.

"Mr. Potter," began Minerva.

"That was an emotion transference arrow," said Filius Flitwick in awe.

Minerva looked at her colleague. That charm was Mastery level, there was no way a second year could cast it. "Not the charm version, sir," replied Harry as he sat back down. He reached over and rubbed Hermione's back.

"Twenty points from Gryffindor House for the actions of Ronald Weasley," began Minerva McGonagall, "Twenty points from Slytherin for hexing a fellow student Mr. Potter and detention with me tonight at eight."

Harry nodded and turned back to helping calm Hermione. Blaise and Kira were whispering in her ear, Draco and Neville were holding her hands and Harry continued to make soothing motions on her back. He wasn't worried about the detention because that night he was already going to be working with her on the transfiguration of a mouse into a rat. Transfiguration of one living thing into another living thing was more difficult than a living into a non-living, but less complicated than a non-living into a living.

Hermione calmed enough for the six friends to eat. Shortly before the end of the hour, school owls dropped notes off with every teacher except Lockhart. The notes simply said, "If you value your skin color and comfort, you will move away from the fool." A few moments later another school owl dropped a red envelope in front of Lockhart and quickly flew off. Lockhart looked scared. The other teachers began to inch away from him.

The envelope began to smoke and lifted into the air before the man could touch it. It formed itself into a mouth. The mouth opened.

(Male voices) "Who is the man with the arrogance of a fool?"

(Female voices) Lockhart...Lockhart...

(Male voices) Who wouldn't know a werewolf if it bit him?

(Female voices) Gilderoy Lockhart

(Male voices) Who is the vainest wizard in Hogwarts?

(Female voices) Lockhart...Lockhart

(Male voices) The man who has stolen foolish hearts

The man who has poisoned our minds

The man who has no knowledge at all

(Female voices) Gilderoy Lockhart

(Male voices) The biggest fraud this side of the meridian

The biggest moron this side of the moon

The biggest disgrace to Wizard-kind

(Female voices) Lockhart...Lockhart

(Male and Female voices) Yes none-other than our beloved Gilderoy

Yes none-other than our favorite Gilderoy

Yes none-other than Professor Gilderoy Chevey Lockhart!"

The envelope didn't tear itself to pieces. Instead it began to expand. The other teachers moved far away as did the nearest students. The envelope exploded in a shower of multicolored dust. Lockhart coughed. His hair and skin began to discolor... every shade of the rainbow began to cover him. He looked up at the laughing students, almost the entire great hall. A tickling, itching sensation crawled over his skin. Suddenly he had to itch, everywhere. He ran from the hall calling for Madame Pomfrey.

"Misters Weasley!" called out the acting Headmistress.

"We," said one twin.

"Didn't," said the other

"Do it."

"Wish," said the second twin.

"We did," finished the first between the laughter.

"As much as I hate to admit it Minerva," said Severus, "But they are probably telling the truth. The note had clearly female voices in it."

Minerva scowled, "Everyone get to class!"

The six second year students laughed all the way to their next classes, even Hermione was much cheered by the prank against Lockhart.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Gilderoy Lockhart arrived in his office. He was still slightly colored, but at least the itching was gone. He was furious. Somehow, he knew that the Malfoy and Zabini brats were behind the lunch-time disaster. He wanted to strangle them.

Sitting at his desk to re-read his real valentines, Gilderoy noticed a box. The box was carefully wrapped in gossamer pink tissue and had a small note attached with golden ribbon. He pulled the note off and read it.

"To the handsomest wizard in the entire world. To my love with the most beautiful smile in the galaxy. To you Gilderoy, I give you the sweetest Switzerland has to offer. Love,"



The note was unsigned. Lockhart removed the wrapping. The box was light orchid with pink hearts all over it. He opened it up and the sweetest most delectable scent of chocolate filled the air. Inside the box were small round chocolates, each with the perfect little nub on top, showing they had been hand poured into their molds. There were at least three dozen of the little delicacies. Lockhart placed one in his mouth. It melted, awakening his taste buds. He was in heaven. Having already canceled his classes for the day he sat back and savored every bite of his gift.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

“Now remember, these cast impenetrable parsel-illusions on you, but you could still give yourself away if you are not careful,” said Harry.

“We know Harry,” said the raven haired man. The brown haired man nodded his agreement.

“What if Lockhart isn’t at dinner? Can we scare Snape?” asked the brown haired man. While his life partner smiled in anticipation.

“No,” replied Kira. “Snape has been helping us try to locate the possessed student while Lockhart has been doing everything he can to make our generation incompetent.”

“And anyway, you tormented the poor man enough while you were students,” added Harry in a decisive tone.

“Transform Padfoot,” said Kira as she held out one necklace. The blue-eyed man shifted into a large black grim-like dog. Kira then placed the necklace around his neck where it took on the appearance of a black collar. The black dog became white, the fur looked tipped in protoplasmic green while its eyes became an impossible shade of blood red.

Harry held out the second necklace to the hazel-eyed man. He bowed low enough for Harry to loop the chain around his neck. The handsome man became shrouded in shadows as his clothing became tattered layers of black. His hands took on a boney, decaying, flayed appearance and his breath seemed to rattle. His face was completely hidden within the cowl and the air around him became chill. He looked like a muggle specter of death without his scythe; or what wizards would know as a Dementor.

“Perfect,” said the heirs in unison.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

The students sat down to dinner that evening. They were unaware of the two illusioned and invisible guests waiting for Lockhart. More than a few students were hopeful the blond menace would not show up. The Cupids delivered a few more valentines and left within a half an hour of dinner's start. Within moments of the Cupids' departure, the door opened again.

Lockhart still had a dull array of color on his skin and hair. He swayed slightly and those closest to the door could see his eyes held more black than normal. His hair was disheveled and as he looked over the hall a lecherous smile graced his lips.

He spotted something he liked as the smile widened and he started toward the Hufflepuff table. About halfway to the head table he stopped near a male Hufflepuff. The student was the house's fifth year seeker. He slurred, “G’ evnin,” as he plopped beside the young man while putting an arm around the lad.

Professor McGonagall stood up and began to march toward Lockhart. “Professor Lock...” her words were cut off by a scream from the Gryffindor table. The entire hall, including Gilderoy looked toward the

scream. Gliding past the frozen Gryffindors was a Dementor and a ghostly Grim. They were moving purposely toward Lockhart.

Minerva whipped her wand out, pointed it at the Dementor, and shouted, "Expecto Pratromun!"

A large silvery panther erupted from her wand. As it approached the still advancing Dementor the ghost-grim jumped at it. His presence confused the patronus allowing the Dementor to move past it. Minerva tried to cast another, she was confused as well. The Dementor raised a scaly, desiccated hand and pointed at Lockhart.

Even in his drunken haze, Lockhart still recognized danger. He sprang up and began to run. He tripped over his own feet and got tangled in his robes. The hall was paralyzed as the Dementor glided next to the downed wizard. The man turned over, saw the shadowed cowl bending toward him and let out a high pitched blood curdling scream. Those close enough to see, and smell, noticed Lockhart wet himself. The Dementor pulled the screaming man to his feet. Lockhart's screams stopped, but he was crying and whimpering. The Dementor moved its head toward Lockhart's ear. A rasping voice said, "Boo," into his ear; Lockhart fainted.

The Dementor dropped the soiled blond. It turned and glided from the hall. The ghost-grim briefly stopped to pee on the unconscious wizard. Then it followed the Dementor from the hall. The silence was deafening so when a small chuckle broke it everyone looked toward the head table. There a positively scary sight greeted them. Severus Snape was chuckling with real mirth. He stood up, still chuckling and said, "Ten points to Gryffindor for this most entertaining prank misters Weasley." He then left the still shocked hall.

As everyone seemed to realize the Dementor and Ghostly-Grim were a prank, laughter spread through the hall. The Weasley twins looked at one another with disbelief. They knew they were not responsible. They were afraid their minds would become lost trying to figure out if Snape had really given them points. They were pulled up by the backs of their shirts by an irate Minerva McGonagall who then bodily dragged them from the hall.

Kira made a brief exit so she could take Sirius and James back to the Chamber. From there they were able to apparate home. Kira returned to the great hall and was happy to see that someone had removed Lockhart. She noticed that the students near where he had been all looked slightly ill. All in all she and Harry agreed that the day had been rather entertaining.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK BREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

**Vampyre Moon** Yes Lily is the heirs' mother. However you are not a dork... James contributed to the heirs' birth as well, that's why Harry looks a lot like James. The attack was planned to allow a regroup, but something did go wrong (hence the curse scar and the fact that Lily had to nurse Tom back to health)

**table42** Sorry it took so long.

**grey-shadow-horse** Thank you very much. I am glad you like the twins.

**jupimako**

Thank you, I was hoping people would almost hear the music Kira was playing. I am glad you are enjoying it, I enjoy writing it, but get boggled down with typing and plot knots.

**G.L.M** Remus will learn quite a bit during third year.

**Grinedel** So would I, they always have so much fun... Remus' path is still cloudy, but I'm hoping he will go the way I want when he learns certain things during third year.

Touch of the Wind

Yes Lily Evans Riddle is Tom's wife. James is like a brother to her and the 'marriage' between James and Lily was made and annulled in Vegas the very same day.

**japanese-jew** That is a very funny image. Although with how odd Dumbledore often dresses I don't know that anyone would notice the wigs.

## Chapter 12: Inevitability

The wizard was not a memorable man. No one on duty at St. Mungo's that day even noted the visitor of one Albus Dumbledore. Or perhaps it was the fact that Dumbledore received a plethora of cards, gifts and visitors everyday that caused his presence to be un-noted.

He stood beside the crumpled looking aged wizard. There were large nasty hives adorning his skin. His joints were curled up on themselves. He resembled a dead spider with red splotches on its flesh. He was unconscious but twitching constantly. Even without awareness, it was obvious he still felt intense pain.

The wizard looked at the man who was called the greatest wizard of the age. The man felt that he was looking at the most pathetic wizard of an age. He opened his mystic Sight, gained after the trial of magic, and noticed that the buried patterns looked like a spell, not an illness. He chuckled; *Albus Dumbledore is cursed, not sick. Who had the power to curse him?* He tried to find the heart of the magic's pattern and as he got dizzy in the repetition, he shook his head.

The man whose plans had been postponed for now, walked out of St. Mungo's. He was not about to kill Dumbledore, the old man may still be useful. He whistled *Tubular Bells* as he walked down the dreary February London street. He was already forming a plan in his mind, and he had to prepare for the test of mind on the equinox.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

The doorbell sounded throughout the snow covered regal house. Lily opened the door and smiled. "Come in Bartemius," she invited.

"My pleasure, it is good to see you looking so wonderful," he replied while taking her hand and gently kissing the back.

"The others are already here; follow me and we will join them in the study," Lily instructed.

Bartemius and Lily walked down a wide hallway. The paintings on the walls were both wizarding and muggle in origin. The portrait of a lovely raven haired woman standing at an easel hissed quietly to the snakes beside her. Bartemius remembered the portrait was of Serenity Slytherin, Salazar's granddaughter.

Within the study Tom Riddle, the LeStrange brothers, Lucius Malfoy, the Black brothers, Peter Pettigrew, Brendan Zabini, and James Potter waited. The study was a mini-library with book-filled shelf-lined walls, plush shaggy green-blue carpet, a solid oak desk with black leather office chair, comfortable light-brown leather and forest-green suede couches strategically placed with tables of polished birch gave the room both a professional and a lived in feel. Lily stepped away from Bartemius and set herself on the edge of Tom's desk. The young Bartemius sat on the couch near Lucius.

"How is your father, Bartemius?" asked Tom in a silken voice.

"He is well. He is considering the proposal we've placed before him very seriously," replied the young politician.

"Good," nodded Lucius.

"Do you think he will support your bid?" asked James.

The young wizard looked thoughtful and then answered, "I believe he will. Mother is pushing for his retirement while pushing for me to take a larger role in the ministry."

"Your mother is very intelligent," commented Rodolphus. Bartemius Jr. smiled at the compliment.

"I hate to sound like the voice of reason, but Bartemius is still very young in the eyes of the wizarding world," said Sirius. "Even with a resounding endorsement from his father, I'm not sure young Bartemius can win the election within the Wizengamot or even in a general election."

Regulus regarded his brother, "I didn't think you understood politics."

"I was raised as the heir of the Black family," was Sirius' dry response.

"I had thought of that myself," said Rabastan, "that is why I have prepared the way for a general election rather than a Wizengamot appointment. Dumbledore still has too much support within the Confederation of Warlocks for us to set forth a winning candidate for the ministry using the road of appointments."

"We have to let it be seen that the people Dumbledore accused of Death Eater activity are now above reproach. The rumors of torture and murder from a decade ago must be forgotten. We need to sample how well our counter-rumors have been received. We also need to be prepared to discredit any and all contenders Dumbledore's corner may set forth," explained Tom.

"What about the fact that the old man is currently in St. Mungo's?" asked Bartemius, "Won't that create sympathy for him?"

"No one knows that he is be-spelled and not sick," replied Lucius. "Being sick at his age won't create the type of sympathy we need fear. If it was common knowledge that he was ensorcelled then we would worry."

"His present *illness* and the length he has been ill will help us," added Regulus, "It is well known that Spider-locks effects the thought processes as soon as it is contracted and also for up to a year after the illness has passed."

"I believe I should start discrediting him with the other Hogwarts governors," said Lucius, "He will need time to recover before he can take the headmaster position again. I will also point out that while McGonagall is performing wonderfully, she can't do her job and Dumbledore's job for an additional year. Perhaps I shall also put forth the idea of an administrator who has not been in academia before, but who is very good at managing those around him?"

"And which of the poor saps in this room did you have in mind for that position?" asked James.

"I was thinking either Rabastan or Rodolphus."

"Begin at once," commanded Tom, "We will decide later who we want as headmaster."



"Dumbledore needs to choose an heir," said Lily seemingly from nowhere.

"Yes, with the death of his family during the war with Grindelwald, he does not have anyone to give his Wizengamot position," nodded Sirius.

"What about his brother?" questioned Regulus.

"His brother never married," Rabastan informed them.

"Did either of them ever have recognized bastards?" asked Lily.

"I don't believe there has ever been a record of one for either of them," Lucius told her.

"That seems rather peculiar," said Sirius. "We may want to find out if either of them had bastards which went unacknowledged or who were killed in order to spare the family its shame."

James nodded, "Yeah, if I remember my history correctly the Dumbledore family rarely acknowledged its bastards. From what I recall my father telling me, Lord Mathias Dumbledore killed his muggle mistress when she became pregnant rather than deal with the resulting bastard. If he had not, Albus and Alberforth would have an older sibling."

"If we find any such buried secrets we will have to be careful as we bring them to light," cautioned Tom.

Lily nodded, "While making it known that Dumbledore either refused to acknowledge or killed his progeny we don't want to appear to be slandering him. The truth as he once told me is a beautiful and dangerous thing and must be treated with caution."

"That was something he probably got from Professor Bacchias," said Tom.

"There was a bastard of the Prince bloodline teaching during your time?" asked Sirius.

Tom nodded, "Yes, he was the defense against the dark arts professor. He was a brilliant man who could reach inside your imagination and make you see what he was teaching. It took me years to figure out why the rest of Slytherin house hated or pitied him."

"Do you know what ever became of him?" asked Lucius.

Tom shook his head, "He disappeared after I killed Grindelwald. He had been at the battle with Dumbledore and myself but was not at the celebration the next day. I would not be surprised to learn that Dumbledore killed him. After all no-one would believe a seventeen-year old had killed Grindelwald, but if a respected professor backed his claim up..."

The others nodded grimly. "Do you know the maternal blood he possessed?" asked Rabastan.

"Muggle," replied Tom.

Lily sighed, "We've strayed quite far off topic; perhaps some refreshments are in order?" The others nodded. Lily summoned the tea and sandwiches from the kitchen.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

"Hey Gin-gin, what's up?" inquired Gred with a smile. He and his twin had noticed Ginevra, their little sister, sitting alone in the common room. They had noticed that she seemed to be often alone and were concerned for her. They weren't sure why but they were somewhat scared for their little sister.

She looked up at her brother and replied, "Nothing."

"Do you want to join us, Lee and Angela in a game of exploding snap?" asked Forge.

She shook her head, "I just want to be alone right now, sorry." Her voice was small and seemed at odds with the tone the twins were used to.

"Well if you're sure..." trailed Gred.

"I'm sure," her eyes were cold now as was her voice.

The twins moved off. *I wonder what's wrong with her.*

*So do I. She doesn't seem to have any friends among her year mates.*

*She doesn't laugh anymore,* was Fred's sad thought.

*She hasn't threatened Ron or Percy with the Bat-Bogey Hex in quite some time.*

*We barely saw her during Christmas break, yet we were some of the only Gryffindors in the school.*

*Something is wrong with her dear twin of mine; I just wish I knew what it was.*

*As do I, as do I.*

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Jared and Luna were in the Library. It was a quiet, cold Sunday in late February. The two Ravens were studying for the upcoming end of year tests. They were only two of many Ravens starting early. As they sat whispering questions and answers to one another Luna lost focus. Jared had become used to Luna's idiosyncrasies. He knew that while she could remain focused in the normally perceived realm, her time was limited by the energies around them. He wondered what was setting her off this time.

"Luna?" he asked quietly, hoping to draw her back before she became too lost.

She was looking at a small red head in Gryffindor colors. "The true pattern is shattering; the new pattern completing. Soon it will be too late."

The red head looked toward their table, as if she had felt their gazes. Her hazel eyes glowed red and the small first year scurried from the library. Jared turned back toward Luna, "She's the possessed one, isn't she?"

Luna's unfocused gaze looked past his shoulder. "Sometimes the call is unheard; sometimes help comes too late. The fulcrum will shift... but I don't know which way."

"I have to go tell Harry and Kira, do you want to come with me?"

"The Ordered Chaos and the Chaotic Order... they do not need me."

"I'll see you later then," he gathered his books. Luna helped him pack them quickly and smiled sadly as he left. One of the patterns would be shattered soon.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Jared ran to the Slytherin entrance. He whispered to the stone entrance that he needed the heirs of Slytherin. The serpent carvings' eyes glowed a dark molten gold. A few minutes later Harry's head popped out of the dark entrance. "Come in Jared."

"I found her," he stated in a rush.

His rather loud claim caught the attention of the entire common room. Harry stopped, glancing sharply at Jared, "Who is it?"

"The Weasley girl," replied Jared.

Kira reached into her bag and pulled out a parchment. Harry and Jared moved over to Kira, Draco, and Blaise. Miriam walked over and whispered in Draco's ear, "Tell something to the rest of the house."

Draco looked up from the Marauders Map hidden within their circle. He nodded and stood. He glanced around the common room and said, "Jared Zabini has discovered the possessed student, the first year Weasley girl. We are using an artifact to try to locate her."

Flint asked, "Is there anything the heiress wishes us to do?"

Kira looked up from the map, frustration in her eyes. The map wasn't locating Ginevra Weasley. "If you could pair up and go out looking for her that would help. She needs to be restrained so we can do something about her possession."

"Where should we take her once we have her?" asked Greenleaves.

"Bring her back here," Kira suggested.

While she was speaking with the common room, Harry had continued to question the map. The map said the Ginevra Weasley was nowhere within the castle, or in the chamber. Harry then asked it to look for Tom Riddle. The map was designed to show the name of the true self of a person, even under polyjuice potion. It read the inner self and if the diary had full control than she might register with the map as Tom.

Kira looked back at the map. The map did not find Tom Riddle either. Blaise bit her lip and whispered, "What about looking for Voldemort?" The heirs asked the map to look for that identity. After a few minutes the map wrote in the distinct loops of Moony.

Voldemort is in the Chamber of Secrets.

Followed by Padfoot's chicken scratch There is an echo of him there.

"Thank you, mischief managed," whispered Harry.

The map was returned to Kira's bag as Minerva McGonagall's voice sounded through out the castle, "All students please return to your

common rooms immediately. I repeat all students must report to their common rooms. All teachers please come to the teachers lounge. Again all students need to go to their common rooms immediately.”

“Shit,” Harry eloquently stated.

“You two go, we’ll cover for you,” said Draco while Blaise and Miriam nodded in agreement.

“I need to go,” said Jared as he headed for the door.

Harry and Kira nodded back to their best friends. The heirs moved to the entrance and quickly left the common room. They moved swiftly in the direction of the second floor. Time was not on their side and they knew it. The fact that Ginny was registering as Voldemort on the map meant that her own soul was almost completely consumed by the Horcrux.

As they arrived on the ground floor they were nearly bowled over by a plump red-headed adult female. The woman was even more startled than the heirs. Kira and Harry were about to duck away when she frantically asked, “Where are the teachers? I went to the headmaster’s office and no one was there.”

“They are in the teacher’s lounge,” said Harry calmly. *I think this is Mrs. Weasley.*

*You may be correct, brother mine.*

“Where are you two going?” Mrs. Weasley asked shrewdly.

“Why are you here?” countered Kira.

That seemed to spurn the panic back into Mrs. Weasley’s eyes. “My daughter is in grave danger. I need to know what is going on.”

*Should we?* asked Harry.

*We may need the help, but she may also be a burden.*

*Let's take her with; worse case scenario she helps call the Weaslette back from the void.*

*Agreed.*

"We are going to try to rescue your daughter," Harry told her.

Molly Weasley wasn't sure why, but she believed him. She didn't even register the scar on his forehead as she said, "Where is she?"

"In the Chamber of Secrets," replied Kira. Molly gasped.

"We don't have much time, let's hurry," Harry then took off toward the second floor. Kira followed and Molly had no choice but to follow as well.

As Harry turned the corner on the second floor, the corner near the Defense Against the Dark Arts room, he ran into Gilderoy Lockhart. Both males went down, but Harry rolled into the fall and sprang to his feet. His came up with his wand drawn on the prone pouf. Kira sidestepped the fallen wizard, drawing her wand as well, having been warned mentally by Harry. Molly Weasley was not so lucky; she fell hard onto the blond fraud.

"Get up Mrs. Weasley; we need to keep going," Harry urged her.

Molly got to her feet and noticed who caused and broke her fall. She blushed and said, "Professor Lockhart, how fortuitous it is to run into you. You can help us save my little girl."

The blond stood and said, "as much as I would love to..."

Kira said loudly, "If this fraud comes with us your daughter will probably die."

Molly and Gilderoy both looked at her in shock. "How dare you?" growled Lockhart.

Kira and Harry both sneered at him as Harry said, "Shut up before I stun you."

“How dare you talk...”

“You obviously don’t give a shit do you??” interrupted Kira.

Again the adults looked at her in amazement. The heirs silently agreed they did not have time and sent simultaneous stunners at Lockhart. Molly’s eyes widened so far the heirs wondered how they stayed in their sockets. “Are you coming?” asked Harry. Molly could only nod.

The three continued down the hall. Kira hissed loudly as they entered the haunted bathroom. Molly Weasley started in surprise again. The girl was a Parseltounge, a dark witch. Both children took off down the stairs situated between the sinks. Molly shook her head and scurried after them. She still believed they were her best bet at saving her daughter... if only she had been able to reach Arthur before rushing off like she had.

Harry waited until he could see that Molly had full view of him and the entrance. He went through the enchanted black marble. Molly didn’t have time to take in the chamber. The girl was throwing spell after spell against the vault-like door at the other end of the room. Harry was almost to Kira. They cast two spells simultaneously and the door burst open. The pair scrambled into the catacombs.

Molly was huffing heavily as she reached the opening. The two children were running down the long corridor, toward a blood colored light. Molly felt fear grip her again. She knew, simply knew that her daughter was in that unholy light. She ran as fast as she could toward the light as well.

Kira and Harry skidded to a stop in what they referred to as the statue corridor. The corridor had columns carved as hooded serpents while at the far end was the statue of Salazar Slytherin’s father. The small red head was lying beside the mirror pool. The blood-red light was coming from her and a small leather bound book was sitting at the base of Lord Viceroy Slytherin’s statue. Between the prone girl and the book was a dark haired boy. He was somewhat see through, but solid enough to be holding a wand.



Kira and Harry both sent out unforgivables toward the apparition, hoping it was solid enough to disrupt with said spells. Molly stumbled in surprise as the girl sent a green spell, Avada Kedavra, and the boy sent a sickly purple spell, Crucio, at the boy standing by her daughter. She was even more astonished as both spells went through the boy.

The dark haired teenager looked surprised, "I didn't think either of you knew those spells."

"Why wouldn't we?" asked Kira as she and Harry moved apart. They had to reach the diary.

"I was told that you were raised by the failure Tom," said the fifteen year old fragment.

"Who told you that?" asked Harry.

"The fool who thought he could control me," replied the apparition which was slowly becoming more solid.

"How could anyone control any aspect of Lord Voldemort?" asked Kira, Molly shivered in fright.

"What do you mean aspect?" asked the Horcrux.

"The so called failure, the one who created you, became the greatest Dark Lord this century," Harry praised.

"He is far superior to the one you knew of, Lord Grindelwald," added Kira. The heirs had managed to move such that the shadow Voldemort was no longer near the diary. He had moved to keep them both within his sight and far enough away to not touch him.

"Then why did Dumbledore tell me that you were the offspring of Tom and a muggle?" sneered Voldemort at Kira.

"My mother is a descendent of Salazar Slytherin; just as my father is," stated Kira. "I am heiress to the greatest Dark Lord of all time twice over."

The shadow Voldemort seemed to be thinking over what he heard. His distraction was just what Harry needed. He sent to his sister a request to hold him. As she did so, Harry called up his magic. Harry lunged for the diary, rolled away from the killing curse Shadow Voldemort sent at him, and stood up with the leather bound book firmly between glowing hands. The apparition screamed as he dropped Ginny's wand. The small red-headed girl spasmed.

Molly cried out, roused from her stupor and ran to her daughter. She cradled the first year in her arms, rocking her. She whispered and cried for her little baby to wake up. She was unaware of the storm around her; the invisible furious magical fight for her daughter's very soul.

Harry had plunged into a nightmare as his hands forced his magic into the Horcrux. The fractured logic which had created the personality of the Horcrux glistened as a black, blood, and luminescent green cracked fractal. It surrounded him; there was no up or down. Somewhere in this pattern was buried another one. Somewhere Ginny Weasley's soul was being drained to feed this terrible soul-scape.

Kira could feel her brother's anger and confusion. He had been the one closer to the diary, but she wondered if maybe she should have been the one to enter it. She pushed the useless thought aside and sent her strength to him. He needed her focused as a solid anchor. He could easily be lost if either of them faltered. She would not let either of them be lost.

Harry took a deep breath. He knew that the breath was not real, simply a way for his mind to perceive the action he was taking in centering himself. He reached out and snagged a thread of the repeating pattern. He felt pain, soul-deep, lance him. His pattern opened like a maul beneath him; unformed raw magic waited to consume him. Then he felt her, her fractal danced around and over his. The maul of raw magic would not be a pit for him to fall into.

He willed the pain away. The part of Voldemort's pattern which he held in his 'hand' peeled away from the pattern beneath it. The layer he exposed was a different repeating form. It was still the same

colors as the broken surface. He moved into that layer and searched. This layer had more cracks than the one above. Harry wondered how much this reflected his father at the age of fifteen and how much was because this was a Horcrux.

He perceived a difference within a part of the pattern. The green in one section appeared bluish near the cracks. He moved to the crack and pried it open. This time the pain caused a crack to appear within his own pattern. The crack was rapidly filled with a silvery-orchid, his sister's primary color. The pain receded.

There was a very small blue and gold shape. It was a six sided golden polyhedron with a light-blue see-through cube encasing a darker blue seven-pointed star. Harry sent his perceptions out into this layer of cracked fractals. There were dozens of these pieces spread throughout the layer. He gathered the piece to himself and moved toward the next one. Some pieces were larger, some smaller, all the same design as the first one he found.

The pieces he gathered linked together, smaller on larger, polyhedron connected to corner of cube. The pattern grew and split. The fractal formed behind him and slowly seeped through the openings he had left within the broken pattern of the Horcrux. He moved to a crack which seeped gold and blue. He opened the crack.

Molly looked up from her still unconscious daughter as the boy holding the book screamed. He was falling to his knees as the girl caught him. She was bleeding from her nose, eyes and mouth. The boy was bleeding from his ears. Molly noticed that the apparition was more see through than before. She did not know what to do. Both children were beginning to glow. Sickly red and green light seeped from their skin in patches outlined in shadow.

Kira felt her pattern crack as her brother went deeper into the Horcrux. His was splitting open; his core unraveling at the edges. She could feel the raw magic calling them both. This was soul magic at its most dangerous; neither had yet been trained in its intricacies. She could see the broken pattern which only vaguely looked like a wizard's core. She could see her brother's pattern stretched out, running through the layers of fractals. She saw the tearing where it connected to the

Horcrux. She could also see a blue and gold pattern snuggled safely against his.

The heirs felt one another. Their cores, always linked, were straining under the pressure of the Horcrux. They were fracturing, breaking. *We need to stop. We are lost.*

*The purity...*

*We may never recover...*

*She may never recover...*

*We have to try...*

*We cannot continue as we are...*

*We cannot...*

*We are the legacy...*

*So be it...*

The fractal that was Kira's pattern, simple shapes stacked together in layers of repeating order, spread out into the swirling seemingly not repeating pattern of her brother. Her silver-orchid, pale-green, and blood-red wove itself around and through his forest-green, midnight-blue, and silver-gray. Their patterns merged; their cores became one. The cracks in their cores healed.

Harry and Kira entered the deepest layer of the Horcrux. Inside the octahedral shape was almost the same size blue and gold fractal as the one snuggled to the heirs. It was held immobile by broken threads of the larger Horcrux. Harry and Kira broke the threads holding it. Pain echoed along their combined pattern, but no cracks appeared. The two parts came together in a flash of blue and gold.

Molly had watched, still rocking her daughter, as the girl's hands covered the boy's. They had sunk to the ground, both holding tightly to the book. Light purple had begun to dance within the colors on the girl's skin as blue danced on the boy's skin. The sickly green and

black had begun to retreat from both children. Slowly the colors migrated and both now sported six colors; but the shadows were gone. Molly saw that both were now bleeding from eyes, nose, ears and mouth.

The heirs slowly retreated from the Horcrux. They were careful to make sure no part of them was attached to the broken core of the vile artifact. They also made sure that no part of Ginny's pattern was retaken while checking for any pieces they may have missed. Slowly they emerged to the surface of the nightmare. They gathered the completed core of Ginny Weasley, cupping it gently and willed themselves back to physical awareness.

For one moment the heirs experienced a disorienting double vision as they shared sight. Their hands lifted together from the diary, cradling a blue and gold ball of light. They ignored the blood; both their own and the other's. Harry turned his head.

Molly didn't know what to think as the nearly invisible apparition vanished. A moment later the two children raised their heads and looked at each other. Then their hands lifted from the book and Molly could see a blue and gold ball of light being held by them. The boy looked at her and for the first time she noticed the lightning bolt shaped scar on his forehead because it too was bleeding. His voice was rough, almost as if it hadn't been used in years, "Bring her here, we've not much time."

Molly picked her too light daughter up and moved over to the bleeding children. She set her daughter next to them and watched as they set the light on Ginny's chest, directly above her heart chakra. The light seemed to hover there, doing nothing. "Call her back to you," whispered the girl, her voice sounded as if she'd spent hours screaming.

Molly caressed her daughter's face and began to whisper for her to come back. She expressed her love and need for her little angel. She cried anew as she asked her daughter to come home, to wake up. Slowly the light seeped into Ginny's chest. Color surfaced slowly in her nearly chalk white face. The three were so caught up in watching Ginny they were unaware of the arrival of five other people.

Severus had led the other house heads and Madame Pomfrey to the Chamber's entrance when they came upon Lockhart's unconscious form while heading toward the Slytherin dorm. They had found the stairs leading down and easily entered the Chamber. The vault-like door to the catacombs was also open. Once in the catacombs it was easy to tell which direction to go. Colored light was dancing at the end of the corridor.

The three witches and two wizards watched with baited breath as Molly Weasley pleaded with her daughter. Severus knew that the youngest Weasley had been the possessed student. He also knew that this was a critical moment. If her soul did not return... she might as well have been Kissed by a Dementor. The others were less aware of the circumstances, but they too sensed the importance of the moment.

Molly cried out and hugged her daughter tightly as Ginny's eyes opened. A weak voice pleaded curiously, "Mom?"

Minerva chose that moment to speak, "Mrs. Weasley," the red-headed matron looked up, "Why don't you let Poppy take a look at your daughter?"

The heirs moved back. Harry picked up the diary and slipped it inside his robes. Only Severus noticed his actions. The other house heads were not sure what to make of the heirs. Poppy took Ginny and began scanning her. Molly stood up and looked at the heirs. "Thank you, thank you both for saving my little girl."

"You are welcome, Mrs. Weasley," acknowledged Harry hoarsely. Kira simply nodded.

Severus looked carefully at the heirs. They seemed to have suffered the Cruciatus curse. He walked over to them, withdrawing two post-Cruciatus potions from his robes. He held the vials out and was rewarded with a smile from Kira as she took them. She downed one and handed the other to Harry; he followed her example. "Are you two alright?"

"We will be professor," said Kira quietly, her voice almost normal.

“What happened?” asked Minerva as she conjured two warm cloths for the heirs to clean their faces with.

Molly answered while the heirs used the conjured cloths, “There was a teenager, ghostlike, who...” she didn’t know how to explain.

Harry sighed, “Someone gave Weasley a Horcrux.”

“The Horcrux was stealing her magic and her soul,” continued Kira.

“We freed her and destroyed the Horcrux,” finished Harry.

Severus held his tongue. The book had not looked destroyed. Molly looked at Kira, “You called the ghost an aspect of You-know-Who.” Her comment brought the attention of all four house heads to Kira.

“It was Voldemort’s Horcrux, yes.” Kira explained to the red-headed matron.

“Why did he say...” Molly trailed off not sure she could voice that question.

Harry answered, “We suspect that he was the one who gave your daughter the Horcrux.”

Molly shook, “Let’s get out of here.” She turned to Poppy and the two levitated her daughter ahead of them.

Minerva, Filius and Pomona followed. Severus wondered at the looks of fury which crossed the heirs’ faces as the other three turned away. He waited until he was sure the five adults and one child were far away before speaking. “Do either of you need any medical treatment?”

Kira shook her head as Harry answered, “There is nothing Madame Pomfrey could do to help us. We need to contact Tom.”

“Father will be most concerned with what has happened...”

“And maybe he can help with...”

“The Dark Lord can help with what?” asked Severus.

Harry and Kira looked at Severus. He got the impression that even with his occlumency shields they were looking straight through him. Harry shook his head and Kira said, "We need to leave." The students began walking back toward the Chamber. Severus wondered what they were hiding, other than the fact that they hadn't destroyed the Horcrux.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

BREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAKBREAK

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-

Molly asked Minerva to get her sons so that she could speak to them. When the four red-headed boys arrived in the infirmary Molly sternly dressed them down for not noticing their sister was being possessed. Filius had been able to fill her, Minerva and Pomona in on the nature of a Horcrux. Molly told her sons that they owed their sister's life to Harry Potter and a girl. She asked Minerva the girl's name and told her sons she expected them to be nice to their sister's saviors. Ron hid it well but he was livid. The twins were grateful but wondered why Kira would help their sister. Percy was confused; he didn't think any snake would lift a finger to help a Weasley.

Ginny rested, not quite comfortably. Her mind was running in circles. She clearly remembered the things Tom Riddle, Voldemort had her do. She could not remember the exact way she did some things, but she knew. She had nearly killed her rescuers during the quidditch match. She had caused Mrs. Norris and Colin Creevey to be petrified; they both could have died. She remembered conversations with Dumbledore. He knew, he had known all along that she was being possessed by Voldemort's Shade. She cried as she tossed in her sleep; her innocence broken.

Filius sat with a tumbler of fire-whiskey. He nursed his nightcap slowly. He may not be practiced in the art, but he knew soul-magic when he witnessed it. The heirs had somehow retrieved Ginevra Weasley's soul and magical core from a Horcrux; destroying the vile artifact without damaging Miss Weasley. He was stumped as to how twelve year olds, even as smart and talented as Potter and Riddle



were, could perform such advanced soul-magic. The question followed him into dreamland.

Pomona was very happy that it was not one of her students who had been in possession of the Horcrux. The idea that Voldemort had controlled one of the students, probably for months and no one had noticed was disturbing. She wondered why Dumbledore had not caught the hint of such powerful dark magic within the castle. Then again he was sick and everyone knew spider-locks affected the mind long before symptoms appeared. She did not sleep well that night.

Minerva was relieved that she would not be burying another student. She had suffered that horror often enough during the war. The fact that Voldemort was still alive was not a good thing, but it seemed as though his daughter was not following in his footsteps. She had rescued a Gryffindor from the memory of her teenage father. That was not the actions of a dark witch. Minerva prayed that Dumbledore would be back soon; perhaps if he had been there Miss Weasley would not have suffered so.

Poppy tucked the matron of the Weasley family into the bed beside her daughter. She was happy for both of them; happy that the child lived and the mother did not have to mourn. She shuddered to think what would have happened without Potter and Riddle. Poppy knew that Riddle was Voldemort's daughter and wondered how the girl felt about destroying a piece of her father's soul. She shivered in the cool night air before retreating to her warm quarters. The future was becoming shadowed; Poppy hated the small glimpses of divinatorial insight she had been cursed with all her life.

Severus walked slowly back from the Slytherin dorms after escorting a silent Potter and Riddle to their common room. He had noticed the veiled concern in many faces. The serpent house was more united than he had ever dreamed of seeing it; it was united behind the dark lord's daughter. He feared the renewed war. Dumbledore had told the Order about Voldemort promising to withhold hostilities until after his daughter's graduation. He suspected that the Horcrux, and thus the soul fragment, was undamaged. *If that's true...* Severus downed a triple shot of vodka and went to sleep.

In St Mungo's a young healer stopped during his rounds. The aged wizard, Albus Dumbledore was sitting up in bed. His skin was still an irritated red, but the blotches which had withstood treatment these last two months were gone. His limbs were straight, though he appeared to be in pain. The healer ran from the room, calling out for the senior healer on duty. Albus briefly wondered where Poppy was before he realized he was not in Hogwarts. He would be unable to prove it, but he knew Riddle had somehow cursed him.

Harry and Kira bid their housemates a goodnight after telling them they had reached Weasley in time. They contacted their mother via the mirror and made arrangements for someone to come by the Chamber in the morning to pick up the diary. They retired to their separate dorms, but their thoughts wound one into the next. They could feel no separation between them. They could not remember a time when they could not retreat into their own minds, until now. The mingling thoughts were nearly painful, but both applied meditation and focusing techniques to quiet their own thoughts. Soon both minds were quiet enough to slip into sleep and a single dream.

123456789-1234567890-123456789-1234567890-123456789-  
1234567890-123456789-

Review Responses. Review Responses. Review Responses

123456789-1234567890-123456789-1234567890-123456789-  
1234567890-123456789-

**japanese-jew** Yes and No... Ron's Prank and the heirs' pranks were done for different reasons. Ron's prank was meant only to hurt for no other reason than because he doesn't like Hermione. The heirs' prank was done to try to drive away a harmful influence through humiliation. The heirs' song also did not lie while Ron's poem did. If any of what the heirs' song had said was not to some extent true then they would have been hypocrites toward Ron's "prank" on Hermione.

**foxychibi** Thank you, I'm glad you enjoyed. That is especially true in this fic.

**Touch of the Wind** You're welcome. Thank you for reading and reviewing.

**table42** I am writing... just not as quickly as some would want.

**Grinedel** Yes Luna is special. I like Luna and I think there is something special about her even in canon.

## Chapter 13: Shattered, Sheltered, Restored

Morning was odd for the heirs. Neither was used to feeling the other relieving themselves. Their thoughts seemed too loud to the other, even though both tried to think quietly. The showers were even worse. Blaise and Draco separately wondered why the heirs exited their showers with flushed faces. The heirs decided to forgo their morning sparing and went to breakfast. They had to wait until after their first class to head down to the chamber.

Stilling their thoughts as much as possible the heirs accompanied Draco and Blaise to the Great Hall. The two friends were worried for the heirs, they weren't sure what was causing their concern, but they mutually felt it. The heirs had not told their friends about the joining of their cores; they still didn't know if it would be permanent, nor what it truly meant for the future. A few minutes after sitting down, Hermione and Neville came over.

"Is that what you've been hiding?" asked Hermione.

"What do you mean?" asked the heirs. Neither realized they spoke in perfect tandem until they had finished the question. Draco and Blaise blinked in astonishment at the shock and fear they detected in their friends' eyes.

Hermione's curiosity was piqued, but she had a more important question. "Ginny Weasley and the Chamber," she whispered quietly. "Is that what you haven't been sharing with us?"

"Yes and no," again the two voices sounded as one. It was getting harder to differentiate separate thoughts. Forcing only one voice to carry a mutual thought Harry continued, "We became aware of a possession taking place earlier in the year, but until yesterday did not know who it was."

"Did you know there is a new message on the wall outside Myrtle's bathroom?" asked Neville in a whisper.

"No," again the heirs' voices were one; "We didn't notice it yesterday in all the excitement." Kira forced her voice to continue while Harry forced his to stay quiet. "What did it say?"

"Her skeleton will lie in the chamber forever," whispered Neville while shivering slightly.

"Why didn't you tell us about the possession?" asked Hermione.

The heirs were quiet. "Because we only knew the person wasn't of the Dark Family," replied Draco quietly. "We watched you both carefully, afraid one of you were possessed. After we knew you weren't..." he shrugged.

The heirs had been entering a near meditative trance in order to have only one speak. Kira's voice softly said, "The thing possessing Weasley was a Horcrux created on accident by my father when he was a teenager. I was afraid you would think it reflected badly on me." There was enough truth to the statement that Hermione could not see the lie within it.

"Your father is a dark lord," Hermione said, "You are a dark witch, how could your father creating a Horcrux accidentally reflect badly on you?"

"Do you know what a Horcrux is?" asked Harry, it was hard for Kira not to voice the question as well. Hermione shook her head.

"It's corrupted magic," whispered Kira.

"It's magic so foul that the practice of it makes a person inhuman," continued Harry.

"It is evil magic," finished Kira. Their voices had blended together, but Hermione didn't really notice. Blaise and Draco did, they knew something was wrong with the heirs.

"But magic is neither good nor evil, it's just order or chaos," said Hermione in a confused inquiry.

"Corrupted magic is, difficult to explain," said Draco as he saw the struggle within the heirs.

Blaise nodded, "Corrupted magic is order magic twisted and broken or chaos magic patterned rigidly."

Hermione and Neville both looked confused at the explanation. The small nods from the heirs didn't help clarify anything. "That doesn't make sense," she said.

"That is the best way to explain," whispered the heirs. "Give our excuse to Professor Snape." They rose and fled. Blaise and Draco nodded nervously, their nods barely noticed in the heirs' peripheral vision. Hermione and Neville could not even answer.

Neville looked at the two remaining snakes and asked, "What is wrong with them?"

"We don't know," said Blaise.

"They seem..." Draco trailed off then breathed the last word, "ill." The four friends were pensive and suddenly had no appetite.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Harry and Kira reached the Chamber and collapsed onto separate couches. Their heads hurt and neither could tell which thought was their own. Harry thought Neville looked cute this morning while Kira felt the need to hit Weasel. While neither thought was completely impossible; for the heir who believed they thought it, the thoughts were odd. They tried to meditate but as each tried to concentrate on a number, a stray thought fluttered by. A headache was mounting when a thought, neither sure whose, suggested they concentrate on meditating together, like they used to in order to combine magic, by focusing on the same number at the same time.

Moving to sit across from one another the heirs assumed a lotus position. They held hands, looked into the others' eyes and took simultaneous breaths. Both visualized a glowing number one and mentally said *One*. Their mind was still as they breathed out. On the next intake they visualized and thought *Two*. By ten they were calm,

their headache lessening. By thirty they were almost in a light trance, their headache was nearly gone. By fifty they achieved the light trance state they had been seeking. Within the light trance state their thoughts began to seep into normal patterns and the restoration they failed to get in sleep began.

1234567890- Not a full break just some time passing.

Tom Riddle and James Potter apparated into the Chamber. They were surprised by the sight of the heirs. The heirs were sitting lotus style on the ground, holding hands, and breathing as one person. That was not so surprising, they had synchronized their meditations in the past, but the soft glowing was unsettling. The glow surrounding them was silver-green, a color somewhere between Kira's silver-violet and Harry's forest-green. Tom looked at his children with mystic sight and gasped quietly.

"Tom?" whispered James, not wanting to disturb the children.

"Their core... their two cores have merged," Tom whispered in surprise.

James forehead furrowed slightly in confusion, "Merged? How?"

"I don't know yet, but we have to separate them again."

"How are we going to that? Isn't Core manipulation a personal soul magic?"

"Yes it is, but with the type of power they are capable of... they need a full coven forming a circle of soul-protection."

James was shocked, "A full coven... Do we even have thirteen witches and wizards capable of casting a circle of soul-protection?"

"Every member of our Family can cast that spell," said Tom calmly.

James thought of each adult member *Sirius, Lily, Peter, Jasmine, Lucius, Narcissa, Bellatrix, Rodolphus, Rabastan, and Regulus*. "That only gives us twelve."

Tom glanced at James and quickly thought of each adult member of the Family *Lily, Jessica, Lucius, Narcissa, James, Sirius, Regulus, Bellatrix, Rodolphus, Rabastan, Peter and Jasmine*. "I think you might have forgotten someone, because there are thirteen fully trained adults with magic in our Family."

"Your brother isn't a wizard," said James.

Tom smirked, "But Jessica is."

James nodded, he had forgotten her, "I forget that she is a witch. She and Calvin live completely muggle lives."

"Be that as it may, we need to get everyone here as quickly as we can. Apparate to Malfoy Manor and inform Lucius and Narcissa of our need. Have them contact everyone in Europe while you head back to America and get Sirius, Peter, Jasmine, Lily and Jessica. I will monitor Harry and Kira; hurry we've not much time before this merge becomes permanent." James nodded, stepped back to the apparition star and disappeared with a quiet 'pop'. *May whatever god is watching, please let us not be too late.*

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Blaise, Draco, Hermione and Neville solemnly entered the Potions' classroom. Severus Snape noticed instantly that two of his charges were missing. He had not been in the great hall at the time of the heirs' abrupt departure and so was unprepared for their absence. The students sat down, Ron Weasley was staring at the four bereft friends with a look of intense concentration; something which disturbed Severus. Ron Weasley was not known for deep thought or concentration.

"Mr. Malfoy, would you happen to know where Mr. Potter and Miss Riddle are?" asked Professor Snape.



“They were not well sir,” replied Draco.

“They left breakfast not more than fifteen minutes after we arrived,” added Blaise.

Severus nodded; he had a feeling there was more than Blaise or Draco said. He had witnessed enough the previous night to fear for his two small serpents. They had been bleeding while performing some kind of soul-magic; that was never a good thing. He only hoped that they would be getting help quickly. Severus internally shuddered with something akin to fear as his left arm tingled near the end of class.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break. Break. Break. Break. Break. Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Molly and Arthur Weasley sat down with Ginevra shortly after her breakfast. Molly had only gone home long enough to tell Arthur what had happened. Arthur had fire-called the ministry and informed his superiors that he would be in late and then went to Hogwarts to see his daughter. Ginny looked small in the hospital bed, too small considering the size of the hospital bed was not very large. Arthur placed privacy wards around Ginny’s bed while Molly cast distortion wards just outside her husband’s wards. No one would be able to hear or see what was going on around Ginny Weasley’s bed that morning.

Arthur took his little girl’s hand gently. “Ginny what happened?” he whispered.

Molly took her other hand, “We need to know everything; please we need to know so we can help you.”

Ginny lowered her eyes; tears glistened in their light brown depths. “You won’t believe me.”

"We will believe you," said Molly, "The Horcrux's apparition said things... which if you could help me understand..." Her voice was hopeful and encouraging.

Ginny looked up at her mother. She saw only love, understanding and faith in her mother's eyes. Arthur had not been told what his wife heard from the shade of Tom Riddle; he had not been told what she feared the truth to be.

"I found the diary in with my school books after I arrived. I thought it was a gift from you, to help ease the homesickness I was sure to suffer." Ginny's voice was a whisper when she started and slowly picked up to her normal tone. "I wrote in it every night for a week before it started acting weird. After a week, I found my entries were gone. I started writing again and the ink just sank into the paper. I thought maybe it was storing my words, like a pensieve does memories."

Arthur nodded for her to continue as she faltered. She wanted her parents to understand why she didn't stop writing then and there. Molly gave her the glass of water and also nodded for her to go on. Ginny took a sip of water and spoke again, "I wrote a date that had already happened and then I waited. A few minutes later my writing from that day began to appear. I felt..."

"That your assumption was correct," whispered Arthur; realizing just how thoroughly his daughter had been tricked into continuing to write.

"Yeah, I thought the diary was incredible. I could write whatever I wanted and no one else would see it, but I could read it again just by writing the day I wanted to re-read." She shivered, "I kept writing in it every night. I wrote out my hopes, dreams, feelings, fears... I wrote myself onto the pages. It was October when the diary wrote back to me." This time she shuddered, causing her parents to hug her tightly.

Molly held her daughter and soothingly ran her hand down Ginny's back. Arthur simply held her hand and whispered encouragement. Ginny remembered clearly the first words Tom Riddle had written to her, the words which had beguiled her into trusting him. "The diary wrote to me, 'Your heart burns brightly with love, your soul shines

with courage, I am honored and humbled to finally have the strength to converse with you'. Of course I was..." She began to cry.

"You were flattered, taken in by pretty words," whispered Molly sadly. Arthur was furious; who-ever gave his daughter the Horcrux was going to pay for what they had done. Minutes passed as Ginny cried, Molly comforted and Arthur fumed. Ginny calmed down enough to continue. She took another sip before beginning again.

"I suddenly had a best friend who told me positive things. He knew me; he knew what I wanted to hear. He tricked me into pouring more of myself into the diary. I blacked out the first time he took over; I don't remember what he did, but I saw the result. Mrs. Norris was petrified. I saw the cat and felt horrible, but when I wrote about it he mocked me. For the first time I began to doubt the diary. He apologized the next time I opened the diary about a week later.

"The next time I thought I was having a nightmare. In it I went to Headmaster Dumbledore's office. He had this smile on his face that scared me. I asked him why he was helping me and he said something about wanting to clean up the school." Ginny trembled at the memory, "He then told me that Kira Riddle was interfering in my plans. I told him she would suffer and left. Until the Gryffindor Slytherin quidditch match I just thought it was a nightmare."

She became quite and the tears returned as her body quivered. Molly and Arthur both comforted her as best they could. Molly was having certain fears confirmed and was becoming angry. Arthur was confused; he wanted to know how a quidditch match made Ginny realize that meeting Dumbledore wasn't a nightmare. His mind also tried to grasp what that meant.

Ginny took a deep breath and continued, "I was sitting in the stands when I suddenly felt ice cold. I thought it was a draft, but when I tried to move I found that I wasn't able to." She paused trying to find the words to describe the sensation. "I began to feel like I was... like I was in a glass room inside my head. I was looking out of my eyes, but not. I could hear... or at least that's what it seemed like, a boy's voice. He was whispering a spell only I could also hear the words

being spoken by my voice while my hand waved my wand around. I tried to scream and blacked out from pain.”

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Thirteen adult witches and wizards bustled around the chamber of secrets. The large echoing chamber was strangely quite in spite of the activity. The Dark Family was preparing a full circle. Candles, incense, altar, ceremonial sword, chalk and salt were being placed in the appropriate locations. The circle of chalk and salt was laid and then the heirs were levitated gently to the altar.

The thirteen witches and wizards stood outside the circle. At a nod from Tom they all stepped over the chalk and salt on the ground. Tom lifted his left hand and placed his athame against his palm. The other twelve did likewise. “With my blood, mingled with my coven’s blood I aid to seal this circle.” The thirteen magical people spoke in unison and sliced into their palms. They all turned so that their left side, with cut palm, was facing outward. They took measured steps, walking clockwise within the circle, allowing their blood to drip down their hands as they walked and chanted. They all reached their starting positions and stopped to face center.

“I cast this circle of soul

I call my magic to fight

I sing to make it whole

I focus my will tonight

Earthen fury is cold

Northern power is gold

Wind fills the starry night  
Till eastern horizon is in light  
Fiery passions weather the storm  
When southern magic is the form  
Shadows dance in watery moors  
As hope crashes on western shores  
Protective forces I will embrace  
Guardians of chaos I do beseech  
Lords of Order I seek your grace  
Magic of the soul I now reach  
Truth calls, hope sings  
Light falls, whispering  
The circle is drawn  
The power is called  
And the light of dawn  
Cannot reach the walled  
Power raised now seals us in  
Power raised will help these souls win"

The bloodied salt began to glow. The glow was pink to begin, but darkened to red. The bloody light rose from the salt, taking the bright stain of crimson from the white granules. As the chant was finishing the light completed a dome around the coven, using the salt circle as a base. The speakers switched to Latin, repeating the same chant.

Flickering red fought with the soft light of the candles. The flickering began to switch between red and green. As the Latin chant ended the green steadied as the color of the dome. Immediately the coven switched to Greek and repeated the chant. The dome switched from green to blue almost immediately and then slowly switched back. Once again the dome's color alternated between the two. It settled on deep sea blue as the chant faded.

The spell was not yet done and so the coven switched languages yet again, this time to Hebrew. The spell used older and older languages as it built in power. The dome of protection brightened and turned golden yellow, a color and brightness similar to sunlight. The fluctuations between blue and golden yellow were slower than the earlier changes. As the chant came to an end the Chamber was as bright as a clear day at high noon.

Eight wizards and five witches ignored the fatigue in their bodies, the sweat in their eyes as they continued to the final repetition of the spell. This time in ancient Egyptian, the form of ancient Egyptian which was used in this spell was as old as the first tribes which had lived off the bounty of the Nile. The dome dimmed and brightened but otherwise didn't change color until the last possible moment when it became white, a white so pure a prism would have found every single color and shade of color in it.

Tom lowered his arms; the rest of the circle followed suite not noticing they had raised them until that moment. He took a deep breath and said quietly, "We now need to get comfortable so that we can link and offer whatever we can to my children." The other twelve nodded and stepped forward with him. They then arranged themselves around the altar, conjuring pillows as they did so. Soon thirteen forms were lounging, one against another in an intricately linked circle.

Personal shields were lowered as lover reached to lover. Then sibling reached to sibling, bringing their lover into the link. The linking of minds and magic was slow and tedious, but in the end a cohesive entity of care was created. Everyone gave Tom the lead and felt as he reached for the heirs. Lily wanted to weep at the pain and fear within her children, she was not the only one to feel that way.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Severus received the summons just before lunch and made his way to Minerva's office. He was somewhat alarmed as he noted the other house heads, Poppy Pomfrey, and Hagrid were already there. He nodded a curt greeting and joined his peers within the expanded office. Minerva smiled at everyone and waved her wand to close the door. She cast a simple privacy ward and then stood up.

"I called you all here as soon as I could. I have wonderful news. Albus has regained consciousness and the healers say he should make a full recovery." She wore a bright smile as she told her colleagues this.

Instantly the other five occupants began to ask questions and express relief. Hagrid even began to cry about how wonderful it was. Severus waited until the room quieted before saying, "That doesn't mean he's back yet." Everyone looked at him in shock or outrage. He lifted an eyebrow, not intimidated in the least by their hostility, "He has been very ill and the governors will want to decide if he is fit for duty so soon. I doubt he will be back before the end of the school year."

The formerly excited and then hostile faces turned from him as they digested his words. They were soon discussing contingency plans in case Severus was correct. Their cheer was much diminished, but not gone. Severus sneered at his colleagues wondering how they could be so naïve. When they were finally released from the meeting Severus went to the kitchen for food and then returned to his office to eat. Something was off about the whole thing, but he wasn't sure what. He needed time to think.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Ginny told them about becoming aware, still trapped inside her own head, and watching as the Bludgers attempted to kill the heirs. She shivered with fear and shame while her parents comforted her as best they could. They had heard about the quidditch game from the twins. Gred and Forge had asked them what could curse a Bludger into doing what those had. Now Molly and Arthur knew.

"I tried to get rid of the diary after that. I tried to tell Professor McGonagall about it, but when I opened my mouth to speak I asked her for homework advice. I threw it in the trash and found it in my trunk two days later. I threw it into the forbidden forest and found it on my pillow a week later. I tossed it into the Gryffindor fire one night and woke up with it unharmed beside me. I have hours, almost whole days that I can't remember. I can remember torturing mice and using compulsion on other students and then modifying their memories."

"Do you remember any other meetings with Dumbledore?" asked Molly in a hushed whisper.

"Once more just before he was cursed with a parsel-spell," replied Ginny.

"Parsel-spell?" asked Arthur curiously.

Ginny glanced at him with a slight tilt to her head, "Yeah, Potter cast some kind of spell in parsel-tongue. The diary recognized the spell's signature but didn't know what it did until the headmaster became 'ill'. The diary was actually somewhat impressed with Potter."

*The boy who lived is also a parsel-mouth; just like the Riddle girl. I wonder how they both have the ability. It makes sense that He-Who-Must-Not-Be-Named's daughter has the ability but Harry Potter shouldn't.* Molly's thoughts were ordering themselves so that she could analyze them later.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-



Break Break Break Break Break Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

The maze went on forever. Twists and turns in the stacked pieces which formed the walls made it impossible for the two small children to see the way out. Long dark hair and pale sapphire eyes were the only features on one of the small waif-like forms. The other's only features were slightly lighter and shorter hair while its eyes were dull emeralds. The dead jewels saw one another and understanding passed between them.

Sapphire eyes reached a shadowy hand out to touch the wall closest to them. A ten-sided silvery-purple block (think ten sided die) was where the hand landed. The pale blue eyes darkened. This block awakened something within, something proprietary. The sapphire-eyed child knew this block belonged to it. The child pushed on the silver-violet block and seeped into it.

The other child watched with dead, pupil-less jewel faceted eyes as the first child was absorbed into the silver-purple cornerstone. The child then looked up. Above the small waif was another corridor, which broke at a junction around a coiled form, like a snake curled for a nap, of deep forest rich green. The child reached for the shape and floated to it. Hand and coil met and then this child was absorbed into the green path-marker.

The maze shifted, wrapping in around itself. Tunnels formed by the dozens of shapes went in all directions. There was no up, no down, no left nor right. A seething mass of multi-colored shapes moved around each other. A closer look would have revealed that the only shapes moving were the ten-sided blocks of silvery-orchid and the coiled disks of dark-green. Half the walls now had ten sided silver-orchid base stones while the other half had coiled forest-green disk-like base stones.

The shadow children emerged into a juncture of twelve twisting tunnels. A shadow girl with sparkling dark blue eyes flowed from a silver-violet stone while a shadow boy with lively jade eyes oozed out of a forest-green coil. Boy and girl studied one another and

reconciliation passed between them. They were different from one another, yet they were also the same. They were two sides of the same power, opposites yet identical. They knew the blocks making up the maze belonged to them. They knew they had to find the blocks that were theirs. Turning from one another they studied the walls until each moved to a different colored and shaped block. The shadow forms faded into the stones.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break. Break. Break. Break. Break. Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Through Tom the Dark family was aware of the shifting of the heirs' core. Sirius and Lucius were the only other Family members with mystic sight so they were able to share the visual changes with the ones directly linked to them. This left some members without a visual aid, but the calm satisfaction emanating from Tom was enough to alleviate the others fears.

Those with sight or lent sight watched as the seething mass of disjointed colored pieces migrated to one side or the other of the mass. The silver-violet, pale-green, and blood-red stones of different shapes and sizes stacked to form one un-ordered mass while forest-green, midnight-blue, and silver-gray of different shapes and sizes formed a second disorganized pile. The first step was successful. Each heir had retrieved the building blocks of their core. Now the hard part the cores had to be rebuilt. Sirius and Lucius wondered how it would be possible, while Tom hoped the rebuilding wouldn't get out of hand.

"They will reach out for memories, lessons, emotions and understanding of themselves and of us. Please focus on them. Remember how you saw them growing, the lessons you taught, the fun they had with you, the love and care you feel for them. They need that from us. They need to rebuild not just their magic but their individuality. If you feel something which says 'Kira' to your intuition focus your thoughts on her likewise if you felt the touch is from Harry

focus on him.” Tom’s voice was soft and compelling, just what the Family needed to guide them in this step.

Lily felt a touch of femininity, her daughter, and remembered the first time she held her newborn girl. Kira had been first born, only 26 seconds older than Harry. After naming the newborn, Kira Rowan Azriel Evans Riddle, she had handed the child to Lucius, Kira’s godfather, before having Harry placed into her arms to name. She sang lullabies to Kira and Harry when they were being rocked slowly to sleep. She remembered the first word Kira ever hissed *Mamma* and later spoke ‘mommy’ with *dada* and ‘daddy’ being shortly after. She remembered Kira and Harry’s early childhood, so interwoven were the memories that it was difficult to separate them into just Kira or Harry memories.

James felt as though Harry had tugged on him, the way the boy had tugged on his shirt when he was three. James remembered when Lilly held him as a newborn and named him, Harold Salazar James Riddle Potter. She had named Sirius as the godfather, just as they had planned. Exhausted from birthing twins she had fallen asleep, leaving James holding his son. James knew that Harry was also Tom’s son, but the baby looked exactly like his own baby pictures. James remembered proudly showing Harry off to the Order of the Phoenix. He remembered how Lilly, Harry and he would have to go to the house in Godric’s Hollow every time Remus or any order member wanted to visit. He remembered the way Harry would cry when separated from his twin. Only being held by Lilly, Sirius, Himself or Remus would quiet him down. Even as an infant Harry had known Dumbledore was trouble, Harry would scream at the top of his lungs whenever the headmaster was within a foot of him.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break. Break. Break. Break. Break. Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

My name is Kira Rowan Azriel Evans Riddle and I am a twin. I was born 26 seconds before my brother. My mother is Lilly and my fathers

are Tom and James. My godfather is Lucius Malfoy; my godmother is Bellatrix Lestrange. I spoke Parseltounge before I spoke English. I was a year and a half old when I first performed accidental magic. I was four when I performed my first spell. I love math and science and deplored my second grade teacher, Mr. Wilkens. I am good at playing the violin but can't sing anything without sounding like a tortured cat. My memories are jumbled, but slowly I am remembering myself.

My name is Harold Salazar James Riddle Potter and I am a twin. I am 26 seconds younger than my sister and I like to tease her that she's old. My mother is Lilly and my fathers are James and Tom. My godfather is Sirius Black; my godmother is Erica Zabini. I didn't speak Parseltounge until I was four, two years after I started speaking baby English. My first accidental magic happened the night my father Tom tried to trick the world into thinking the Potters were killed; when he cast the spell to mimic death on me I somehow caused it to rebound on him, making him very ill. That also made me the "boy-who-lived" and got me stuck with the Dursleys for two days before my mother came to rescue me. I would have died at the hands of those worthless muggles if Dumbledore had gotten his way. I performed my first spell nearly a month before my sister did, go me. I love history and writing and absolutely hated my third grade teacher, Mrs. Harris. I like to dance but no one outside the Family knows that. My memories are mixed up with my sister's, but we're sorting them out. Slowly but surely I am becoming me again.

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break. Break. Break. Break. Break. Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Blaise and Draco gave the sick excuse to each of their teachers as the day went on. They sat sullenly with Hermione and Neville at lunch. The four friends choked down their food only because they had to eat. The heirs were no where their friends could find them. Draco thought of the map after lunch, but didn't bring it up to Hermione and Neville. A check of the map revealed that the heirs and entire Family were in

the Chamber and heavily shielded. Draco and Blaise controlled their fear and simply hoped that all would be well.

They let their lions know that Tom and Kira's mother were in the Chamber with the heirs. The lions were calmer after that and didn't notice that neither Blaise nor Draco was any less concerned. Blaise and Draco also let the serpent house know that the dark Heiress and Harry were with the dark lord but not why. They would not allow their fellow serpents to know any possible weakness.

Severus Snape pulled Draco and Blaise aside after dinner to enquire after the heirs. They told him that Tom and his family were looking after the Harry and Kira. He wanted details and was told they did not have details. Severus retired to his evening rounds with troubled thoughts. *What could have been wrong to bring the dark lord himself here?*

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Break. Break. Break. Break. Break. Break

1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-1234567890-  
1234567890-1234567890-

Molly and Arthur Weasley left their daughter, as unburdened as possible and returned to the Burrow. Within the privacy of their own home the two staunch supporters of the light questioned the last twenty years of their lives. They questioned the motives of Albus Dumbledore, both during the war and now with their daughter. If not for the Dark Lord's daughter their only daughter would have died. The moral high ground on which they had always stood firmly with Dumbledore was crumbling beneath their feet.

Fred and George Weasley communicated through their twin bond within the secret room in the dungeons. They wondered about where the heirs could have gotten to. They had wanted to thank the heirs for saving Ginny, but now they wondered if in saving Ginny the heirs had hurt themselves. The Weasley twins were also concerned about Ron. Their little brother seemed to hate the heirs now more than before, as it saving Ginny was a bad thing. They went to sleep with troubled

dreams, dreams of Dumbledore and Voldemort fighting for the soul of the wizarding world.

Ginny was glad her parents believed her. She had been so scared they would not. She knew she would never stand with Dumbledore in the coming years and if that meant betraying her family she would; she hoped it would never come to that. She hoped her family would support whatever opposed Dumbledore, even if the opposition was Voldemort. She hadn't told all to her parents; she hadn't told them of the abused, angry, hate-filled child trapped within the Horcrux, the child who was broken and only really craved peace. She kept that truth to herself.

Within the Chamber, food and coffee was conjured. The night was approaching and while the heirs' cores were taking shape within the center of each body; the ghostly touches were still occurring. The heirs were still learning about themselves. The Family was still protecting them while sharing all they perceived the heirs to be. The Family members knew that morning would probably arrive before the heirs were finished, before they learned the fate of the heirs' minds. When not in a rapport with one of the heirs the Family members were praying to the old gods, to their personal gods and to whatever force governed the universe.

Albus Dumbledore was released from St. Mungo's late in the afternoon with instructions not to return to work for two weeks. He was furious but knew that if he disobeyed the healers, his sanity may be questioned by the governors and he could not afford to be displaced as headmaster. He needed to find out the status of his plan though and so he wrote a letter to Minerva inquiring on the state of Hogwarts students and faculty. He was not expecting a response until the next day, but that did not mean he was happy about being in the dark. Somehow he had to get back to Hogwarts and Ginny before she was consumed by the Horcrux. There was a ritual he wanted to try once the diary initiated the final stages of draining Weasley's life force.

On a plane of consciousness only vaguely connected to the physical world, a boy and girl, twins, discussed the pile of memories they were buried in. The puzzles they were forming helped define who they

were, but they had no reference to work from. Neither knew what the finished product should be, but each memory fit with another. Their births were the first pieces each held within them and slowly each additional memory connected to it. The puzzles weren't flat but rather three dimensional and as each piece containing magical knowledge or experience fitted to the growing form, their respective cores changed. Their cores had gone from a mass of semi-disconnected blocks to simplistic mazes to a semi-crystalline form. Their cores and their memory puzzles were not yet restored, but there was progress on each.

123456789-1234567890-123456789-1234567890-123456789-  
1234567890-123456789-

Review Responses. Review Responses. Review Responses

123456789-1234567890-123456789-1234567890-123456789-  
1234567890-123456789-

**maraudersbanana** James Potter and Lilly Evans Riddle are Harry's parents with Tom's magic/DNA being part of him as well while Kira's parents are Tom and Lilly with James magic/DNA being a part of her. I can't answer your question any better than that. I hope you enjoyed the update

**table42** The title? Well it sort of fit the chapter.

**NatashaNiracval** Thank you very much. The study was done to be completely unassuming to both muggles and wizards alike. The comment about Dumbledore being a Slytherin and it being a 'bad' thing had more to do with no one knowing/remembering and therefore not dealing/tempering his ambitions properly. Cunning and Ambition are wondrous things but without conscience or constraint leads to a road rife with corruption. Everyone in the wizarding world places constraints on Slytherins simply because of the house they came from; this helps them avoid true corruption most of the time. Hufflepuffs, Gryffindors, and Ravenclaws are above such pitfalls (hear the sarcasm) as to allow power to corrupt them.

**Kyubbi-Sama** Thank you.

